

T H E  
MONARCHICKE  
TRAGEDIES;

Cræsus,  
Darius,  
The Alexandræan,  
Iulius Cæsar.

Newly enlarged

By *William Alexander*, Gentleman  
of the Princes priuie  
Chamber.

*Carminè dÿ superi placantur, carminè manes.*



L O N D O N

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*To the Author of the Monarchicke  
Tragedies.*



Ell may the programme of thy Tragick stage  
Inuite the curious pompe-expecting eies,  
To gaze on present shewes of passed age,  
Which iust desert Monarchick dare baptize.  
Crownes throwne from Thrones to tombes, detomb'd arise  
To match thy Muse with a Monarchick theame;  
That whilst her sacred soaring cuts the skies,  
A vulgar subiect may not wrong the fame:  
And which giues most aduantage to thy fame;  
The worthiest Monarch that the Sunne can see,  
Doth grace thy labours with his glorious Name,  
And daignes Protector of thy birth to be:  
Thus all Monarchick, Patron, subiect, stile,  
Make thee, the Monarch-tragick of this Ile.

*Robert Ayton.*





## The Argument.



*A*t that time when the states of Greece began to grow great, and Philosophie to be thought pretious, Solon the first light of the Athenian common-wealth like a provident Bee gathering honnie ouer many fields, learning knowledge ouer many countries, was sent for by Croesus King of Lidia as famous for his Wealth, as the other was for his Wisedome. And not so much for any desire the King had to profit by the experience of so profound a Philosopher, as to haue the report of his (as he thought it) happines approoued by the testimonie of so renowned a witnesse. But Solon alwayes like himselfe entring the regall Pallace, and seeing the same very gloriously apparelled, but very incommodiouslie furnished with Courtiers, more curious to haue their bodies deckt with a womanishlie affected forme of rayment, and some superficiall complements of pretended curtesies, then to haue their minds enriched with the true treasure of inestimable vertue, he had the same altogether in disdain. Therefore after some conference had with Croesus concerning the felicitie of man, his opinion not seconding the Kings expectation, he was returned with contempt as one of no understanding. But yet comforted by Aescop (Authour of the wittie fables) who for the time was resident at Court, and in credit with the King.

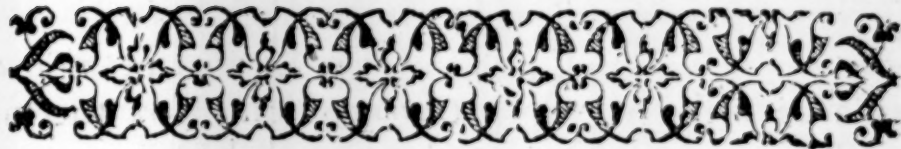
Immediately after the departure of Solon, Croesus hauing two Sonnes (whereof the eldest was dumbe, and the other a braue youth) dreamed that the yongest dyed by the wound of a dart, wherewith being maruellously troubled, he married him to a Gentlewoman named Cælia, and for farther disapointing the suspected, though ineuitable destinie, he discharged the using of all such weapons as he had dreamed of. Yet who could cut away the occasion from the heauens of accomplishing that which they had designed. The spiritfull youth being long restrained from the fields, was invited by some countrie-men to the chace of a wild Boare, yet could very hardlie impetrate leaue of his loninglie suspicious father.

Now in the meane time there arrined at Sardis a youth named Adraus, Sonne to the King of Phrigia, one no lesse infortunate then valourous,  
he



## The Argument.

he having lost his mistresse by a great disaster, and having kild his brother by a farre greater, came to Croesus, by whom he was courteously entertained, and by the instancie of the King, and the instigation of others against his owne will, who feared the forwardnes of his infectious fortune, he got the custodie of Atis (so was the Prince called) whom in time of the sport thinking to kill the Boare, by a monstrous mishap he killed. After which disastrous accident standing above the dead corps after the inquirie of the truth being pardoned by Croesus, he punished himselfe by a violent death. There after, Croesus sorrowing exceedingly this exceeding misfortune, he was comforted by Sandanis, who laboured to dissuade him from his unnecessary iourney against the Persians, yet he reposing on superstitious, and wrong interpreted responses of deceaiving oracles, went against Cyrus, who having defeated his forces in the field, and taken himselfe in the Citie, tyed him to a stake to be burned, where by the exclaiming diuers times on the name of Solon, moving the Conquerour to compassion, he was set at libertie, and lamenting the death of his Sonne, and the losse of his Kingdome, makes the Catastrophe of this present Tragedie.







## The Scene in Sardis

### Actors.

*Cræsus* King of *Lydia*.  
*Atis* his sonne.  
*Celia* wife to *Atis*.  
*Adrastus*.  
*Sandanis* a Counsellour.

*Solon*.  
*Æsopè*.  
*Cyrus* king of *Persia*.  
*Harpagus* Lieutenant to *Cyrus*.  
*Chorus* of some Countie-men.  
*Chorus* of all the *Lidians*.





THE  
TRAGEDIE  
of Cræsus.

Act. I.

SOLON.

**H**oe how the trustlesse world the worldlings tosses,  
And leades her louers headlong vnto death,  
Those that doe court her most haue maniest crosses,  
And yet vaine man, this halfe-spent sparke of breath,  
This dying substance, and this liuing shadow,  
The sport of Fortune, and the spoyle of Time,  
Who like the glory of a halfe-mow'd meadow  
Doth flourish now, and strait falles in his prime,  
Still toyles t'attaine (such is his foolish nature)  
A constant good in this inconstant ill:  
Vnreasonable reasonable creature  
That makes his reason subiect to his will.

Whilst in the Stage of Contemplation plac'd  
Of worldly humours I behold the strife,  
Though different sprites haue diuers partes imbrac'd,  
All act this transitorie Scene of Life:  
Of curious mindes who can the fancies fetter,

B

The

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

The Soule vn satisfide, a prey t' each snare,  
Still loathing what it hath, doth dreame of better,  
Which gotten, but begets a greater care.

And yet all labour for t' attaine the top  
Of th' vn sure foueraigne blisse that they surmise,  
Flowres of Felicitie, that few can crop,  
Yea, scarce can be discerned by the wise.

Some place their happinesse (vnhappie beasts,  
And I must say, more sencelesse then their treasures)  
In gorgeous garments, and in dainty feasts,  
To pamper breath-tofs'd flesh with flying pleasures.

Some more austerely with a wrinckled brow  
That triumph o're their Passions with respectes,  
With neither fortune moou'd to brag or bow,  
Would make the world enamour'd of their sectes.

Some rauish'd still with vertues purest springs,  
Feede on th' *Idea* of that diuine brood,  
And search the secrets of celestiall things  
As most vndoubted heires of that high good.

Thus with conceited ease and certaine paine,  
All seeke by seuerall wayes a perfect blisse:  
Which, O what wonder, if they not obtaine,  
Who cannot well discern what thing it is!

What happinesse can be imagin'd here?  
Though we our hopes with vaine surmises cherish,  
Who hardly conquer first what wee hold deare,  
Then feare to loose it still that once must perish.

Thinke (though of many thousands scarcely any  
Can at this poynt of Happinesse arriue)  
Yet if it chance, it chanceth not to many,  
Onely to get for what a world did striue.

And though one swim in th' Ocean of delights,  
Haue none aboue him, and his equals rare,  
Eares ioying pleasant sounds; eyes stately sights;

His



*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

His treasures infinite; his buildings faire.

Yet doth the world on Fortunes wheele relye,  
Which loue's t'aduance the wretched, wracke the great,  
Whose course resembles an inconstant eye,  
Euer in motion compassing deceat.

Then let the greedie of his substance boast,  
Whilst th'excrements of th'earth his senses smother,  
What hath he gayn'd, but what another lost?  
And why may not his losse enrich another?

But ah! all loose, who seeke to profite thus,  
And found their confidence on things that fade,  
We may be rob'd from them, they rob'd from vs,  
Al's grieu'd for th'one, as for the other glad.

Vaine foole, that thinkes soliditie to finde  
In this fraile world, where for a while we range,  
Which like sea-waues, depending on the winde,  
Ebbes, flows, calms, storms, still moouing, still in change.

Each surge, we see, doth driue the first away,  
The some is whitest, where the Rocke is neare,  
And as one growes, another doth decay,  
The greatest dangers oft do least appeare.

Their seeming blisse that trust in frothie showes,  
In Fortunes danger, burthen'd with the Fates,  
First to a full, then to confusion growes,  
A secret Destinie doth guide great States.

But I scorne Fortune, and was euer free  
From that dead wealth that wauers in her power,  
I beare my treasure still about with mee,  
Which neither Time nor Tyrants can deuour.

Light authour of euent, and vaine aduenter,  
Now do thy worst, I know how to vndoe thee,  
The way is stop't by which thy poison enters,  
Thou can harme none but them that trust vnto thee.

And I haue learn'd to moderate my minde,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Contentment is the crowne of my desires:  
My clothes are course, my fare such as I finde,  
He hath enough that to no more aspires.

What satisfaction doth ouer-flow my soule,  
While as I weigh the world which few hold fast,  
And in my memories vnblotted scroule,  
Iudge of the present by the time that's past:

The poore-rich heire of breath that boastes of smoake,  
And come of dust, yet of the drosse still thinkes,  
Whilst baser passions doe his vertues choake,  
The soule ouer-ballanc'd with the body sinkes.

Yet neede I not to loathe the world and liue,  
As one whom stepdame she would never nourish,  
I had a part of all that she could giue,  
My race, my house, by fame and wealth did flourish.

And if that I would vaunt of mine owne deedes,  
Faيرة Cittie, where mine eies first suckt the light,  
I challenge might what most thy glory breedes  
Whose labours both enlarg'd thy fame and might.

When *Salamina* vtterly was lost,  
And by the rascall multitude neglected,  
A counterfeited foole, I went and crost  
All their desseignes, whose courses were suspected.

And when I had by pollicie perswaded  
My country to embrace the warres againe,  
I both by stratagems and strength inuaded  
That famous Ile which vanquisht did remaine.

Then hauing compass'd that exployt with speede,  
And turn'd in triumph deckt with strangers spoyles,  
No perfect blisse belowe worse did succede,  
The peace that was abroad bred ciuill broyles.

What with more violence doth fury leade,  
Then a rash multitude that wants a head?  
The meaner sort could not their minds conforme,

T'abide

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

T'abide at what their betters did commaund:  
Then the weale-publike in a dangerous storme,  
All ioynd to place the ruther in my hand.

I re-ynited that diuided state,  
And manag'd matters with a good successe,  
Which farther kindled had beene quench'd too late,  
That *Hidra*-headed tumult to suppress.

When I had both these glorious workes effected,  
And trod the path of sou'raignty a space,  
The minion of the people most respected,  
None could be great saue such as I would grace.

Thus carried with the force of Fortunes streame,  
I absolutely acted what I would,  
For the *Democratie* was but a name,  
My hand the raines did of the Citty hold.

I might a Tyrant still haue gouern'd so  
But my pure soule could no such thought conceiue,  
And that ouersight yet made me neuer woe,  
If I may rule my selfe it's all I craue.

Yet some that seem'd to be more subtile-witted,  
Saide my base sprite could not aspire t'a crowne,  
And foolish *Solon* had a fault committed,  
Who would not doe the like in euery towne.

My minde in this a more contentment findes,  
Then if a Diademe adorn'd my brow,  
I chain'd th'affections of vndaunted mindes,  
And made them ciuil that were wilde till now.

I hardly could rich Citizens entise,  
T'embrace the statutes that my Lawes contain'd,  
What one approou'd another did despise,  
Some lou'd, some loath'd, eu'n as they thought they gain'd.

At last at least in shew, all rest content,  
Eu'n those that hate me most lend their applause,  
A worthy minde needes neuer to repent

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

I haue suffered crosses for an honest cause.

I trauell now with a contented thought,  
The memorie of this my fancie feedes,  
When all their Empires shall be turn'd to nought,  
Time cannot make a prey of Vertues deedes.

Where seuen-mouth'd Nil from a concealed source  
Inunding o're the fieldes, no banckes can binde,  
I saw their wonders, heard their wise discourse,  
Rare sights enrich'd mine eyes, rare lights my minde.

And if it were but this, yet this delites,  
Behold, how *Cræsus* here the *Lidian* King,  
To be his guest vs earnestly inuites,  
The which to some would great contentment bring.

But I disdain that world-bewitched man,  
Who makes his gold his God, the earth his heauen,  
Yet I will try by all the meanes I can  
To make his iudgement with his fortune eauen.

---

C H O R U S.

*What can confine mans wandring thought,  
Or satisfie his fancies all?  
Is ought so great, but it seemes small  
To that tos'd spirit, which still afflought  
Doth dreame of things were neuer wrought,  
And would gripe more then it can hold:  
This sea-iron'd centerd ball  
Is not a bound vnto that minde,  
That minde, which big with monsters,  
The right deliuerie neuer consters,  
And seeking here a solide ease to finde,  
Would but melt mountaines and imbrace the winde.*

*What*



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*What wonder, though the soule of man,  
A sparke of heau'n, that shines below,  
Doth labour by all meanes it can,  
It selfe like to it selfe to show,  
This heau'nly essence, heauen would know,  
But married with this masse we see,  
With payne they spend lines little span,  
The better part would be aboue,  
The earth from th'earth cannot remoue,  
How can two contrair's well agree?  
Thus as the best or worst part doth preuaile,  
Man is of much, or els of no auaile.*

*O from what source can this proceede,  
T'haue humours of so many kindes,  
Each brayne doth diuers fancies breede,  
Al's many men, al's many mindes,  
And in the world, a man scarce findes  
Another of his humour right,  
There are not two so like indeede,  
If we remarke their seuerall graces  
And lineaments of both their faces,  
That can abide the prooffe of sight:  
If the outward formes then differ as they do,  
Of force th'affections must be different to.*

*Ah! Passions spoile our better part,  
The Soule is vext with their dissentions;  
We make a God of our owne hart,  
And worship all our vayne inuentions.  
This brain-bred miste of apprehensions,  
The mind doth with confusion fill,  
Whilst reason in exile doth smart;  
And few are free from this infection,*




*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*For all are slaues to some affection,  
Which doth extorse the senses still.  
These partiall tirants rage the sight ouersyles,  
And doth ecclipse the cleerst iudgement whyles.*

*A thousand times ô happie he,  
Who doth his passions so subdew,  
That he may with cleere reasons eye,  
Their imperfections fountaines view,  
And as it were himselfe renew.  
If that one might prescribe them lawes,  
And set his soule from bondage free,  
From reason neuer for to swerue,  
And make his passions him to serue,  
And be but moon'd as he had cause:  
O greater were that monarch of the minde,  
Then if he might commaund from Thule to Inde.*

*Act. II. Scen. I.*

*CROESVS. ÆSOPE. SOLON.*

*Cræ.*  *Ho euer was so fauour'd by the Fates,  
As could like vs of full contentment boast,  
Lou'd of mine owne, and feard of foraine  
I know not what it is for to be crost. (states,  
No thwarting chance my good hap doth importune,  
In all attempts my successe hath been such,  
The darling of heauen, the minion of fortune,  
I wot not what to wish I haue so much.*

*Mine eyes did neuer yet dismay my hart  
With no delightlesse obiect that they saw,  
My name applauded is in euery part*

*My*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

My word an Oracle, my will a Law.

My breast cannot containe this flood of ioyes  
That with a mighty streame o'reflowes my mind,  
Which neuer dream'd of sorrow or annoyes,  
But did in all a satisfaction find.

My Soule then be content and take thy pleasure.  
And be not vex't with feare of any ill,  
My blisse abounds, I cannot count my treasure,  
And gold that conquers all, doth what I will.

*Æsop.* That Græcian (Sir) is at the Court arriu'd,  
Whose wisdom, Fame so prodigally prayse's.

*Cræs.* And haue you not t'extend my greatnes striu'd,  
And entertain'd his eares with courteous phrases.

*Æsop.* I thinke in all the parts where he hath been,  
In forraine Countries or his natiue home,  
He neuer hath such stately wonders seen,  
As since vnto this princely Court he come.

When first he in the regall Pallace entred,  
As one, who borne amongst the craggie Mountaines,  
That neuer for to view the plaines aduentred,  
Acquainted but with dew and little Fountaines:

If he be forc'd for to frequent the Vailes,  
And there the wanton water-Nymphs to see,  
The rarenes of the sight so far preuailes,  
Each strip appear's a flood, each flood a Sea.

So all that he re'ncountred by the way,  
Did to his mind a great amazement bring,  
The gold-embroidred Gallants made him stay,  
Each groome appear'd a Prince, each squire a King.

And now he com's t'attaine your Graces sight,  
Whom in his mind, no doubt he doth adore,  
He gazd on those, who held of you their light,  
Of force he must admire your selfe far more.

Now he will set your happy Empire forth,

C

And

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And be eye-witnes of your glorious Raigne,  
One wise mans testimony is more worth  
Then what a world of others would maintaine.

*Sol.* Disdaine not (mighty Prince) the louing zeale,  
Which a meane man, yet a good mind affords,  
And who perchance as much affects your weale,  
As those that paint their loue with fairer words.

*Cræs.* Thy loue (sage Greeke) is gratefull vnto vs,  
Whom Fame long since enamour'd of thy deedes,  
We of thy vertues haue heard her discusse,  
Who in extolling of the same exceedes.

I wish that many such should here resort,  
Whose vnstain'd life would teach vs what were best;  
Whose graue aspect would grace so great a Court,  
And like cleare Lamps giue light vnto the rest.

*Sol.* My Sou'raigne spare, I merite no such praise,  
I am but one that doth the world despise,  
And would my thoughts to some perfection raise,  
A Wisdom-louer that would faine be wise.

Yet with great toyle all that I can attaine  
By long experience, and in learned schooles,  
Is for to know my knowledge is but vaine,  
And those that thinke them wise are greatest fooles.

*Cræs.* This is the nature of a worthie minde,  
It rather would be good then be so thought,  
As if it had no ayme but Fame to finde,  
Such as the shadow not the substance sought.

Yet that pursues thee too which thou so fliest,  
Still troupes applaude thy worth though thou not spie them,  
Whilst thou wouldst presse it downe, it mounts vp hiest;  
For Fame and Honor follow those that flie them.

And now I thinke in all the world none liue's,  
That better may vnfold what I would learne,  
Then thou to whom franke Nature largely giues



*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

The grace to see, the iudgement to discern.

*Sol.* Il'e answer freely to what you propose,  
If my small skill can comprehend the sence.

*Cræs.* Loe, you haue seene in what I most repose  
My treasures huge, my great magnificence.

*Sol.* This is the dreame of blisse that Fortune brings,  
On which the wisest neuer haue presum'd  
I saw nought but a heape of sencelesse things,  
A momentarie treasure soone consum'd.

This only serues the body to decore,  
And for corruption fram'd cannot perseuer:  
The minde immortall layes vp better store  
Of vnconsuming ioyes that last for euer.

*Cræs.* I wot not what you meane by such surmises,  
And faind *Ideaes* of imagin'd blisse,  
This portrait of Fancie but intices  
Sicke braines to dreame that which indeede they misse.

But I brooke more than their conceits can show,  
Whose rich coniectures breede but poore effects:  
And I beseeke you, did you euer know  
A man more blest then I in all respects?

*Sol.* Yes, I knew *Tellus* an *Athenian* borne,  
Whom I holde happy in the first degree:  
Who eu'n the haruest of Happinesse hath shorne,  
He liu'd with fame, and did with honour die.

For hauing long time liu'd, lou'd and respected,  
His country in a conflict had the worst:  
He come, and there false courage re-erected,  
And hauing wonne the field did die vnforst.

More happy now nor when he was aliue;  
He dead, doth reape the guerdon of his merite,  
And in his children doth againe reuiue,  
Who all their fathers worthy partes inherite.

*Cræs.* Well, since that to a priuate Cittizen



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

You do ascribe the first most blest estate.  
Now in the second ranke of happy men  
Whom would you number in your owne conceate?

*Sol.* *ô Cleobis and Biton* ! now I may  
No doubt prefer you next, without reproach,  
Their mother chanc'd on a festiuall day  
To want two horses, for to draw her coach.

Them to supply the place, Loue kindly raised,  
Who drew her to that place of publike mirth,  
And both of them exceedingly were praised,  
They for their pietie, she for her birth.

This charitable office being ended,  
Both in the Church were found dead the next morrow,  
I thinke the gods who this good worke commended,  
Were loth to let them taste of farther sorrow.

For why? our liues are fraile, do what we can,  
And like the brittle glasse, are but a glance,  
And oft the heauens t'abate the height of man,  
Do enterfour our sweets with some sad chance.

*Cræs.* Then from this Cathagorie am I secluded,  
And is my state so vile vnto thine eies,  
That as one of all happines denuded,  
Thou thus do'st my felicitie despise?

Or think'st thou me of iudgement too remisse,  
A miser that in miserie remaines,  
The bastard child of Fortune, barr'd from blisse,  
Whom heauens do hate, and all the world disdaines?

Are base companions then to be compar'd  
With one that may consume such in his wrath?  
Who, as I please, do punish and reward,  
Whose words, nay, euen whose looks yeeld life or death.

*Sol.* Sir, be not thus commoo'd without all reason,  
Nor misconceiue my meaning as you do,  
Those that speake freely, haue no mind of treason,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

I cannot be your friend and flatter to.

Vnto vs Græcians ( Sir ) the gods haue granted  
A moderate measure of a humble wit,  
And in our Countrie there haue neuer wanted  
Some whom the world for wise men did admit.

And yet amongst vs all, the greatest number  
Haue here dispair'd of any perfect rest,  
Though some a while in Fortunes bosome slumber,  
And to world-blinded eyes seeme to be blest.

Yet ouer all mortall states, change so preuailes,  
We alterations daily do attend,  
And hold this for a ground that neuer failes,  
None should triumph in blisse before the end.

I may compare our state to table-playes,  
Where by dumbe iudges matters are decided,  
Their many doubts, the earnest mind dismayes,  
The dice must first cast well, then be well guided.

So all our dayes in doubt what thing may chance vs,  
Time runnes away, the breath of man doth chace it,  
And when th'occasion come's for to aduance vs,  
Amongst a thousand one can scarce embrace it.

When two by generous indignation mooued,  
Would trie by sword, whose glorie, fame will smother,  
Whilst valour blindly by th'euent is prooued,  
And th'ones ouerthrow can onely grace the other.

O what a foole his iudgment will commit  
To crowne the one with vnderu'd applauses,  
Where fortune is for to giue sentence yet,  
While bloody agents pleade such doubtfull causes.

This world, it is the field, where each man ventures,  
And arm'd with reason, resolutely goes,  
To fight against a thousand misadventures,  
Both with externall and internall foes.

And how can he the victors title gaine,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

That yet is busied with a doubtfull fight,  
Or he be happie that doth still remaine  
In Fortunes danger for a small delight.

Th'abortiue course of man away fast weares,  
Course that consists of houres, houres of a day,  
Day that giue's place to night, night full of feares,  
Thus all things alter, still all things decay.

Who flourish now in peace, may fall in strife,  
And haue their fame with infamie supprest;  
The euening shew's the day, the death the life;  
And many are fortunate, but few are blest.

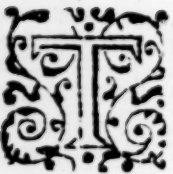
*Cræs.* I see this Grecian of a simple spirite,  
The which is capable of no great things,  
Men but aduance him far aboue his merite,  
He can not comprehend the States of Kings.

Fame did so largely of his worth report,  
It made me long to haue him in my house,  
But all my expectations are come short,  
I thinke a Mountaine hath brought forth a mouse.

*Exit Cræsus.*

*Act. II. Scen. II.*

SOLON. ÆSOPÉ.

*Sol.*  His king hath put his trust in trustlesse treasures,  
Cloi'd with th'abundance of all worldly blisse,  
And like a hooded hawk gorg'd with vaine plea-  
At randon flies, and wots not where he is. (sures

O how this makes me wonderfully sorie,  
To see him keepe this lifelesse wealth so straitly,  
Whilst witlesse worldlings wonder at his glorie,  
Which I not enuie, no, but pittie greatly!

Thus wormes of th'earth, whose worst part doth preuaile,  
Loue melting things, whose shew the body fits,  
Where Soules of cleerer sight do neuer faile

To



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

To thesaurize the gifts of gallant wits.

Those worldly things do in this world decay,  
Or at the least we leaue them with our breath,  
Whereas the other makes vs liue for ay,  
So differ they as farre as life and death.

*Æsop.* And yet what wonder though that he be thus,  
Whose knowledge clouded is with prosp'rous windes,  
Though this indeed seeme somewhat strange to vs,  
Who haue with learning purifide our mindes.

Was he not borne heire of a mighty State?  
And vsde with Fortunes smiles, not fear'd for frownes,  
Doth measure all things by his owne conceate,  
Th'infirmities that fatall is to Crownes:

He hath been from his infancy addicted  
To all the pompous shewes wealth could deuise,  
And still entreated, neuer contradicted,  
Now doth all libertie of speech despise.

Though I durst not so to his sight appeare,  
Whose corrupt iudgement was from reason sweruing,  
I grieu'd to see your entertainment here  
So far inferior to your owne deseruing.

That diuine Wisdom which the world admires,  
And rauish'd with delight amazed heares,  
Because it answer'd not his vaine desires,  
Did seeme vnfauorie to distemper'd eares:

Eares that are euer stopt to all discourses  
Saue such as enter fraughted with his praises,  
He can loue none but them that loue his courses,  
And thinks all fooles that vse not flattering phrases.

This wracks the great, and makes the heauens despight  
Let vertue spread forth all her heauenly powers, (them;  
If not in their owne liuery to delight them,  
They will not daigne her audience a few howers.

*Sol.* I care not *Æsop* how the King conceated

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Of my franke speeches, which I euer vse,  
I came not here, till I was first entreated,  
Nor being come, will I my name abuse:

Should I his poysonous Sycophants resemble,  
A hatefull thing to honest men that know it,  
I would not for his Diadem dessemble,  
What the hart thinks, the tongue was made to show it.

And what, if his vaine humor to haue cherish'd,  
I had my speeches for the purpose painted,  
I had but gotten gifts that would haue perisli'd,  
But nothing could haue cleer'd my fame once tainted.

If I had show'n my selfe toward him officious,  
It would in end haue but procur'd my shame:  
To haue our vertue prais'd by one that's vicious,  
This in effect is but a secret blame.

He thinks him simple, who his anger raises,  
But better simply good, then doubly ill;  
I neuer value my worth by others praises,  
Nor by opinions do direct my will.

And it content's me more to be applauded  
By one of iudgement (though of meane degree)  
Then by a Prince of princely parts defrauded,  
Who hath more wealth, but not more wit then hee.

*Æsop.* Who come to Court, must with Kings faults comport.

*Sol.* Who come to Court, should trueth to Kings report.

*Æsop.* A wise man at their imperfections winks.

*Sol.* An honest man will tell them what he thinks.

*Æsop.* So should you loose your selfe, and them not win.

*Sol.* But I would beare no burden of their sin.

*Æsop.* By this you should their indignation finde.

*Sol.* Yet haue the warrant of a worthy minde.

*Æsop.* It would be long, ere you were thus prefer'd.

*Sol.* Then it should be the King not I that'er'd.

*Æsop.* They guerdon as they loue, they loue by guesse.

*Sol.*

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

*Æsop.* They guerdon as they loue, they loue by guesse.

*Sol.* Yet when I merite well, I care the lesse.

*Æsop.* It's good to be still by the Prince approued.

*Sol.* It's better to be vpright, though not loued.

*Æsop.* But by this meane, all hope of Honor failes.

*Sol.* Yet honestie in end euer preuailes.

*Æsop.* I thinke they should excell as oft they do

All men in wit, that vnto men giue lawes:

Kings are the Center of the Kingdome, to

The which each weightie thing by nature drawes:

For as the mightie Riuers, little streames,

And all the liquid powers that rise or fall,

Do seeke in sundry parts by seuerall seames

To the maine Ocean that receiue's them all.

Who as he were but steward of those waters

Returne's them backe by many secret vaines,

And as the earth hath need of moisture, scatters

His humid treasures to refresh the plaines.

So are Kings breasts the depth where daily flowes

Cleere streames of knowledge with rare treasures charg'd,

And thus continually their wisdom growes

By many helps that others want enlarg'd.

For those that haue intelligence ouer all,

Do commonly communicate to Kings

All th'accidents of weight that chance to fall,

Their greatnes to them this aduantage brings.

They being iealous find out many drifts,

And by a long experience learne to scance them,

Then those whom Arte or Nature lend's great gifts,

All come to Kings as who may best aduance them.

No doubt, those Powres who put them in their places

To make their qualities with their charge euen,

Do dote them with some supernaturall graces,

Vice-gods on th'earth, great Lieutenants of heauen.



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Sol.* As you haue showne, Kings haue a good occasion  
Whereby t'attaine vnto the height of wit.  
Which whoso do imbrace by good perswasion,  
Are surely worthy on a Throne to sit.

But ah! those Riuers are not euer pure  
The which through tainted channels whiles conuaid,  
Vile flatt'ries poyson rendred hath impure.  
Thus are Kings hearts oft by their eares betraid.

For impudent effronted persons dare  
Court with vaine words and detestable lies,  
Whilst purer spirited men must stand asarre,  
The light is lothsome to diseased eies.

But this doth rauish oft my soule with wonder,  
Some that are wise, with flatt'ry can comport,  
And though of all men best mens parts they ponder,  
Yet euer entertaine the baddest sort.

Is't that such men as those cannot controlle them,  
Nor neuer crosse their appetite in ought,  
But for each purpose that they speake extolle them,  
Where better wits would argue as they thought,

Or as they would haue none for to resist them,  
So for th'aduancement of the worthiest sorie,  
They will haue none that may seeme to assist them,  
Lest any challenge intrest in their glorie.

This selfe-conceate is a most dangerous shelve,  
Where many haue made shipwracke vnawares:  
He that doth trust too much vnto himselfe,  
Can neuer faile to fall in many snares.

Of all that liue, great Monarchs haue most need  
To ballance all their actions, and their wordes,  
And with aduise in all things to proceed:  
A faithfull Counsell oft great good affoordes.

Loe, how th'inferior Sphears their courses bend  
There, whither the first Moouer doth them driue:

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

The Commons customs on the Prince depend,  
His manners are the rules by which they liue.

No man is onely for himselfe brought forth,  
And Kings for th' use of many are ordaind,  
They should like Sunnes, cleere Kingdoms with their worth,  
Whose life a paterne must be kept vntaind.

Those that are vertuous haue an ample field  
T' expresse their wisdom and t' extend their merite,  
Where meane men must to their misfortune yield,  
Whilst lacke of power doth burst a gallant spirite.

As precious Stones are th' ornaments of rings,  
The Stone decorates the ring, the ring the hand :  
So Countries are conforme vnto their Kings,  
The King decorates the Court, the Court the Land.

And as a drop of poyson spent alone,  
Th' infected fountaine doth with venome fill,  
So mighty States may be orethrowne by one;  
A vicious Prince is a contagious ill.

*Æsop.* This is an easie thing, for vs to spie  
And paint in th' ayre the shadowes of our mindes,  
And t' apprehend with th' intellectuall eie;  
A blessing that no worldly Kingdom findes.

*Sol.* I grant imaginarie groundes of ours  
Will neuer moue a world-bewitched Prince,  
To disenchaunt himselfe, and spend some howrs  
His owne disseignes of follie to conuince.

Ere *Cræsus* can refraine from this his furie,  
He must forsake himselfe, and be renew'd,  
And in the *Lethe* of obliuion burie  
The vanities that haue his soule subdewd.

He first must his prerogatiues al smother,  
And be a man, a man to be controlld,  
Then all his faults as they were in another  
Like an vnpartiall Arbiter behold.

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Could he cast off this vaile of fond selfe-loue,  
Through which all things not as they are he spies,  
He would those wicked Parasites remoue,  
Vile instruments of shame that liue by lies.

And th'onely meanes to force them to depart,  
That he might iudge more freely of his state,  
Were to cast out the Idole of his hart  
Which puffs him vp with a pride-swolne conceate.

For forraine flatterers could not find accessse,  
Wer't not ouer-valuing his owne worth too much,  
He flattred first himselfe and thinks no lesse  
But all their praises ought for to be such.

And when these hireling Sycophants haue found  
A Prince whose iudgement selfe-conceat disarmes,  
They breach his weakest part, and bring to ground  
The greatnesse of his State with flatteries charmes.

Then bearing ouer his Passions once the sway,  
Least by the better sort he be aduisd,  
To wholesome counsell they close vp the way,  
And vse all meanes t'haue honest men despisd.

*Æsop.* If you at Court to credit would arise,  
You must not seeke by trueth t'acquire renowne,  
But learne t'applaud whiles what you most despise,  
And smile in show, whilst in effect you frowne.

*Sol.* From Court in time I will my selfe retire,  
I find my humour is not fit for Court.  
I am none of those whom *Cræsus* doth desire,  
I can not alway of his worth report.

O that he cannot see light Fortune flout him  
While as he glories in this outward show,  
Hedg'd in with greedy Harpies round about him,  
That gape t'enrich themselues with his ouerthrow.

*Exeunt.*

*Chorus.*



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Chorus.

**O**F all the creatures below  
We must call Man most miserable,  
Who all his time is neuer able  
T'attaine vnto a true repose,  
His very birth may well disclose  
What miseries his blisse ouerthrow,  
For being borne he can not know  
Who to his state is friend or fo.  
Nor how at first for to stand stable,  
But euen with cryes and teares doth show  
What dangers do his life enclose,  
Whose griefes are sure, whose ioyes a fable,  
Thus still his dayes in dolour so  
He to all perils must expose,  
And with vexation liues, and dies with wo,  
Not knowing whence he come nor where to go.

While as he brookes this lowest place,  
O how uncertaine is his state,  
Which gouern'd by a secret fate  
Is subiect to inconstancie,  
And euer changing as we see  
Is still in toile, neuer in peace.  
For if man prosper but a space,  
With each good successe too too bold,  
And puf't up in his owne conceit,  
He but abuses Fortunes grace:  
And when that with aduersitie  
His pleasures come to end their date,  
And with disasters are controld,  
Straight he begins for griefe to die:  
And still the top of some extreme doth hold,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*  
*Not suffering Summers heate, nor winters cold.*

*His state doth in most danger stand  
That most abounds in worldlie things,  
And soares too hie with Fortunes wings,  
Which carrie vpon aspiring mindes  
For to be beaten with all windes,  
The course of such being rightlie scand,  
Whilst men can not themselues command  
Transported with a pow'rles name,  
Oft unexpected ruine brings.  
We haue seene examples in this land,  
How worldlie blisse the senses blindes,  
And on a reed vnshurely hings,  
He that presumes vpon the same  
Hid poyson in his pleasure findes,  
And sailing rashlie with the windes of fame,  
Doth oft times sinke into a sea of shame.*

*It's to be fear'd our King at last  
Whilst he for nothing is affraid,  
Be by prosperitie betraid,  
For growing thus in greatnes still,  
And hauing worldlie things at will,  
He thinks though Time should all things wast,  
Yet his estate shall euer last,  
The wonder of th' inferiour round,  
And in his owne conceit hath said,  
No course of heau'n his state can cast,  
Nor make his successe to be ill;  
If Fortune once those thoughts t'obbraid  
Will haue our King to be vn-cround,  
She may that mind with horror fill,  
And in an instant utterly confound*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*The state, that stands vpon so slipprie ground,  
When such a Monarchs mind is bent  
To follow most the most vnwise,  
Who can their follie disguise  
With sugred speeches poysonous baites,  
The secret canker of great states,  
From which at first few disassent,  
The which at last all do repent,  
While as repenting lust must go,  
When Kings begin for to despise  
Of honest men the good intent,  
Who to assure their Soueraignes seates,  
Would faine in time some help deuise,  
And would cut off all cause of wo,  
Yet can not second their conceats,  
These dreadfull Comets commonly forgo  
The Kings destruction that's miscaried so.*

*Act. III. Scen. I.*

*CROESVS. ADRASTVS.*

*Cræs.* **W**Hat vncloth fancies do affright my soule,  
And haue captiu'd it to a thousand feares?  
Strange cares suggesting griefe my ioyes controule,  
My mind some comming euill charactred beares,  
And credulous suspition too too wise,  
To fortifie my feares doth meanes inuent,  
Whilst suddaine terrors do my sprite surprise,  
An ominous presage of some bad euent.

I thinke the soule come of immortall brood  
As being partner of a diuine powre

Hath



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Hath a fore-knowledge both of euill and good,  
Although she can not flie a fatall houre.

Though with this mortall vaile being made halfe blinde,  
She can not soare outright with her owne wings,  
Yet she communicates vnto the mind  
In cloudie dreames and misteries strange things.

Th'imagination wonderfull in force  
Of foiles the iudgement with confusion so,  
That presupposing all things to be worse  
Then they fall foorth, we double our owne wo.

For as the shadow seemes more monstrous still  
Then doth the substance whence it hath the being,  
So th'apprehension of approaching ill  
Seemes greater then it selfe, whilst feares are lying.

This alteration too seemes more then strange,  
Which at an instant hath ore-whelm'd my senses,  
I see (more then I thought) all states may change,  
Against the heauen th'earth can find no defences.

My soule her wonted pleasure else is loathing,  
This hath indeede so deepe impression left,  
A dreame, a fantasie, a shadow, nothing  
Hath all my mirth euen in a moment rest.

*Adraf.* Whence (mightie Soueraigne) can this change  
That doth obscure the rayes of princely grace, (proceede,  
Those that are schoold in wo may cleerely reede,  
A mightie passion written in your face.

And if a stranger may presume so farre,  
I would the copie of your passions borrow,  
I else coniecture in what state you are,  
Taught by a secret sympathie in sorrow.

Two strings in diuers Lutes set in accord,  
(Although th'one be but toucht) together sound,  
Euen so soules tun'd to grieve the like afford,  
And other with a mutuall motion wound.

*Cræs.*

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

*Cræs.* No doubt but it disburdens much the mind,  
A Secretarie in distresse to haue,  
Who by his owne anothers grieve can finde,  
Where glad minds scorne what they can not conceaue.

And I (*Adraſtus*) would the cause declare  
With which I so torment my selfe in vaine,  
O but I blush t'vnfold my foolish care,  
It's but th'illusion of a drowſie braine.

*Adraſ.* According to the bodies constitution,  
The soule by night with fancies is afflicted,  
Or by these thoughts continuall reuolution,  
To which by day the mind is most addicted.

*Cræs.* Now whilst the Sunne did peepe through *Thetis*  
And on the beauties of *Aurora* gaz'd, (bower,  
Out of my body spoild of mouing power,  
All faculties of life dull sleepe had raz'd,

While as the sprite more powerfull then euer  
Since least impeached with this earthlie part  
The veritie from lies could best disseuer  
Hid mysteries vnclouding to the hart.

I only haue two sonnes, and th'one you see  
The signe of Natures indignation beares,  
And from his birth day domme is dead to me,  
Since he can powre no pleasure in my cares.

The other *Atis* all my life's delight,  
In whom the treasures of my soule are kept,  
I thought (vaine be my thought) in the twie-light  
I wot not whether yet I walkt or slept.

Whilst he was sporting voyd of worldlie cares,  
Not in a list belonging to his merites,  
A pointed toole of iron fell vnawares,  
And pearc'd his temples, and expeld his spirites.

Whilst the pale carcase seem'd t'vpbraid mine eyes,  
The horror of the sight my sense recald,

E

Which

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Which when I thinke of, yet my comfort dyes,  
Such an exceeding feare my sprit appald.

This hath me mou'd, it touch'd my state so neerelie,  
To match my sonne in mariage at this time  
With beauteous *Celia* whom he lou'd most deerelie,  
That both might reape the pleasure of their prime.

And if the heauens his o'rethrow haue decreed  
By destinie that can not be reuoked,  
So shall we haue behind some of his seed,  
Ere in his blossome all our hopes be choaked.

Thus ere his soule lodge in the lightlesse shade,  
T'haue of his race twill mitigate my mind,  
I can not hold him altogether dead,  
That leaues his Image in some one behind.

And for the time we do all that seemes best  
For to preuent those but surmiz'd annoyes,  
Yet for all this my mind hath neuer rest,  
Some secret terror still disturbs my ioyes.

*Adraf.* Ah Sir! if but th'imagind euill of this  
Hath plung'd your soule in such a gulfe of griefe,  
Vnhappie I who waile a thing that is,  
And haue not meanes to hope for no reliefe.

If all these dreadfull fancies tooke effect  
(Which heauie chance th'almightie Ioue withhold)  
It could not be compar'd in no respect  
With those misfortunes that my state enfold.

For when your sonne fell by anothers hand,  
You should but waile his death, and not your crime,  
The heauens of me my brothers blood demand,  
His fate, my fault, mourne must I all my time.

*Cræs.* In what strange forme could this disafter fall,  
That is th'occasion of so great distresse,  
Tell on at length th'originall of all,  
To heare of greater griefe t'will make mine lesse.

*Adraf.*



*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

*Adraf.* I haue conceald my sorrowes still till now,  
As too offensiue foode for daintie eares,  
Yet since of such a subiect you allow,  
Ile tell a tale that may moue stones to teares.

My Father of the *Phrigian* Princes come,  
Had in my growing age a tender care,  
That all my education might become  
One whom he might for mightie hopes prepare :

As yet foure lusters scarcely had begun  
For to discerne my sex with downie cheekes,  
When I into that Labirinth was runne,  
Whence back in vaine the straying enterer sheekes.

I lou'd, O fatall loue ! vnlovely fate,  
The vertuousslie faire, yet fairest Dame  
That euer was enshrin'd in soules conceat,  
Or gaue a dittie to the sounds of fame.

Straight were my fancies to her beauties tyed,  
None can paint passions but in feeling mindes,  
I burnd, freezd, hopd, dispaired, and liud, and dyed,  
My actions chang'd as oft as th' *Autumnes* windes.

Yet after many doubtfull hopes and feares  
That I attaind the height of my desires,  
She had subscrib'd a truce vnto my teares,  
And temperd with encountring flames my fires.

For as she was the most affected Saint,  
Whose image was erected in my thought,  
She had compassion too of my complaint,  
And to acquit my firme affection fought.

Thus whilst I triumphd in mine owne conceat,  
As one whose loue his Ladie did preferre,  
I was corriuald (O vnhappy fate ! )  
By one who lou'd, but was not lou'd by her.

He looking as I look'd, saw what I saw,  
Saw Natures wonder, and the worlds delight :

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And as a blind god blind guide did him draw  
Still like a lizard liu'd but by her sight.

Then strait he striues the Jewell for to wonne,  
Whose vnstaind worth he rates aboue his breath,  
He hates the light that comes not from my Sunne,  
And thinks to liue without her worse then death.

And this affection fauour'd was by Fortune  
Which seem'd to ratifie his high rear'd hopes,  
The Nymph her parents dayly did importune,  
For to confine his flying fancies scopes.

Now iudge if that my miseries were rife,  
Who threatned thus with eminent mishap,  
Was like to lose a deerer thing then life,  
Whilst others striu'd my treasure to entrap.

The man that sought my ioyes to vndermine,  
I could not wish for this t'haue him ouerthrowne,  
Nor blame the sprite that sympathiz'd with mine,  
I enuied not his hap, but wail'd mine owne.

Now in my breast a battell did begin,  
Which forc'd my soule with inward wounds to bleede,  
Some fancies fear'd to what his loue might winne,  
And possibilitie for to come speede.

Then others call'd her constancie to mind,  
Which would not yeeld although she were inuaded,  
Yet forc'd to feare the frailtie of her kind.

A woman that hath cares may be perswaded.

Thus toss'd with doubts into a deepe of wo,  
Which with suspition had my ioyes supplanted,  
I blam'd the thoughts that durst accuse her so,  
As vertues patterne had one vertue wanted.

As I concluded, so it come to passe,  
Th'affliction seru'd for fuell to affection,  
For she who th'ornament of women was,  
Would neuer wrong her worth with a defection.

When

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

When in my absence they had oft assay'd  
To haue me from her memorie remou'd,  
The *Sunne* burn's hottest when his beames are stay'd,  
The more that they would let, the more she lou'd.

And finding that delay no ende affords,  
And that faire generals are th'abusers Arte,  
She did repell him with disdainfull words  
To raze all thought of her out of his harte.

Loue is a ioy that vpon paine depends,  
A drop of sweet drown'd in a sea of sowres,  
What Follie doth begin, oft Furie ends,  
They hate for euer, that haue lou'd for howres.

When all his arguments prou'd of no force,  
Strait with disdain his soule in secret bur'nd,  
And what he thought was euill, to make farre worse,  
He vnto furour all his fauour turn'd.

As he extreame ly lou'd, farre more he hated,  
And musde of many meanes how to annoy her,  
Which was the best a long time he debated,  
To see her dead, or to see me enioy her.

What? saith he when he first had musde a space,  
So hard it is to quench a great affection:  
Shall I disfigure that angelike face,  
And make the world ecclipsde of all perfection?

Shall she by me be to confusion brought,  
To whom I vowes and prayers did impart,  
To whom I sacrific'd my secret thought,  
And on her beauties altar burn'd my hart?

Or shall I see her in anothers powre,  
And in his bosome lie r'vpbraid my losse,  
Whilst both with scornfull smiles then death more sowre,  
To poynt me out for sport report my crosse?

That sight which sometime did me sweetly charme,  
Should it become a cause of grieve to me?



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

No, none that liue's, shall glorie in my harme,  
Since she will not be mine, she shall not be.

Th'unlouing Louer hauing vow'd her death,  
Did with a cup of poison drowne my ioyes.  
The fairest body from the sweetest breath  
Was parted thus, ( O Ocean of annoyes! )

That Monster Fame, whose many mouthes and eares  
Must know, but not conceale a rare thing long,  
And prodigall of ill, most chiefly beares  
The worst newes first, inform'd me of this wrong.

For neighbouring neere the most vnhappy part  
That had been spoild of such a beeauteous guest,  
No sooner had death seazde on the chaste hart  
Then sorrow on my eares to rob my rest.

How the sadde newes first sounded in my soule,  
I will not wearie you with long laments,  
Rage did the outward signes of grieve controule;  
When great windes blow the fire, the smoke worst vents.

Whilst generous disdaine disguisde my grieve,  
(As one transported with a mighty rage)  
I ranne vnto the Theater of mischiefe,  
A tragicke Actor for a bloody stage.

For I was come no sooner to the place  
Whereas I thought the Murtherer to haue found,  
But I re'ncountred ( O vnhappy case )  
Too deare a friend to catch an enemies wound.

Ah passions ! dim'd mine eyes, wrath led my hand,  
I was no more my selfe, sorrow had kild me,  
The first ( t'was night ) that did before me stand,  
I fiercely did pursue, as Furor willd me.

And as it chanc'd, ere one could speake a word,  
I filld his bosome with a luke warme flood,  
And in his kind breast drown'd the cruell sword,  
That in anothers body dranke my blood.

When

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

When as a Torch had partly robde the night,  
Prowd of supposde reuenge (ah bitter gaine)  
I saw, I knew, blacke knowledge, cruell sight,  
T'was mine owne brother that my selfe had slaine.

O bitter losse that nothing can repaire!  
My soule at once with all woes armie wounded,  
Griefe, rage, spite, shame, amazement and despaire,  
Gauld, tolld, burnd, dashd, astonishd, and confounded.

The thought of my offence torments me most,  
Yetain I whiles by my Loues verdict cleanse,  
And whiles my brothers violated ghost  
By dreadfull dreames doth boast to be reuengde.

*Cræs.* Now whilst this great disaster did occurre,  
What came of him who was the cause of all?

*Adra.* He hauing heard this lamentable sturre,  
Whom selfe-accusing thoughts did guiltie call,  
Srait stricken with a wonderful remorse,  
I wot not whether feare or pitie mou'd him,  
If not t'ore-liue her death, or dreading worse,  
He killd himselfe, his conscience so disproou'd him.

*Cræs.* I grant the manner of so rare mischances  
Would force compassion from your greatest foe,  
Where all the grieve-begetting circumstances  
Doe ioyne to make a harmony in woe.

But naturall loue doth at our selfe begin,  
It mooues farre more to feele then heare mishaps,  
The perturbation that my sprite is in,  
Me in a maze of discontentments wraps.

We should such past misfortunes pretermit,  
At least no more immoderately lament them,  
And as for those which are but comming yet,  
Vse ordinary meanes for to preuent them.

*Adrast.* No wonder Sir, although you take great care,  
Lest all your hopes in *Atis* person perish.

*Cræs.*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Cræf.* I will by all the meanes I may, prepare  
To saue his youth, that he my age may cherish.

If it be possible for mortall states  
To striue against the Starres and be more strong,  
I'le vnarme Fortune, and resist the fates,  
By barring both all meanes to do me wrong.

I haue commanded vnder paine of death,  
That no such weapon be within my walles,  
As I suppos'd should haue abridg'd his breath,  
T'eschew such sudden euill as rashly falles.

He shall goe rarely to the fields, and then  
With chosen bands be guarded all the time:  
Loe where he communes with some countrey-men,  
We will go trie what they would haue of him.

Act. III. Scen. II.

CHORVS of countrey-men. CROESVS. ATIS.  
ADRASTVS. CAELIA.

**L**end (Sir) a willing eare to humble wordes,  
Let not our basenesse barre vs from your grace,  
Which still it selfe alike to all affords  
Who blesse their sight with that Maiestike face.

My Soueraigne all his subiects well remembers,  
As vile as our estate is thought of now  
You are our head, and we are of your members,  
And you must care for vs, we care for you.

Our pouertie to vs is no reproach,  
Which th'innocencie of our mind adorn's,  
We neuer on our neighbours bounds encroach,  
But by our labours liue midst many thornes.

And euer busied for the Countries good,  
We haue no time to muse of vaine conceates,

Yet



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Yet earning with continuall toile our food  
We entertaine the pompe of prowder States.

And (Sir) conceiue not of our meaning ill,  
That thus dare speake so freely as we do,  
Whilst mediators do dilate our will  
They wrest it as they will, and wracke vs too.

To count'nance such as vs you neede not shunne,  
A great man too well grac'd may do more harme:  
And t'is no staine vnto the glorious Sunne,  
Though oft his beames an abiect obiect warme.

*Cræs.* Be not discourag'd by your base estate,  
Yee are my people, and I'le heare your plaint,  
A King must care for all, both small and great,  
And for to helpe th'afflicted neuer faint.

The Scepter such as these should chiefly shrowd,  
Not cotages, but Castles spoile the Land,  
T'aduancethe humble and t'abate the prowde;  
This is a Vertue that makes Kings to stand.

*Cor.* Sir, our estate some speedy helpe requires,  
In *Misia* neere vnto the famous Mountaine  
Of great *Olimpus* that the World admires,  
There haunt's a Boare by *Dianaes* Fountaine  
Of a big body, and a hideous forme,  
His fomic lawe with tuskes like Iauelins strikes,  
And all parts in deformitie conforme,  
His backe hath bristles like to yron Pikes.

This Monster of Nature, wonder of Men,  
The Forrests tyran, and the Countries terrour,  
Teares all to death, and drawes them to his Den,  
That chance into his way by fatall error.

Whilst tender-hearted Mothers do bewaile  
The goared Infants toyling in their blood,  
Th'abominable beast them doth assaile,  
And in his bowels buries both for food.

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Then when we fly the field where he sojournes,  
To haue his hunger or his rage alayde,  
He wastes the fruites, and ruines all the cornes,  
Thus the poore husbands hopes are all betrayde.

Ere this, of true Repose we were the types,  
And pastur'd on each plaine our fleecie flockes,  
And made a consort of our warbling pypes,  
With mouing christals th'issue of the rockes.

And sometime to refresh vs after trauell,  
With flowrie garlands shielded from Sunne-beames  
We gazd vpon *Pactolus* golden grauell,  
Glassd, bathd, and quenched our thirst with his pure streames:

Whilst we preferd, the Riuer seemd amazd,  
Vnto his golden bed, his grassye bancke,  
And lay and lookd whereas our cattell grazd,  
Without all enuie of a greater ranke.

That to repress oppression you take care,  
This rest of ours is an effectuall token,  
Your Lawes like Spiders webs do not ensnare  
The feeble flies, and by the Bees are broken.

For we by them are fenc'd from great mens pride,  
The Heau'ns perpetuate your prosp'rous raigne,  
And suffer not this sauage Boare t'abide,  
To turne that ease which men haue spar'd to paine.

*Cræs.* What would ye then, that should be done by me?  
For to repay your losse; repayre this wrong.

*Chorus.* We craue none of your wealth, yet wish to see  
This Boare be-blood the staffe of the most strong:

Let valorous *Atis* worthily your sonne,  
Backd with the best of all the *Lidian* Youth,  
Go to the fields before the rising Sunne  
Quench with the mornings teares his mid-dayes drouth,  
And we shall leade them crownd with lawrell forth,  
Where in a circuit small, yet a large Theater

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

For men to make a tryall of their worth

This Monster staves : th'earth neuer nurc'd a greater.

So shall we both reape profite, and they pleasure,  
Which may be brought to passe without great obstacle,  
By making this waster of the worlds treasure,  
Of a horrid sight, a delightfull spectacle.

*Cræs.* I may not spare my Sonne for a respect,  
Which is not needfull now for to be knowne,  
But I'll send others for the same effect,  
That this pestiferous Beast may be o'rethrowne.

Th'ostentive gallants that our Grace attend,  
And wait th'occasion but to aduance their strength,  
Against the Boare shall all their forces bend,  
With houndes and darts still till he fall at length.

I sweare this Monster shall when he is dead,  
A memorable monument remaine,  
To *Dians* Church I'll consecrate his head,  
The Virgin-goddesse darts no shaft in vaine.

*Atis.* Ah wherein Father haue I thus offended!  
Or what vile signe of a degenerd mind  
Haue you remark'd in me that euer tended  
To the reproch of our Imperiall kind?

That of this praise you would giue me no part,  
But barre me from a famous enterprife,  
As one vnworthie for to weeld a dart:  
Who still in vile repose inglorious lies,

Lies like a wanton with vaine thoughts bewitchd,  
Who spoyld of force effeminately liues,  
A Peacocke but with painted pennes enrichd,  
Yet poore in all the parts that Glorie giues.

What glorie giues those glorious Styles to me  
Which by succession fall, not by defart,  
Should but my Fame with borrowd feathers flee;  
For come of Kings a kingdome is my part.



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Who only by his Birth advancement claimes,  
Like a base bastard doth his birth-right blote,  
I will not beg my worth from dead mens names,  
Nor conquer Credit only by my Cote.

What comforts this to brooke th'Imperiall scate,  
And all the blisse that Maiestie impartes?  
If those whom only we exceed in State,  
Be our Superiors in farre better partes.

More then a Crowne true Worth is to be valued,  
Th'one Fortunes gift, and th'other our owne merite,  
By which oft times th'afflicted Mind is salued,  
When Fortune takes what we by her inherite.

*Cræs.* I see what braue Desires boyle in thy Soule,  
And make thee with immortall wings to flee,  
This hie-bent courage, nothing can controule,  
All *Lidia* is not large euough for chee.

Go, seeke an Empire equall with thy mind,  
No common limits can confine thy thought;  
But while a full perfection thou wouldst find,  
I feare thy fall turne all our hopes to nought.

And pardon me, (deare Sonne) it's a great Loue  
That makes me watch so warily o're thy wayes,  
Th'affection of a Father what may moue,  
Whom such an eminent danger not dismayes?

The Heau'ns of late aduertisde me by Dreame,  
That some sadde fortune did attend thy Youth,  
New Meteors and strange Stars through th'aire still streame,  
Which are as Oracles of *Ioues* owne mouth.

This was the cause that hastned Vs so much  
To haue thee bound to *Himens* hallow'd Law,  
This was the cause that all our care was such,  
Out of our sight all weapons to withdraw.

Scorne not th'Amazing Comets that thou notes,  
The Starres to mortall States haue termes prefixt,

And

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And thinke not only that my loue but dotes,  
For if thou fall, my fate with thine is mixt.

*Atis.* Would God I had some meanes once ere my death  
To satisfie that infinite defart,  
Which I shall hold so long as I haue breath,  
Deepe registred with reu'rence in my hart.

Yet (Sir) we see it is a naturall thing  
For too excessiue loue t'engender feares,  
A sport like this can no great perill bring  
Where either all delights the eyes or th'cares.

If from my former deedes I now should shrinke,  
As void of vertue to soft pleasure thrall,  
Of your two Sonnes what might your subiects thinke,  
Th'one wanting but one sense, and th'other all.

What fancies might my late spould loue possesse,  
To see her husband hatefull in their sights?  
And from the height of Honour to digresse,  
To womanize with courtly vaine delights:

§ Though women loue t'haue men at their deuotion,  
§ They hate base mindes that hatch no noble motion.

*Cræf.* Well, well, my Sonne, I see thou must preuaile,  
Go follow forth the chase, vse thine owne will,  
Yet stay, or let my words thus much auaille,  
Walke warilie now t'eschue this threatned ill.

Thy hautie sprite t'attempt all hazards bent,  
I feare transport thee to a fatall strife,  
(God grant I be deceau'd) yet take good tent,  
Thy ouer-franke courage may betray thy life.

And (deere *Adrastus*,) I must let him know  
What benefites I haue bestow'd on thee,  
Not to vpbraid thee, no, but for to show  
How I may trust thee best that's bound to me.

When thou from *Phrigia* come defild with blood,  
And a fraternall violated loue:

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

When in a most extreme estate thou stood,  
Chac'd from thy fathers face, curst from aboue.

Thou found me friendlie, and my Court thy rest,  
A Sanctuarie sacred for thy safetie,  
Where thou wast entertain'd as pleas'd thee best,  
I thinke those dangers scap't should make thee craftie.

Yet though I grac'd thee earst, t'was but a signe  
Of a heroick mind that helps the wretched:  
But in thy hands my soule ile now consignee,  
And giue a prooffe of loue not to be matched.

Behold how *Atis* of our age the shield,  
Whose harme as you haue heard I fear'd ere now,  
Is to go take his pastime in the field,  
And with his custodie ile credit you.

I must my friend euen feruentlie exhort,  
Wait on my sonne, remember of my dreame,  
This dangerousslie delectable sport,  
Doth make me feare the griefe exceede the game.

*Adras.* I neuer shall those courtesies neglect,  
It irkes me not to thinke nor heare the same:  
For while this sprite these members doth direct,  
All shall concurre to celebrate your fame.

If t'were your will I would not hence depart,  
Who all such motiues vnto mirth abhorre,  
But with my passions heere, retir'd apart,  
Would waile wo past and shun all cause of more.

For if I strue t'abandon my annoyces,  
I feare my fellowship infect with woe:  
Those that would recreat themselves with ioyes,  
Still strange mishaps attend mee where I go.

Yet since you will commit this charge to me,  
Ile vse all meanes that you may not repent you,  
At lest all my defects faith shall supplie,  
I couet nothing more then to content you.

*Atis.*



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Atis.* Now for to see this monsters ouglie shape,  
With an enflam'd desire my thoughts do burne,  
And Father, be not feard for no mishap,  
I hope soone, and victorious to returne.

*Celia.* Returne? and whither loue? O deadlie word!  
That doth import thy parting from my sight,  
I heard thee name, mishap, ah my deere Lord!  
Should such strict limits bound so large delight?

O cruell resolution, vnkind dealing,  
And canst thou condiscend to leaue me so?  
Or from my presence priuillie thus stealing,  
Thinkst thou to rob a portion of my wo?

This might indeede to thee yeeld some reliefe,  
To haue thy eares not wounded with my mone,  
But would wound me with a continuall griefe,  
To feare all things where I should feare but one.

Desist in time from this intended strife,  
With which thy thoughts haue vnaduisedlie entred,  
Remember I haue interest in thy life,  
Which I consent not to be thus aduentred.

Hast thou not giuen a prooffe in thy greene prime,  
That may content the most ambitious hopes,  
Whilst *Atis* was his owne, O then t'was time  
To follow fancies vnconfined scopes.

Thy selfe then only camp'd in Fortunes bounds,  
Thou dost endanger *Celia* likewise now,  
You sigh her breath, she suffer's in your wounds:  
You liue in her, and she must dye in you.

*Atis.* Life of my soule, how do such broken speeches  
From confusde passions thus abruptlie rise?  
I know my loue, thy loue my mind o're-reaches,  
Affection schoold with feares is too too wise.

I go o're-thwart the fields for sport to range,  
Thy sighs do but my soule with sorrow fill,

And

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And pardon (decre) I find this wondrous strange,  
Thou neuer did till now resist my will.

If I trespasse in aught against my dutie,  
Which makes thee thus my faith for to mistrust,  
Mistrust not yet the chaines of thine owne beautie,  
Which bind all my desires, and so they must.

Are we not now made one such feares o'recome,  
Though I would flie my selfe my selfe do fether,  
And if that I would flie, from whom? to whome?  
I can loue none so well, none loues me better.

Haue pittie of those pearles (sweete eyes soules pleasures)  
Lest they presage what thou would not haue done,  
The heau'ns had not giu'n me those pretious treasures  
Of such perfections to be spoyl'd so soone.

*Chorus.*

**T**Hose that domine aboue,  
High presidents of heauen,  
By whom all things do moue  
As they haue order giuen:  
What worldling can arise  
Against them to repine?  
Whilst castel'd in the skies  
With prouidence diuine  
They force th'inferior round  
Their iudgements to confesse,  
And in their wrath confound  
Proud mortals that transgresse  
The couenant they made  
With Nature in heauens stead.

Base brood of earth, vaine man,  
Why bragst thou of thy might?

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

*The heauens thy courses scan,  
Thou walkst still in their sight,  
Ere thou wast borne, thy deedes  
Their registers dilate,  
And thinke that none exceeds  
The compasse of his fate.  
What heauens would haue thee to  
Though they thy wayes abhorre,  
That thou of force must do,  
And thou may do no more.  
This reason would fu'fill,  
Their worke should serue their will.*

*Are we not heires of death,  
In whom there is no trust,  
Who toss'd with circkling breath,  
Are but a dramme of dust?  
Yet fooles when as we erre  
And do th' heauens wrath contract,  
If they a while deferre  
A iust reuenge t' exact,  
Pride in our bosome creepes,  
And mis-informes vs thus,  
That the Eternall sleepes,  
Or takes no care of vs.*

*No, th' eye of heauen beholds  
All what our hart enfolds.*

*The gods digest no crime  
Though they continue long,  
And in th' offenders time  
Seeme to neglect their wrong,  
Till others of their race  
Fill vp the cup of wrath,*



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Whom ruine and disgrace  
Long time attended hath,  
And Giges fault we feare  
To Cræsus charge be layd,  
Which Ioue will not forbear  
Though it be long delayd :  
For o sometime the gods  
Must plague sinne with sharp reeds.*

*And lo how Cræsus still  
Tormented in his mind,  
Like a reed on a hill,  
Is shiuering with each wind.  
Each step a terrour brings,  
Dreames do by night afflict him,  
And by day many things,  
All his thoughts do conuict him :  
He his starre would controule,  
This makes euill not the worst  
Whilst he wounds his owne soule  
With th'apprehension first :  
Man may his fate foresee,  
But not shun heauens decree.*

Act. IIII. Scen. I.

ADRASTVS CROESVS. CHORVS.

**C**An heauen behold hands staind with bloud oft times,  
And to the Stigian streames not headlongs hurld ?  
Can th'earth support one burden'd with such crimes,  
As may prouoke the wrath of all the world ?

Why

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

Why sends not *Ioue* t'haue my curst'd course confind,  
A death-denouncing flash of rumbering thunder,  
Or a tempestuous terrour-breeding wind,  
With violence to teare me all asunder.

What vnknowne corner from the world remou'd  
T'inhabit in th'horizon of dispaire  
Shall I go now possesse and be approu'd  
By monsters like my selfe that hate repaire.

Ile go indeed whom all the world detests,  
Who haue no interest in the fields of blisse,  
And barbarize among the barbarous beasts,  
Where Tigers rage, Toades spue, and Serpents hisse.

Yet though both th'Artike and Antartike Pole  
I should ouerpasse, and find th'vnpeopled zones,  
A wilderness where nought were to controule  
My damnable cruelties but trees and stones :

Yet of my deeds which all the world do tell,  
All this could not deface th'infamous scroule,  
Within my breast I beare about my hell,  
And can not scape the horrors of my soule.

Those fearefull monsters of confusd aspects,  
*Chimera, Gorgon, Hydra*, hellish apes,  
Which in the world wrought wonderfull effects,  
And borrowed from th'infernall shades their shapes.

Their deuilish formes that did the world amaze,  
Not halfe so monstrous as my selfe I finde,  
When on mine owne deformities I gaze,  
In the black depth of a polluted minde.

No, but my mind vntainted still remaines,  
My thoughts in this dilect haue had no part,  
Which accidentallie this foule fact staines,  
My hands had no commission of my hart.

Yet, whether it was fortune or my fate,  
Or some hell-hag that did direct my arme,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

I quaild the *Lidians* hopes abortiue date,  
And am the instrument of all their harme.

Then swelling mountaines come and fall vpon me,  
Your height may hide me from the wrath of heauen:  
But this needes not, my fault hath else vndone me,  
No torment can with my offence be euen.

Ah of what desert shall I now make choice,  
T'auoid the count'nance of an angric King?  
I know th'auenging sword of *Cræsus* voice,  
To wound my soule hostes of rebukes doth bring.

No, th'object of distresse ile stand alone,  
A memorable monster of mishap,  
For though *Pandoraes* plagues were pour'd in one,  
All were too few so vile a wretch t'entrap.

*Chor.* O how the King is mou'd with *Atis* death,  
His face th'impression of a passion beares  
With bended eyes, crost armes, and quiuering breath,  
His princely roabe he desperately teares.

Lo, with a silent pittie-pleading looke,  
Which shewes with sorrow mixt a high disdaine,  
He whilst his soule seemes to dissolue in smoake,  
Whiles eyes the corps whiles him by whom t'is flaine.

*Cræf.* Thou ruthlesse Tyrant, ruine of my blisse,  
And didst thou so disguise thy deuilish nature  
To recompence my courtesies with this?  
Ah cruell wretch, abhominable creature.

Thy Tigrish mind who could haue well detected?  
In mortall breasts so great barbaritie?  
What froward sprite could haue such spight suspected?  
In hospitalitie hostilitie?

Did I reuiue thee when thy hopes were dead,  
When as thy life thy parents had not spar'd?  
And hauing heapt such fauours on thy head,  
Is this? Is this? *Chor.* he would say the reward.

*Adras.*



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Adraft.* I grant what you alledge, and more, is true,  
I haue vnto the height of hatred runne,  
A blood-staind Wretch, not worthy for to view  
The rolling Circles, nor the rayie Sunne.

I'le neuer striue to cloake my foule abuses,  
So for to make my forfeit to seeme lesse,  
And paint my fault with imperfect excuses,  
T'is greater farre then words can wel expresse.

Nor go I thus to aggrauate my crime,  
And damne my selfe to be absolu'd by others;  
No, no, such Rhetoricke comes out of time,  
I'le not suruiue his death, as earst my brothers.

Whose vnkind fall if I had followd straight,  
As then indeed I dyed to all delight,  
I had not groan'd chargd with this inward waight,  
But slept with shadows in eternall night.

Yet must I die at last, though late growne wife,  
This in my minde most discontentment breeds,  
A thousand tort'ring deaths cannot suffice  
To plague condignely for so haynous deedes.

Come, cause him, who the Spritelesse body buries,  
Vpon the Tombe to sacrifice my blood,  
No fitter offering for th'infernall Furies  
Then one, in whom they raignd while as he stood.

In whom they oft infusde their diu'lish rage,  
And in my bosom all their Serpents nestled,  
So that this hellish horror to asswage,  
I all my dayes haue with disasters wrestled.

*Cræs.* I find *Adraftus*, when I deeply scaunce  
Th'effectuall motiues of this fatall crosse,  
That not thy malice, but mine owne mischaunce  
Hath been th'occasion of our bitter losse.

Whilst barely with a superficiall wit,  
We weigh the out-side of such strange euent,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

If but the mediate meanes our iudgements hit,  
We search not the first cause, this much contents.

When such prodigious accidents fall out,  
Though they amaze our minds, and so they must,  
The ground of all comes from our selfe no doubt,  
Ah! man hath sin'd, the heau'ns are alwayes iust.

Now when I search the secrets of my soule,  
And rip the corners of my corrupt minde,  
Marke of my former life th'offenciue scroule,  
And do examine how I was inclinde,

O then I see the angry hosts of heauen  
Come girt with flames to plague for my offences,  
Which once no doubt will with the world be euen,  
And iudge our thoughts, words, acts, and vaine pretences.

Sonne, t'is my pride that hath procurde thy fall,  
I'm guiltie of thy blood, I gaue the wound  
Which was thy death, and whose remembrance shall  
My life each day with many deaths confound.

Then iniust Stars, your statutes I contemne;  
O! if I were confronted with the gods,  
I would their partiall prouidence condemne,  
That in such sort do exercise their rods.

Ah! my Sonnes death doth shew their iudgement naught,  
What could he perpetrate against such Powres?  
Should he haue suffred for his Fathers fault?  
Whom without cause their wrong-spent wrath deuours.

Now all the world those deities may despise,  
Which plague the guiltlesse, and the guiltie spare:  
Cease haples man t'outrage thy selfe thus waies;  
I pardon thee, and pitie thy despaire.

*Adrast.* O cruell iudgement of a rigorous fate!  
Must I o're-lieue my selfe t'entombe my Fame?  
All things that I behold vpbraide my state;  
Too many monuments of one mans shame.

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

All (and no more then I) my deedes detest,  
Yet some not find a friend, I find no foe  
To rid the world of such a dangerous pest,  
Borne but to be an instrument of woe.

I know what makes all worthie mindes refraine  
The sword against a Catife for to stretch,  
They this opprobrious office do disdaine,  
To be the Deaths-men of so base a wretch.

Or must I yet a fouler fact commit,  
And fill the world with th'horroure of my name?  
Is there some new disaster resting yet,  
And other funerals famous by my shame?

Or would some bastard thought lifes cause debate,  
That in the blasted field of comfort gleanes,  
No, no, in spite of heau'n I'll force my fate,  
One that's resolu'd to die, cannot want means.

Prowd tyrant Death, and must thou make it strange?  
T'involve my wearied soule in further strife,  
Vnlesse my courage with my fortune change,  
I can appoint a Period to my life.

But this (Ay me) all hope of helpe deuours,  
What gaines my soule by death in those sad times?  
If potent still in all her wonted powres  
She must remember of my odious crimes.

What though vn bodied she the world forsake?  
Yet cannot from her conscience be diuorc'd,  
It will but vex her at the shadowie Lake,  
Till euen to grone the god of ghosts be forc'd.

But welcome death, and O would God I had  
Lesse famous or more fortunately liu'd!  
Then had I neuer showne my selfe so mad  
T'haue only been by infamie suruiu'd.

Ah! haue I liu'd to see my Ladie die,  
And die for me, for me not worth so much;

All

Ah



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Ah! haue I liu'd (vnnaturall man) to be  
My Brothers death, whose loue to me was such.

Ah! haue I liu'd, with mine owne hands to kill  
A gallant Prince committed to my charge,  
And do I gaze on the dead body still,  
And in his Fathers fight my shame enlarge.

Ah! haue I liu'd ( O execrable Monster)  
To be accounted of a diu'lish nature,  
And euen by them that best my actions conster,  
For to be cal'd (and iustly cal'd) a Traitor.

Yet with my blood this staine away I'le wash,  
And lest my memorie make th'earth detracted,  
Let my name perish in my bodies ash,  
And all my life be as a thought vnacted.

Braue *Atis*, now I come to pleade for grace,  
Although thou frown'st on my affrighted ghost,  
And to reuenge thy wrong this wound embrace;  
Thus, thus, I toile t'attaine the Stygian coast.

*Cho.* The man him'selfe doth desperately wound,  
With leaden lights, weake legs, and head decline,  
The body in disdaine doth beate the ground,  
That of his members one hath prou'd vnkinde:

The fainting hand falles trembling from the sword  
With this micidiall blow for shame growne red,  
Which strait the blood pursues with vengeance stor'd  
To drowne the same with the same floods it shed.

Who of those parties can the combate show,  
Where both but one, one both, strooke and sustaind,  
Or who shall triumph for this strange ore'throw  
Whereas the Victor lost, the Vanquish'd gaind.

*Cræs.* Cursde eies, what sudden change hath drownd your  
And made your mirthfull obiects mournfull now? (lights,  
Ye that were still inurde to stately fights  
Since seated vnder an Imperiall brow.

O're-clouded

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

O'reclouded now with vapours of my cares,  
Are low throwne downe vnto a hell of griefe,  
And haue no prospect but my soules despaires,  
The sad beholders of a rare mischiefe.

O dead *Adrastus* I absolue thy ghost,  
Whose hand some secret destinie did charme,  
Thou hated by the Heau'ns, wert to thy cost  
An accidentall Actor of our harme.

No doubt some angrie God hath layd this snare,  
And whilst thy purpose was the Boare to kill,  
Did intercept thy shaft amidst the aire,  
And threw it at my Sonne against thy will.

Ah Sonne! must I be witnesse of thy death,  
Who view thee thus with violence to bleed,  
And yet want one on whom to powre my wrath,  
To take iust vengeance for so vile a deed?

This wretch whose guiltlesse mind hath cleard his hand  
Grieu'd for his error, loe, ynforced doth fall,  
And not as one that did in danger stand,  
For he liu'd still till I forgauē him all.

Thus haue I but the heau'ns on whom I may  
Powre forth the poyson of my troubled spirite,  
In my soules bitternesse I'm forced to say,  
This seconds not their custome and my merite.

Act. IIII. Scen. II.

SANDANIS. CROESVS.

**W**Hy spend you (Sir) with sighs th'Imperious breath,  
Which nought but words of Soueraigntie should  
O weake reuenge for one that's wrongd by death, (breed,  
T'adorne his triumph with a mourning weed!

H

This

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

This pale-fac'd tyrant, author of our ill,  
Who did, t'ecclipse our Ioyes, that blacke shaft borrow,  
Should you frame Trophees to his Tigrish will,  
And weare his liuery, and succumbe to sorrow?

No, though he might this outward blisse o're-throw,  
And you saue you of all that's yours might spoyle,  
Yet whilst of one that yields no signe you show,  
You triumph still, and he receiues the foyle.

Th'o're-flowing humor that would drowne your soule,  
In baser breasts might better be excusde,  
Who want the sprite their passions to controule,  
As from their birth still to subiection vsde.

But you, in whom high Thoughts haue been innated,  
To this decay how is your Vertue come?  
I blush to see my Soueraigne so abated,  
And Maiestie by miserie o'recome.

Nor are my words out of a rockie mind,  
T'unnaturallize you, as not feeling smart,  
No, none can barre a Prince from being kind,  
Th'undoubted badge of an Heroick hart.

That supreme Powre, by which great States do stand,  
Should order but th'affection, not vndoe it  
And I could wish you might your selfe command,  
Which though you may not well, yet seeme to doe it.

*Cræs.* I will not now rehearse, t'enlarge my grieve,  
On what iust reasons my laments are groundd,  
But still will muse vpon mine owne mischiefe,  
While as my soule a thousand wayes is wounded.

What pensiue penfill euer limn'd aright  
The sad conceats of soule-consuming woe:  
Ah! words are weake to shew the swelling hight  
Of th'inward anguish that o're-whelms me so.

Though many Monarchs iealously despise  
The rising Sunne that their declining staines;

And



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And hate the Heire, who by their fall must rise,  
As grieu'd to heare of death, or others raignes.

My loue towards *Atis* otherwise appeard,  
Whom, whilst for him I did my cares engage,  
I as a Father lou'd, as King not feard,  
The comfort, not th'encombrance of mine age.

And hadst thou Sonne, as reason would, suruiu'd me,  
Who glaunced and vanish'd like a lightning-flash,  
Then death of life could neuer haue depriu'd me,  
Whilst such a Phænix had reuiu'd my ash.

*San.* Let not these woes ecclypse your Vertues light.

*Cræf.* Ah! rage and grieve must once be at a hight.

*San.* Striue of your sorrows for to stop the source.

*Cræf.* These salt cie-floods must flow & haue their course.

*San.* That is not kingly. *Cræf.* And yet it is kindly.

Where passions do domine they gouerne blindly.

*San.* Such wofull plaints cannot repaire your State:

*Cræf.* Th'infortunate at least may waile their Fate.

The meanest comfort can t' a wretch retourne,

Is in calamitie t' haue leaue to mourne.

*San.* What graue-browd Stoick voyd of all affections,  
With teare-lesse eyes could that Youths death behold:  
Though greene in yeeres, yet ripe in all perfections,  
A hoarie iudgement vnder lockes of gold.

No, no man liues but must lament to see  
The worlds chiefe hope euen in his blossome choaked:  
But men cannot controll the Heau'ns decree:  
And mischief done, can neuer be reuoked.

Then let not this torment your mind no more,  
This crosse with you alike your Countrie beares,  
If wailing could your ruinde State restore,  
Soules fraught with grieve should sayle in Seas of teares.

Left all our comfort dash against one shelve,  
And his vntimely end occasion yours,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Haue pitie of your people, spare your selfe,  
If not to your owne vse, yet vnto ours.

*Cræf.* When *Sandanis*, I first thy faith did find,  
Thou diu'd so deeply in my bosom then,  
That since thou kept the key still of my mind,  
And knew what I conceald from other men.

Behold, I go to open vp to you  
(Deare Treasurer of all my secrets still)  
A mightie enterprise I mind for now :  
A Phisicke in some sort t'asswage my ill.

Which may vnto my soule yield some reliefe,  
And make me to forgoe sad thoughts content,  
Or els acquire copartners in my griefe,  
If not for me, yet with me to lament.

*Sand.* This benefite must bind me with the rest,  
To loue your Maiestie, and with you well,  
I'll giue you my aduise, and I protest,  
That you take friendly what I freely tell.

*Cræf.* Since that it hath not pleasde the Diuine powres,  
That of my of-spring I might comfort claime,  
Yet lest the rauinous course of flying howres  
Should make a prey of my respected name,  
I hope t'engender such a generous brood,  
That the vnborne shall know how I haue liu'd,  
And this no doubt would do my ghost great good,  
To be by famous Victories reuiu'd.

I'll Eagle-like soare with Fames immortall wings,  
Vnlesse my hie-bent thoughts themselues deceaue,  
That hauing acted admirable things,  
I may scorne death, and triumph o're the graue.

Yet haue I not so settled my conceate  
That all opinions are to be despisde,  
Vnfold your iudgement touching my estate,  
Take heed I'll tell you what I haue deuise.

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Some *Scithian* Shepherd in a high disdain,  
As I haue heard rehearst by true discourses,  
To plague some of the *Medes* with endlesse paine,  
Did entertaine them with *Thiestes* courses.

And to content their more then Tigrish wishes,  
They with the infants flesh the parents fed,  
Who not suspecting such polluted dishes,  
Did in their bowels burie whom they bred.

Then after this abhominable crime,  
They come vnto my fathers famous court,  
And working on th'aduantage of the time,  
Did as they pleas'd of what was past report.

They shew'd what seru'd to help, and hid the rest,  
Whilst pittie pleaded for afflictions part,  
He noble-minded fauouring the distrest,  
Was wooon to them by this *Sinonick* art.

*San.* Oft Kings of Iudges thence haue parties gone,  
Where both their eares were patent but to one.

*Cræf.* Then *Ciaxare* Monarch of the *Medes*,  
To prosecute those fugitiues to death,  
In indignation of my fathers deedes,  
Did boast them both with all the words of wrath.

My father thinking that his court should be  
A sanctuarie for all supplicants,  
Did leuie men, that all the world might see  
He helpt the weake, and scorn'd the mighties vaunts.

Thus mortall warres on euery side proclaim'd,  
With mutuall damage did continue long,  
Till both the armies by *Bellona* tam'd,  
Did irket'auenge or to maintaine a wrong.

It chanc'd whilst peace was at the highest dearth,  
That all their forces furiously did fight,  
A suddaine darkenes courtain'd vp the earth,  
And violentlie dispossest the light.



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

I thinke for *Phaeton* the Sunne lookt sad,  
And that the bloodie obiects that he saw  
Did wound his memorie, with grieve gone mad,  
He from the world his wagon did withdraw.

Yet Ignorance the mother of confusion,  
With wresting natures course found cause of feares,  
Which well edg'd on by wiser mens illusion,  
Was cause of concord and of truce from teares.

Then straight there was a perfect peace begunne,  
And that it might more constantly indure,  
*Astiaes* the King of *Medias* sonne,  
A mariage with my Sister did procure.

A deadlie rancour reconcil'd againe,  
Must seal'd with consanguinitie remaine.

*Cræf.* He since his fathers age-worne course was ended,  
Hath rulde his people free from blood or strife,  
Till now a Viper of his loynes discended,  
Would by his ruine make himselfe a life.

I meane by *Cyrus* base *Cambises* brood,  
Who by a Bitch nurst with the countrey swaines,  
Degener'd farre from any princely blood,  
The doggish nature of his nurse retaines.

He come against his Grandfather to feeld,  
And vnexpected with a mightie powre,  
Ouerthrew his forces, forc'd himselfe to yeeld,  
Who captiue kept now waits for death each howre.

That you may see now what my interest is,  
I made recitall of this ruthfull storie,  
Those circumstances shew that shame of his  
Tends to the derogation of our glorie:

That any dare presume to trouble thus  
One whome our kingdomes fauour should defend,  
In strict affinitie combind with vs,  
Yet not respected for so great a friend.

My

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

My ioylesse soule with this will be reioyc'd,  
Whilst I to warre against that rebell go:  
I hope that both shall know how they haue choyc'd,  
Th'one a kind friend, and th'other a feare fo.

*S.m.* Though Natures law you car'd not to transgresse,  
And this your wrong'd allye would not repare,  
Yet the regard t'a Monarch in distresse,  
Should moue the mightie with a mutuall care.

These terrours to that thunder in your eare,  
I thinke the *Lidians* will not well allow,  
For when the Cedar falls, the Oake may feare,  
Th' *Assirians* ore-throw may astonish you.

And when we see our neighbours house afire,  
Then we may iudge our owne to be in danger,  
It's better first with others to conspire,  
Or we be forc'd our selues t'inuade that stranger.

Ah this is but the out-side of your course,  
A dangerous ambush by ambition planted,  
There may come raging riuers from this source,  
To drowne your state whilst fancies are vndanted.

I know these new-borne monsters of your mind,  
Haue arm'd your rauish'd thoughts with faire conceates,  
Yet may these wonders that you haue diuin'd,  
Proue traiterous proiects painted for deceates.

And (pardon Sir) it is not good to be  
Too rashlie stout nor curiousslie wise,  
Lest that you from that which is certaine flee,  
And not attaine to that which you deuise.

*Cræs.* I grant indeed which very few shall know,  
Though I designe but to relieue my friend,  
My thoughts are aym'd (this vnto you ile show,)  
And not without great cause, t'a greater end.

You see how Fortune nought but change affects,  
Some are reproach'd that others may be praisd,

And

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And euery age brings forth some strange effects,  
Some must be ruin'd, others must be rais'd.

I doubt not you haue heard who was the first  
Whom fame for warring with the world reuiues,  
Who had of soueraigntie so great a thirst,  
That it could not be quenched with thousands liues.

T'was he who first obtain'd the name of *Ioue*,  
Who was reputed for his glorious acts,  
The most imperious of the powers aboue,  
That vowes and offrings of the world exacts.

He all his time could nought but terrour breathe,  
To make the world acquaint with warre and dearth,  
The chieftest sergeants deputed by death,  
That made th' *Assirians* soueraignes of the earth.

Yet since his course the worlds first plague was past,  
His successours who many ages raig'n'd,  
Made shipwrack of their Empire at the last,  
And by the *Medes* were thral'd, scorn'd, and disdain'd.

This was the cause of that great kingdoms fall,  
A King who could not iudge of kinglie treasures,  
With losse of scepter, honour, life and all,  
Did buy his base delights and seruile pleasures.

To that disastred Monarchies decay,  
Th' aspiring *Persians* purpose to succede,  
But I intend to crosse them by the way,  
And quail their courage ere that they can speede.

The *Persians* once the *Lidians* force must proue,  
And, O who knowes but that it is ordain'd  
At the Tribunall of the States aboue,  
That I should raigne where famous *Ninus* raig'n'd.

This all the host of heauen oft times foretells,  
To this the gods of *Greece* my mind haue mou'd,  
And he that in th' *Arabian* desert dwells,  
By his response this enterprize approu'd.



*The Tragedy of Crassus.*

*San.* Thus still in loue with what we mind to do,  
What we affect we fairest still conceaue,  
This feedes our humour whilst we labour, to  
Seeme full of wit our selues for to deceaue.

You flatter so your selfe, you can not spye  
What secret danger this designe doth beare,  
But whilst I looke with an indifferent eye  
On your intentions, I find cause of feare.

You vnaduisdly purpose to pursue  
A barbarous people that are foes to peace,  
Who but by rapine to their greatnes grew,  
And would for each light cause the warres imbrace.

No daintie silks of the *Assirian* dye,  
Do deck their bodies to abase their mindes,  
But cloath'd with wild beasts skinnes they do defye  
The force of *Phæbus* rayes, and *Eols* windes.

They simplie feede and are not grieu'd each day,  
With stomacks cloyd decocting diuers meates,  
They fare not as they would, but as they may,  
Of iudgement sound not carried with conceates.

These vncorrupted customes that they hold,  
Make all things easie that they feele no paine,  
This cooles the Sommers heate, kils Winters cold,  
This makes the Riuers dry, the Mountaines plaine.

Those whose ambition pouertie did bound,  
Of the delights of *Lidia* if they taste  
Will haue in hatred straight their barren ground,  
And insolentlie all our treasures waste.

To gouerne such although that you preuaile,  
You shall but buy vexation with your blood,  
And do your selfe and yours, if fortune faile,  
From a possessed Soueraigntie seclude.

Yea, though this rash desire your iudgement leades,  
I for my part must praise the gods for you,

I

That

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

That haue not put into the *Persians* heads,  
To warre against the *Lidians* long ere now.

*Cræf.* These flames that burne my brest must once burst  
Your counsaile for more quiet minds I leaue, (out,  
And be you still thought wise, so I proue stout,  
Ile conquer more, or lose the thing I haue.

*Calia.*

**Y**Et am I forc'd out of afflictions store,  
To ease my mind a few sad words to straine;  
And but vnloade it now to lode it more,  
I emptie but mine eyes to fill againe.

My soule must sound euen as my passions strike,  
Which now are tun'd to nothing but mischief,  
My brest and eyes are both accurst alike,  
The cabinet of care, the cells of griefe.

O cruell heauen, fierce starre, vnhappy fate,  
Too foule iniustice of the diuine powres,  
Whose high disdain t'wards me with partiall hate,  
The comfort of the world (sad world) deuoures.

Curst be the day in which I first was borne,  
When lying tounge affirm'd I come to light,  
A monstrous blasphemie, a mightie scorne,  
Since t'was to darkenes and a ioy-set night.

O happy if I then had chanc'd to smother,  
That the first houre had been the last to me,  
Then from one graue t'haue gone vnto another,  
I should haue dide to liue, not liu'd to die.

What profited to me my parents ioyes,  
That with such pomp did solemnize my birth,  
When I must be the mirrour of annoyes,  
And all my dayes taste but one dramme of mirth?  
Which seru'd for nothing but to make me know,

The

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

The height of horreur that was to succeed,  
I was but raisd vp high to be brought low,  
That short-liu'd ioyes might endlesse anguish breed.

That nothing might for my confusion lack,  
All my best actions but betray'd my state,  
My vertues too were guiltie of my wrack,  
And warr'd against me banded with my fate.

For whilst my Virgin-yeares with praise I past,  
Which did (ah that it did) too much import,  
My modest eye told that my mind was chaste:  
This gain'd the warrant of the worlds report,  
And Maides must haue a great respect to fame,  
No greater dowrie then an vnstain'd name.

Faire beauties Goddesse, thou canst beare record,  
My offering neuer made thine altar rich,  
All such lasciuious fancies I abhord,  
My free-borne thoughts no follie could bewitch.

Till happilie (ah so it seem'd to some)  
Ah but vnhappelie th'euent hath prou'd:  
All this and more to *Atis* eares did come,  
Who straightway likt, and after liking lou'd:

Then to our eares his purpose did impart,  
Not lip-sick-louer-like with words farre sought,  
His toong was but the agent of his hart,  
Yet could not tell the tenth part of his thought.

And lest his trauels should haue seem'd to tend  
To breach my honour, worke my fames decay,  
He brought his wishes to a lawfull end,  
And by th'effect, th'affection did bewray.

Their *Iuno* president of wedlockes vowe,  
And *Hymen* with his saffron-colour'd cote,  
Our loue with sacred customes did allow,  
Whilst th'ominous Owles no crosses did denote.

The blessing that this marriage did procure,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

It was too great to haue continu'd long,  
A thing that's vehement can not indure: -  
Our ioyes farre past th'expressing of the toong,  
Who euer did full satisfaction finde,  
Yet with fatietie were neuer cloy'd,  
We seem'd two bodies gouern'd by one mind,  
Such was the happines that we enioy'd.

He lou'd me deerely, I obey'd his will,  
Prowd of my selfe because that I was his,  
A harmonic remaind betwixt vs still,  
Each in another plac'd their chiefest blisse.

This mou'd th'Immortalls to a high disdaine,  
That thus two worldlings who of death were heires,  
Should in a paradise of ioyes remaine,  
Which did excede, at least did equall theirs.

But chiefly *Iuno* did dispight it most,  
Who through a icalousie still iarres with *Ioue*,  
That bodie-prison'd foules of that could boast,  
Which she (although Heauens Queene) had not aboue.

Thus euen for enuy of our rare delights,  
The fatall Sisters by the heauens subborn'd,  
Of my foules treasure closd the louely lights,  
By which they thought the earth too much adorn'd.

O but he is not dead, he liues in me,  
Ah but I liue not, for I dide in him,  
The one without the other can not be,  
If death haue set his eyes, mine must looke dim.

Since to my sight that Sunne no more appeer'd,  
From whom my beauties borrowed all their rayes,  
A long ecclipse that neuer shall be cleer'd,  
Hath darkned all the points of my sad dayes.

Ay me! I liue too long, he dide too soone,  
Thus still the worst remaine, the best depart,  
Of him who told how this black deede was done.

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

The words like swords shall euer wound my hart.

Fierce tyrant Death, that in thy wrath didst take  
One halfe of me, and left an halfe behind,  
Take this to thee, or giue me th'other backe,  
Be altogether cruell, or all kind.

For whilst I liue, thou canst not wholly dye,  
O ! euen in spite of death, yet still my choyce,  
Oft with th'Imaginations loue-quicke eye,  
I thinke I see thee, and I heare thy voyce.

And to content my languishing desire,  
Each thing to ease my mind some helpe affords,  
I fancie whiles thy forme, and then afire,  
In euery found I apprehend thy words.

Then with such thoughts my memorie to wound,  
I call to mind thy lookes, thy words, thy grace,  
Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground,  
And where thou stept, O sacred seemes that place!

My solitary walks, my widowd bed,  
My driery sighs, my sheets oft bathd with teares,  
These can record the life that I haue led  
Since first sad newes breath'd death into mine eares.

I liue but with despaire my sprite to dash,  
Thee first I lou'd, with thee all loue I leaue;  
For my chaste flames extinguishd in thy ash  
Can kindle now no more but in thy graue.

By night I wish for day ; by day for night ;  
Yet wish farre more, that none of both might bee;  
But most of all, that banishd from the light  
I were no more, their courses for to see.

At night revoluing my despair'd estate,  
I go to summe with sighs my wonted ioyes,  
When in an agonie, a grieu'd conceate  
Doth blot th'unperfect compt with new annoyes.

When Sleepe the eldest brother of pale Death,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

The Child of darkenesse, and Father of rest,  
In a free prison hath confinde my breath,  
That it may vent, but not with words exprest.

Then with my sprite thou enterst for to speake  
With honyed speeches to appease my grieve,  
And my sad heart that labourd for to breake,  
In this fayn'd comfort finds a while reliefe.

Yea, if our soules remaind vnited so,  
This late diuorcement would not vex my mind,  
But when I waken, it augments my woe,  
Whilst this a dreame, and me a wretch I find.

O happy, if I had been happy neuer,  
But happier, if my happinesse had lasted:  
Yet had I in this state chanc'd to perseuer,  
My dayes had with excessiue ioyes soone wasted.

Why waste I thus, whilst vainely I lament,  
The precious treasure of that swift Post Time?  
Ah! pardon me, (deare Loue) for I repent  
My lingring here, my Fate, and not my crime.

Since first thy body did enrich the Tombe,  
In this spoild world, my eye no pleasure sees,  
And *Atis*, *Atis*, loe, I come, I come  
To be thy Mate, amongst the Mirtle trees.

C H O R U S.

**L**oe all our time euen from our birth,  
In nought but miserie exceeds,  
For where we find a moments mirth,  
A Month of mourning still succeeds,  
By all the euills that Nature breeds,  
Which daily do our sprites appall,  
Th' infirmities that frailtie sends,  
The losse of it, that fortune lends:

*And*



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*And such disasters as oft fall:  
Yet to farre worse our states are thrall,  
Whilst wretched man with man contends,  
And eucry one his whole force bends,  
How to procure anothers losses;  
But this torments vs most of all,  
The mind of man, which many a fancie tosses,  
Doth forge vnto it selfe a thousand crosses.*

*O how the Soule with all her might  
Doth all her heau'nly forces straine!  
How to attaine vnto the light  
Of Natures wonders, that remaine  
Hid from our eyes, we strine in vaine  
To seeke out things that are vn Timer:  
In Sciences to seeme profound,  
We dine so deepe we find no ground,  
And the more knowledge we procure,  
The more it doth our minds allure,  
Of mysteries the depth to sound:  
Thus our desires we neuer bound,  
Which by degrees thus drawne on still,  
The memorie may not indure:  
But like the tubs that Danaus daughters fill,  
Doth drinke no faster then it's forc'd to spill.*

*Yet how comes this? and O how can  
Diuine Knowledge the Soules chiefe treasure  
Occasion such a crosse to man?  
That should afford him greatest pleasure:  
O it's because we cannot measure  
The limits that to it belong!  
But for to tempt forbidden things,  
Do soare too high with Natures wings:*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Still weakest whilst we thinke vs strong,  
The Heau'ns that thinke we do them wrong,  
To trie what in suspence still hings,  
This crosse vpon vs iustly brings:  
With knowledge, knowledge is confusde,  
And growes a grieve ere it be long.  
That which a blessing is, being rightly vsde,  
Doth grow the greatest crosse, when it's abusde.*

*Ah! what auails this vnto vs,  
Who in this vaile of woes abide,  
With endlesse toile to studie thus,  
To learne the thing that Heau'n would hide:  
And trusting in too blind a guide,  
To spie the Planets how they moue,  
And too transgressing common barres  
The constellation of the starres,  
And all that is decreed aboue,  
Whereof as oft th'euent doth prone,  
Th'intelligence our welfare marres,  
And in our breasts breeds endlesse warres,  
Whilst what our Horoscopes foretell,  
Our expectations do disprone,  
Those apprehended plagues prone such a Hell,  
That we would wish t'unknow them till they fell.*

*This is the pest of great Estates;  
They by a thousand meanes deuise  
How to foreknow their doubtfull Fates,  
And like new Giants scale the Skies,  
Heau'ns secret store-house to surprisc:  
Which sacriligious skill we see  
With what great payne they apprehend it,  
And then how foolishly they spend it,*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*To learne the thing that once must be:  
Why should we seeke our destinie?  
If it be good, we long attend it,  
If it be euill, none may amend it;  
Such knowledge further rest exiles,  
T'is best to abide the Heau'ns decree,  
It's to be feard, those whom this Arte beguiles,  
Do change their fate & make their Fortune wheelles.*

*And loe of late, what hath our King  
By his prepos't'rous trauels gaind,  
In searching each particular thing  
That Atis Horoscope containd;  
But what the Heau'ns had once ordaind,  
He could not by no meanes preuent,  
And yet he labours to find out  
Through all the Oracles about,  
Of future things th'vn'sure euent,  
This doth his raving mind torment,  
Now in his age vnwisely stout  
To fight with Cyrus, but no doubt  
The Heauens are grien'd for to heare told  
Long ere the time their hid intent.  
Let Tantalus b'a terror to th'o're-bold  
That dare Ioues cloudy secrecies vnfold.*

Act. V. Scen. I.

CYRVS. HARPAVS.

**G**Oe, Let vs triumph o're these vnthron'd thralls,  
Whose maymed greatnesse to confusion runnes,  
Who forfeited their glorie by their falles;

K

No



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

No hand that fights is pure, but that which winnes.

The rauisht world that fraught with doubts did stand,  
To see the bloody end of this dayes toyle,  
Saw how the Heau'ns placd lightning in my hand,  
To thunder on all those that fought my foyle.

Now therefore let vs first deuoutly go  
And lose our voves, the gods detest th'ingrate,  
And who delight t'adore their deities so,  
Do neuer faile t'establish their estate.

Goe load the Altars, smoke the sacred places  
With Bullocks, Incense, Odours of all kinds,  
Though none can giue the gods that flow in graces  
A sweeter Sacrifice then thankfull minds.

*Har.* Though all that indenized in this Vale  
Walke here confinde within this fertile Round,  
And are tapestred with this azure Pale,  
T'adore the gods by many meanes are bound.

Yet there are some particularly, I find,  
Whose names are written in their dearest serowles,  
Whom extraordinary fauours bind,  
Euen to prefer them to their very Soules.

Of which (Sir) you are one, your deeds declare,  
Of you amidst innumerable broyles,  
Euen from your cradle they haue had a care,  
And led you safe through all your greatest toyles.

Though of the dangers of your youth I see  
The thought no more with griefe your mind importunes;  
Yet I thinke on who had the hap to be  
An Actor in your Tragick-Comick fortunes.

*Cyr.* The accidents that in our Nonage chance,  
When as our yeers grow rype, slide out of thought  
Like fabulous dreames that Darknesse doth aduance,  
And are by Day disdained as things of nought.

For our Conceptions are not then so strong.

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

As for to leaue th'impresſion long behind,  
Yet mixe ( deare Friend ) old griefes new Ioyes among,  
And call afflicted Infancy to mind.

*Har.* Who would not wonder at thy wondrous Fate,  
Whose ruine ere thy Birth appeard conspir'd:  
Who vnbegun, seemd to expire that date,  
Which now begun, shall neuer be expir'd.

Your Mother first her Syre with cares did sting,  
While as he dreamd, which yet his soule confounds,  
That from her wombe there did a Vine-tree spring,  
Which did o're-shadow all great *Asiæ*s bounds.

Then to the Magies strait he gaue in charge,  
To trie what this strange Viſion did preſage,  
Who hauing ſtudied their darke Art at large,  
Gaue this reſponſe with a prophetick rage.

That once his Daughter ſhould bring forth a Sonne,  
For glorious Acts exceedingly renownd,  
By whom th'Empire of *Asia* ſhould be wonne;  
By whom his Grandfather ſhould be vncrown'd.

This to *Aſtiages* a terrour bredde,  
Who labouring to annul the heau'ns decree,  
Aduiſde as beſt his Daughter for to wedde  
T'a powreleſſe ſtranger, but of baſe degree.

Then of *Cambieſes* he by chance made choyce,  
And for his barb'rous Countries cauſe the rather,  
Whom by your birth the Princeſſe did reioyce,  
And further then before affright her Father.

Thus tyrannie by feeble ſprites begun,  
Doth force the Parents in deſpaire to fall,  
A daſtard to attempt, proud hauing wonne,  
Which being feard of all, doth ſtill feare all.

And tyrants no ſecuritie can find,  
For euery ſhadow frights a guiltie mind.  
This Monarch, whom ſcarce Armies could ſurpriſe,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Whom gallant Guards and stately Courts delighted,  
Who triumphd o're th'Earth, threatned the Skies,  
A Babe scarce borne, come of himselfe, affrighted.

And whilst *Lucina* the last helpe did make,  
As if some vgly Monster had been borne,  
A Minotoure, a Centaure or a Snake,  
The worlds terror, and the Mothers scorne.

The Nephews birth, that would haue seemd t'impart  
Vnto the Grandfather great cause of ioyes,  
As if the naked hand had pierc'd his hart,  
Did winde him in a maze of sad annoyes.

And to preuent a but suspected spight,  
By giuing an occasion of iust hate,  
He sought by robbing you the new-found Light,  
To make your birth and buriall of one date.

Soone after this he sent for me in hast,  
Whom at that time (and not in vaine) he lou'd,  
Then shewd me all the circumstances past,  
Wherewith his marble mind seemd nothing mou'd:

Out of the which, as he would let me know,  
All complements of pittie were not blotted,  
He would this superficiall fauour show,  
Not with your blood to haue his owne hands spotted.

Thus hauing lulld asleepe the conscience, still  
The wicked would extenuate their crimes,  
Not knowing those that but allow of ill,  
Are Actors in effect, guiltie all times.

Yet with his fault he would haue burdend me,  
And willd that I an Innocent should slay,  
I promise to performe his rash decree,  
Well weighing whom, but not wherein t'obay.

When I had parted from his Highnesse face,  
And caried you (then swadled) with me too,  
Through th'apprehended horror of my case,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

I stood perplex'd and wist not what to do.

Necessitie tooke place, I waild with teares  
Th'vntimely funeralls (as I thought) of you,  
My soule confounded with a swarme of feares,  
Did with sad sighes my message disallow.

Yet t'him I send a seruant of mine owne,  
Who for the time was Herds-man to the King,  
To whom I made all my commission knowne,  
But as direct to him shew'd euery thing.

Deliuering you with an vnwilling breath,  
Then with a mantle of pure gold array'd,  
I threatned him with many a cruell death,  
If that your death were any way delay'd.

Straight for to execute th'intended doome,  
He from my sight did all astonish'd go :  
Too great a charge for such a simple groome,  
The shew of Maiestie amaz'd him so.

O what a wonder is't for to behold,  
Th'vnfailing prouidence of powrefull *Ioue*,  
Whose brazen edicts can not be controld,  
Firme are the statutes of the states aboue.

That mortall whom th'Immortalls fauour shields,  
No worldlie force is able to confound,  
He may securely walke through dangers fields,  
Times and occasions are t'attend him bound.

For loe before the Herds-man was come home,  
His wife of a dead burden was deliuered,  
Who wondred so to see her Husband come,  
That with a secret terrour faintlie shiuered.

She straight grew curious for to know the forme  
How he a Babe so beawtifull obtaind,  
Who did her suddainly of all informe,  
And to what crueltie he was constraind.

She quickly then th'occasion to imbrace,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

No doubt inspir'd by some celestiaall powre,  
Prayd him t' expose her dead child in your place,  
Yet where no beasts repair'd him to deuoure :

So shall we haue (saith she) a double gaine,  
Our off-spring shall receiue a stately tombe,  
And we a princely infant, to remaine  
Still nurst with vs as th' issue of my wombe.

The Husband likt so well his Wiues intent,  
That all what she affected he effected,  
And soone I had one of my household sent,  
To try if all were done as t' was directed :

He seeing the babe dead, dead in that weed,  
With that rich funerall furniture about him,  
Told what the fellow told, and I indeed  
Reposd on his report, for who could doubt him ?

In end, Time posting with houre-feth' red wings,  
Had giuen you strength with others of your yeeres,  
You past the time, not nephews vnto Kings,  
But for that time admitted for your peeres.

They faile, call Fortune blind, she sight bewrayd,  
And your authoritie by lot inlarg'd,  
In pasturall sports who still the scepter swayd,  
And as but borne for that, that best discharg'd.

Then with the other children as it chanc'd,  
A noble man of *Medeas* sonne remaind,  
Who swolne with enuy to see you aduanc'd,  
Your childish charge with scornefull words disdaind.

You spighting at that proud attempt of his,  
Did punish him as it became a Prince :  
I doubt now (Sir) if that you thinke on this,  
The rest of rashnes did your deed conuince.

*Cyr.* More mightie matters now to muse vpon,  
My memorie with the remembrance cloy,  
That those are all forgot, and yet tell on,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

For I delight to heare this childish toy.

*Harpa.* The father of the child inform'd the King  
How such a base-borne boy abusd his sonne,  
And causd an Esquire straightway you to bring,  
To suffer for the fault that you had done.

And when the King accusd you in his sight,  
As the presumptuous brat of a base clowne,  
You boldlie did maintaine that you had right  
To scourge one that rebeld against your crowne.

The King astonish'd at th'imperious words  
Of one so magnanimous, and so yong,  
Doth pawse awhile, and straightway he records,  
That you were you, and I had done him wrong.

The tortour to the Net-heard was presented,  
Who soone for feare confest (O suddaine change)  
The King as seem'd exceedingly contented,  
Sent one for me to heare the tidings strange.

And as he had good cause, in shew delighted,  
Did for a solemne Sacrifice prepare,  
And me as his most speciall guest inuited,  
Who with my sonne did straight to Court repaire.

When light was banish'd by nights shaddowie sable,  
The candles by his forfait taking place,  
They seru'd me with my sonnes flesh at the table,  
Then did vpbraid me with his bloodlesse face.

What anguish, or what rage ore-flow'd my soule,  
A louing father may imagin best,  
Yet at that time I did my rage controule,  
But laid it vp for euer in my brest.

*Cyr.* Some of the wise men then I heard remain'd,  
Who from their former sentence did recoyle,  
Saying, no danger was since I had raignd,  
And so dismiss me for my natie soyle:

Where when I had my vnripe season spent,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Your Letter came to giue my fire new fuell,  
And told how many of the *Medes* were bent,  
T'abandon their owne Lord that prou'd so cruell:

And wish'd if to that Scepter I aspir'd,  
That I should moue the *Persians* to rebell,  
Which did succeed euen as my soule desir'd,  
For they disdain'd in seruitude to dwell.

I plac'd my gallant troupes in warlike ordour,  
And lest th'occasion should haue slipt away,  
March'd with my armie to my enemyes bordour,  
Whereas you had the conduct for that day.

*Harpa.* Lo how those wretches that the heau'ns would  
Are spoild of iudgement: that proud Tirant offred (wrack  
The charge to me not thinking I would take  
A high reuenge for th'iniurie I suffred,

Which was so deepe lie rooted in my hart,  
My cuntryes thraldome, and mine owne disgrace,  
And all the horrors that death could impart,  
Seem'd nought to me so my disdain tooke place.

*Cyr.* Tis dangerous trusting one that's wrong'd we see,  
Iust rancour vnreueng'd can neuer die.

*Harpa.* That was the first beginning of your glorie,  
Which since hath been augmented by degrees,  
And which by time may breed so braue a storie,  
As may be pretious in all Princes eyes.

*Cyr.* Behold how *Cræsus* with his riches blinded,  
Durst come t'encounter with my warlike bands,  
And through a long prosperitie high-minded,  
Was not affrayd to fall before my hands.

But he and his confederates haue seene,  
How Victorie doth still my troupes attend,  
And *Persia* must be once all *Asiæ's* Queene,  
Or we shall waite vnto the worlds end.

Now *Cræsus* is ore-come rich *Sardis* taken,

And

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

And *Lidia* fraught with gold is made our spoyle,  
Th' *Egyptians* haue th' vnprosp'rous league forsaken,  
This is the happie end of all our toyle.

But ah one sōwre vnseasons all my sweetes,  
Braue *Abradatus* my brother in armes,  
Whose praise through all the peopled circuit fleetes,  
And with his loue each generous courage warmes.

Whilst but ouer-bold for to be backt so badlie,  
Th' *Egyptian* Chariots desperatlie he charg'd:  
There with euill-fortun'd valour fighting madlie,  
His soule out of th' earths prison was enlarg'd.

*Harpa.* No doubt that dame this trouble hardlie beares,  
Who only seem'd for him t' account of life:  
I heard him whilst she bath'd his Coach with teares,  
Wish to proue worthie of so rare a wife.

When their farewell was seal'd, last speeches spent,  
She kist the Coach that did containe her trust,  
And with eyes big with pearle gaz'd where he went,  
Still till her sight was choak'd with cloudes of dust.

*Cyr.* I heare you haue not heard how his death prou'd  
The black beginning of a bloudie scene,  
His wife *Panthea* at the first not mou'd,  
Seem'd as she had some marble image beene.

The bodie that had oft her fancies fir'd  
She caus'd beare out of sight, still deere, though dead,  
But being to *Pactolus* banks retir'd,  
She in her bosome did entombe his head.

And then from rage she did some respite borrow,  
For sorrow by degrees a passage seekes,  
Vapouring forth sighes that made a cloude of sorrow,  
A tempest then of teares rain'd downe her cheekes.

And whilst her eye the wonted obiekt misses,  
She many a languishing looke doth cast,  
And on the senselesse lips still lauish'd kisses,

L

As

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

As affectionedlie as in times past.

I poasted thither for to haue releeu'd  
This Ladie of a portion of her woes,  
Heauen beare me witnes I was greatlie grieu'd,  
Who would, to saue one friend, spare hosts of foes.

She first a space me passionatlie eyde,  
Then with these words her lips did slowlie moue,  
My husband loe hath valourouslie dyde,  
Well worthie of your friendship, and my loue.

When I had all the flowres of comfort vnde,  
That a sad soule o'recharg'd with griefe could show,  
I went away with words that were confusde,  
And scarcely could my last farewell forth throw.

I was not well departed from her face,  
When as she char'gd the Eunuchs out of sight,  
Then pray'd her nurse to burie in one place  
Her and her Lord, as they deseru'd of right.

Then looking on his corps she drew a sword,  
And euen as if her soule had flowne in him,  
She stabd her selfe, then falling on her Lord,  
Her beauties blubbered starres were waxing dim.

The faithfull Eunuchs for their Sou'raigne sorie,  
And scorning to suruiue so rare a date,  
In emulation of their mistresse glorie,  
Dide violentlie partners of her fate.

O sweet *Panthea* rich in rarest parts!  
I must admire thy ghost though thou be gone,  
Who mightst haue made a monarchie of harts,  
Yet loth'd vnlawfull loues, and lou'd but one.

O wondrous wonders, wonders wondrous rare!  
A woman constant, such a beautie chaste,  
So pure a mind ioyn'd with a face so faire,  
Beautie and Vertue in one person placde!

Both were well match'd as any could deuise,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus*

Whose vndiuided end their choyce allowes,  
He valorous, she vertuous, both wise,  
She worthie such a mate, he such a spouse.

And *Harpagus*, lest that it should be thought,  
The memorie of vertuous minds may dye,  
Cause build a stately tombe with statues wrought,  
Where their dead bodies may respected lye.

*Har.* I'll raise a Piramide of *Cræsus* spoyles,  
Where all their famous parts shall be comprisde,  
But how t'insist in these tumultuous broyles,  
T'is best now (Sir) that you were well aduise.

Your aduersarie doth attend your will,  
This hautie citie humbled hath her crest,  
And therefore go to pardon, or to kill,  
To saue, or sack, euen as you shall thinke best.

*Cyr.* As for old *Cræsus* I am else resolu'd,  
He with some captiues which I keep in store,  
Shall haue their bodies by the fire dissolu'd,  
As offrands to the Gods that I adore.

This citie shall my souldiers paines defray,  
Since by their force it hath been brought to bow,  
I yeeld it vnto them as their iust pray,  
Who taste the sweetnes of their trauels now.

Of other things we shall so well dispose,  
That our renowne o're all the world shall shine,  
Till *Cyrus* name b'a terrour to all those,  
That dare against his Sou'raintie repine.

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Act. V. Scen. II.

NUNTIVS. CHORVS.

AH to what part shall I my steps addresse;  
The burden of base bondage to eschue?  
Lo, desolation, ruine, and distresse,  
With horror doth my natie home pursue.

And now poore countrey take my last farewell,  
Farewell all ioy, all comfort, all delight:

*Chor.* What heauie tidings hast thou for to tell,  
That tear'st thy garments thus, tell thy sad plight?

*Nun.* I tell the wrack of vs, and all that liue  
Within the circuit of this wretched soyle.

*Cho.* A hideous shout we heard the Citie giue,  
Is't in th'enemies hands, is't made his spoyle? (kild?)

*Nun.* It's made his spoyle. *Cho.* And is our Sou'raine

*Nun.* No, but yet neerely scapt doth liue in danger.

*Cho.* Then let our eares be with disasters filld,  
And must we beare the yoke of that proud stranger?

*Nun.* You know how *Cræsus* at th'aduantage lay,  
Still seeking meanes t'abate the *Persians* pride,  
And his confederates had assign'd a day  
When they should for th'intended warre prouide.

But *Cyrus* hauing heard how that they should  
Against his state so great an armie bring,  
Straight raising all the forces that he could,  
Preuents, inuades, o'recomes and takes our King.

*Chor.* This shews a Captaine both expert and braue,  
First well t'aduise, then t'execute with speede:  
No circumstance (friend) vnrelated leaue,  
Which with our Kings did our confusion breed.

*Nun.* When *Cræsus* saw that *Cyrus* came so soone,  
He stood awhile with a distracted minde,

Yet

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Yet what time would permit, left nought vndone,  
But made his Musters, march'd his Foe to find.

Our stately Troupes that glisterd all with gold,  
And with vmbagious Feathers fann'd the ayre,  
They with vnwarie insolence growne bold,  
More how to triumph, then to o'recome, tooke care.

The *Lidian* Horsemen are of great account,  
And are for valour through the world renownd,  
Them *Cyrus* chiefly labourd to surmount,  
And this deuise for that effect was found.

Vntrussing all their baggage by the way,  
Of the disburthen'd Camels each did beare  
A grim-fac'd Groome, who did himselfe array  
Euen as the *Persian* Horsemen vse to weare.

To them th'Infanterie did follow next,  
A solide Squadron like a brasen wall,  
But those in whom all confidence was fixt,  
The braue Cauallerie came last of all.

Then *Cyrus* by the raynes his Courser tooke,  
And being mounted, holding out his handes,  
With an assured and Imperious looke  
Went breathing valour through th'vnconquer'd bandes.

He willd all them that at Deaths game should striue,  
To spare none of their foes in any forme,  
But as for *Cræsus*, to take him aliue,  
And keepe him captiue for a greater storme.

Where famous *Hellus* doth to *Hermus* poste  
In his broad waues t'entombe his strength and name,  
Our Armie ran against a greater Hoste  
T'enrich it likewise with our force and fame.

Our Troupes a time with equall valour stood,  
Till giuing place, at length we tooke the chace,  
While as the Riuer ranne to hide our blood,  
But still his borders blusht at our disgrace.



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

For so soone as the Camels once were come,  
Our Horses loathing to indure their sight,  
Ranne raging backe againe, and of them some  
Disordring rancks, put many to the flight.

Yet others that were of more martiall mindes,  
Perceiu'd the Stratagem that did deride them,  
And lighting on their feet, like mighty windes,  
Bare downe before them all that durst abide them.

There, whilst the world proou'd prodigall of breath,  
The headlesse troncks lay prostrated in heapes,  
This field of funeralls, proper vnto death,  
Did paint out Horror in most hideous shapes.

There men vnhorsde, horses vnmastr'd, strayed,  
Some calld on them whom they most dearely tendred,  
Some ragde, some groand, some sigh'd, roard, wept & prayd,  
Fighting, fainting, falling, desp'rate, maynde, rendred.

Those that escapt, like beasts vnto a Den,  
Fled to a Fortresse, which true valour drownes,  
Walles are for women, and the fields for men,  
For Townes cannot keepe men, but men keepe Townes.

And we were scarcely entred at the Portes,  
When as the enemies did the Towne inclose,  
And rearing many artificiall Fortes,  
To the Defenders did huge paines impose.

There all the military flights werere found,  
Which at the like encounters had preuaild,  
Both for to vse th'aduantage of the ground,  
Or for to helpe with Arte where Nature faild.

They euer compassing our Trench about,  
Still where the Walls were weakeft, made a breach,  
Which being straight repaird, we threw tooles out,  
And killd all those that came within our reach.

There all the bolts of death edg'd by disdain,  
That many curious wits inclinde to ill,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Helpt by th'occasion, and the hope of gaine,  
Had powre t'inuent, were put in practise still.

Yet as we see, it oft times hath occurde,  
Where we suspected least, we were surprisde,  
Whilst fortune and the fates in one concurrde  
To haue our ruine in their rolles comprisde.

The side of *Sardis* that was least regarded,  
Which lyes t'wards *Tmolus*, and was thought most sure,  
Through this presumption, whilst t'was weakely guarded,  
Th'orethrow of all *Lidia* did procure.

As one of ours (vnhappily it chanc'd)  
T'o're-take his helmet that had scapt his hand,  
Alongst that steepy part his steps aduanc'd  
And was returning backe vnto his Band:

He was well markt by one that had not spard  
No kind of danger for to make vs thrallles,  
For *Cyrus* had proposde a great reward  
To any one that first could scale our walles.

And this companion seeing without stay,  
One in his sight that craggie passage clim,  
Straight followd on his footsteps all the way,  
And many a thousand followd after him.

By whom all those that durst resist were killd,  
The rest were forc'd, and knew not where to flee:  
For euery street was with confusion filld,  
There was no corner from some mischief free.

O what a piteous clamour did arise,  
Of rauisht virgins, and of widowd wiues!  
Who pierc'd the heau'ns with lamentable cries,  
And hauing lost all comfort, loathd their liues.

Whilst those prowd Victors did insist t'haue staid  
Themselues with all the wrongs that such like vse,  
They by a charge from *Cyrus* were restraind,  
And durst no more their captiues thus abuse.

*Chor.*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Chor.* No doubt but desolation then abounded,  
Whilst with disdain the Conqu'rors bosom boylde,  
Some with the sword, some with disgrace confounded,  
Sacred Temples, priuate houses, all were spoylde.

None can imagine greater miserie  
Then all the sufferings of a captiu'd Citie.  
But whilst this famous Citie was distressed,  
What could become of the hard-fortun'd King?

*Nen.* He seeing th'enemie of his State possessed,  
And that confusion seazde on euery thing,  
Stood first amazd, scarce trusting his owne sight,  
His former fortune had him so transported,  
Yet it is hard for to deny the light,  
He saw a stranger that his wealth extorted.

And when that he had deeply apprehended  
Th'vnbounded horrors that o'reflow'd his soule,  
As one whose Ioyes had long before been ended,  
He could no more the signes of griefe controule.

But bursting out in bitter sighs and teares,  
Plungde in the deepest depth of blacke despaire,  
Through o're great feare, leauing all kind of feares,  
Did of his safetie take no further care,

And neuer wisht he so for a long life,  
But he o're-wisht it, wishing for death now,  
Still seeking danger in the bounds of strife,  
Prouiding that he dyde, he car'd not how.

Whilst thus he fostred furies in his breast,  
A certaine souldier by the way him meetes,  
As insolent as any of the rest,  
That drunke with blood, ran raging through the streetes:

And seeking but an obiect to his ire,  
He made to him, and he to him againe,  
I wot not which of them did most desire,  
Th'one for to slay, or th'other to be flaine.

But



*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

But whilst so base a hand towring aloft,  
Did to so great a Monarch threaten death,  
His eldest Sonne, that as you haue heard oft,  
Was barrd from the right function of his breath.

I cannot tell you well, nor in what fashon,  
If that the destinies had so ordaind,  
Or if the vehemency of his passion  
Did breake the strings that had his tongue restraind.

But when he saw his Syre in such a danger,  
He bursted forth into those words the rather,  
Hold, hold thy hand in haste thou furious stranger,  
Kill not King *Cræsus*, murther not my Father.

The other hearing this, his hand retyrde,  
Then call'd his Kings commandement to minde;  
And to no small preferment he aspyrde,  
To whom this desert did his Sou'raigne binde.

Now, when that *Cræsus*, who for death did languish,  
Was of this faire occasion disappointed,  
O're-chargd with griefe, and surfeiting of anguish,  
To see himselfe for further euils appointed.

He with sad sighs those syllables did accord,  
Now cruell destinie do what thou can,  
Which would not vnto me the grace afford  
That I might perish like a priuate man.

Ah ! must I liue to wish t'haue been vnborne,  
Charactring shame in a deiected face?  
Ah ! must I liue to my perpetuall scorne,  
The finger-pointed obiect of disgrace?

Yet this vnto his soule more sorrow bred,  
He King-like as in former times arrayde,  
Was with a mightie acclamation led  
Strait to the Tent whereas their Emp'roure stayde.

So soone as *Cyrus* got him in his powre,  
He causde bring bands of yron, burd'nous chaines,

But

M

And

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

And clogd him hand and foot at that same howre,  
As one that was design'd for grievous paines.

Then causde in haste a pile of wood to make,  
And in the midst where all men might espy him,  
Causde bind the captiu'd King vnto a stake,  
With fourteene others of the *Lydians* by him.

There, as th'oblation for his Victorie,  
With sacred flames their bodies to combure,  
Although *Ione* hates prepostrous pietie,  
And doth delight in offrings that are pure.

Now whilst the fires were kindling round about,  
As one that to some powrefull god had vowd,  
With eyes bent vp, and with his hands stretcht out,  
O *Solon*, *Solon*, *Cræsus* cride aloud.

Some hearing him to vtter such a voyce,  
And seeing *Cyrus* curious for to know,  
Now of what Deitie dying he made choyce,  
Did pray him liberally his mind to shew.

He answered; vpon one in wit profound  
He calld, with whom he wisht, if it might be,  
That all the Rulers of th'inferior round  
Had had some conference as well as he.

For he had told him whilst his fortune lasted,  
As one expert in good aduises giuing,  
That all his flowres of blisse might soone be blasted,  
And could not be accomplisht he being liuing.

Then he proceeded for to shew at length  
The Dialogue twixt *Solon* and twixt him,  
Who prayd him not to trust in worldly strength,  
By which vnto true blisse no man could clim.

This speech mou'd *Cyrus* deeply, for to ponder  
The great vncertaintie of worldly things,  
As thinking that himselfe might be brought vnder,  
Who had no priuiledge more then other Kings.

Then

*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

Then hauing such a paterne plac'd before him,  
Whose farre-changd fortune throughly was revolu'd,  
He freely did his libertie restore him,  
And willd him from the fire to be absolu'd.

O now Deuotion! well appeard thy force,  
Which bindes the earth and opens vp the Heauen,  
In the celestiaall breasts a deepe remorse  
Was strangely wrought whilst *Cræsus* prayd; for euen

Whileas the flashing flames, in vaine to quench,  
All men did labour, but could do no good,  
The cloudes were open and a showre did drench  
The fire ashes of the flaming wood.

Now whilst that *Cræsus* comming from the fire,  
Saw ruthles sould'ers sacking all the Citie,  
To saue the same he had a great desire,  
And spake to *Cyrus* melting all in pitie.

Great Prince, for famous Victories renownd,  
Who dost in armes all others so surmount,  
That it contents me much to be vncrownd  
By one so worthie, and in such account:

And since I am constraind your thrall to be,  
I must conforme my selfe vnto my fate,  
And cannot hold my pace whereas I see  
Ought to preiudge the greatnes of your State,

Which ah! is wounded now with your owne powres,  
Whilst this rich Citie is sackt and o'rethrowne,  
It is not mine no more, no, it is yours,  
And therefore (Sir) haue pitie of your owne.

Yea, though the losse of such a populous Towne,  
That's rich, that's yours, your mind could nothing moue,  
Yet thinke of this that doth import your Crowne;  
A piece of policie which time will proue.

The barb'rous *Persians* borne with stubborne mindes,  
Who but for pouertie first followd you,



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Their matchlesse worth in armes all *Asia* findes,  
Their feare is fall'n vpon all Nations now.

But if you suffer them in such a sort  
T'enrich themselues with plenteous *Lidiaes* spoile,  
Not able then their Conquest to support,  
The Victor of the vanquisht gets the foile.

For this will make them wealthie out of measure:  
Wealth to confusion many a Countrie leades;  
Whilst feebled with delights, in-vilde with pleasure,  
No thought of honour harbours in their heads.

Then *Cyrus* strait approuing what he spake,  
His souldiers from their pillage were restraind,  
Pretending first the tenth part for to take,  
As a rich offering for the Gods ordaind.

Of our distresse, this is the ruthfull storie;  
A stranger is possesst of this Prouince;  
Our King hath with the losse of all his glorie  
Bought breath a while, a poore thing for a Prince.

*Chor.* O wofull people! O vnhappy King!  
Our ioyes are spoyld, his happinesse expyrde,  
And no new chance can any comfort bring  
To either now, whose fall the Fates conspyrde.

Goe wofull messenger, hold on thy course,  
For to haue heard too much, it yrks our eares,  
We euer must bewaile thy sad discourse,  
Accented with sighs, and poynted with teares.

*Exeunt.*

*Cræsus.*

What needs me more of my mishap to pause?  
Though I haue tasted of afflictions cup,  
Yet it may be, the gods for a good cause  
Haue cast me downe to raise a thousand vp.

*And*

*The Tragedie of Crassus.*

And neuer let a Monarch after me,  
Trust in betraying titles glorious bates,  
Who with such borrow'd feathers rashlie flee,  
Fall melted with the wrath of greater states.

O had this pretious wit enrich'd my mind,  
Which by experience I haue dearely bought,  
Whilst fortune was within my court confind,  
And that I could not thinke a bitter thought.

Then satisfide with Soueraignties earst prou'd,  
I had disdain'd new dangers to imbrace,  
And cloath'd with maiestie, admir'd and lou'd,  
Had liu'd with pleasure, and had dide in peace.

Yet it is wonderfull in any state,  
To see a worldling prosper, and not prowde;  
But chieflie we whose fortunes grow so great,  
It's hard for vs to haue our high thoughts bowd.

What could the world afford, or man affect,  
Which did not glad my soule whilst I was such?  
Who now am past the compasse of respect,  
Plagu'd with prosperitie, clog'd with too much.

Long lul'd asleep with scornfull fortunes lyes,  
A slaue to pleasure, drown'd in base delights,  
I made a couenant with my wandring eyes,  
T'haue entertain'd them still with pleasant sights.

I held not from my heart none of her wishes,  
But wallowing in vaine-glorie this worlds toy,  
Still seru'd with daintie, but suspitious dishes,  
My soule was sick with pleasure, faint for ioy.

There wanted nothing that might help to ease me,  
All did diuine my will, ayme at my thought,  
And striue to do that which they trow'd would please me,  
Which if I but allowd, no more was sought.

What euer come of me was held of waight,

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

My words were ballanc'd and my lookes were marked,  
Those whom I grac'd were had in honour straight,  
All speeches in my praises were imbarcked.

I in magnificence exceld all Kings,  
Whilst drowfie in securitie I slumbred,  
My coffers still were full of pretious things,  
My treasure infinite could not be numbred.

I reard rare buildings all embost with gold,  
Made ponds for fishes, forrests for wild beasts,  
And with transported fancies vncontrold,  
Oft spent the day in sport, the night in feasts.

I seem'd t'vsurp the powre that earst was *Ioues*,  
And of the Elements the course would change,  
For stately fountaines, artificiall groues,  
These were so common, they were not thought strange.

With me (what more could any Monarch craue)  
In all the parts of pomp none could compare,  
My minions gallant, my counsellours graue,  
My guards were strong, my concubines were faire:

Yea ere my state was cast vpon this shelve,  
I wanted nought that could with seeming merites  
Breed wonder in the world, pride in ones selfe,  
For to puffe vp the flesh and spoile the spirits.

Thus pressing with delight the grapes of pleasure,  
I quafft with Fortune still sense-pleasing vines,  
Till drunke with wealth, and riotous out of measure,  
I card not to cousume all *Tmolus* mines.

Then wearie to be well, and tir'd of rest,  
T'engender discord I th'occasion sought,  
Yet for to cloake th'ambition of my brest,  
Did with deuotion long disguise my thought.

I send of all the Oracles to inquire,  
What was to come of this intended warre,

Who



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

Who said as seem'd to second my desire,  
That I a mightie Monarchie should marre.

Those doubtfull words I wresting to my will,  
In hope t'expugne th'imperious *Persians* powres,  
Did ruine quite whilst all succeeded ill,  
What many a age had conquer'd in few howres.

And this most wondrous is, because most strange,  
I who disdain'd an equall of before,  
(What cannot Fortune do, being bent to change)  
Must a Superior now serue, and adore?

What eye not fraught with scorne my state surueyes?  
Whom Fates haue forc'd for to o're-lieue my shame,  
And in mine enemies danger for some dayes,  
But borrowd with the intrest of my fame.

Though this sweet gale of life-bestowing windes,  
Would seeme a fauour (so it seemes to some,  
Who by the basenesse of their muddie mindes,  
Shew of th'ignoble multitude they come)

I scorne vnlike my selfe for to be seene,  
Though to my comfort this appeared to tend,  
As if that all misfortunes past had beene,  
A Tragicke entrie to a Comicke end.

Of all that plague my state the greatest pest  
It is base life, that faine from th'earth to seuer,  
And hath in one vnited all the rest,  
To make me die each day, and yet die neuer.

Life in my breast no comfort can infuse,  
An enemies gift could neuer come for good,  
It but giues time of miserie to muse,  
And bathe my sorrowes in a bitter flood.

Ah! had my breath euanish'd with my blisse,  
And closde the windowes that giue light to life,  
I had not apprehended as it is

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

The height of my mishaps that now are rife :

Whilst with a thousand sighes I call to mind,  
The death of *Atis* and mine owne decay,  
My sprite in such perplexitie I find,  
That to liues passage I would faine make way.

But since I see referu'd for further spight,  
I with sad thoughts must burden yet my soule,  
My memorie t'a melancholious spright,  
Of all my troubles shall present a scroule.

Of which while as th'account I go to cast,  
Th'enormities still numbring of my fate,  
I'le whiles looke back vpon my pleasures past,  
And by them ballance my (now) haplesse state.

C H O R U S.

**I**S't not a wonder for to see  
How by experience each man reedes,  
In practiz'd volumes pen'd by deeds,  
Th'inconstant courses that there bee,  
Yet whilst our selues continue free,  
We ponder oft, but not apply,  
That pretious oyle, which we might buy  
Best with the price of others paines;  
Which as what nought to vs pertaines,  
To vse we will not condescend,  
As if we might the Fates defye,  
While as vntouch'd our state remaines :  
But soone the heau'ns a change may send,  
No perfect blisse before the end.

When first we fill with fruitfull seede,  
The apt-conceauing womb of th'earth,

*And*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*And seeme t' expell all feare of dearth,  
With the increase that it may breede,  
Yet dangers do our hopes exceede,  
The frosts may first with cold confound  
The tender greens that deck the ground,  
Whose wrath though th' Aprils smiles asswage,  
It hath t' abide th' Eolian rage,  
Which t' orepassse whilst we attend,  
T' haue Ceres wandring tresses bound,  
The raines let from their cloudie cage,  
May spoyle what we expect to spend,  
No perfect blisse before the end.*

*Lo whilst the Vine-tree great with grapes  
With nectard liquor striues to kisse  
Th' embracing Elme not lou'd amisse:  
Those clusters loose their comely shapes,  
Whilst by the thunder burnd in heapes,  
All Bacchus hopes fall downe and perish:  
Thus many a thing doth fairely flourish,  
That no perfection can attaine,  
And yet we worldlings are so vaine,  
That our conceats we highlie bend,  
If fortune but our spring-time cherriish,  
Though we haue stormes for to sustaine,  
Ere to the haruest our yeeres ascend,  
No perfect blisse before the end.*

*By all that in this world haue place,  
There is a course that must be runne,  
And let none iudge himselfe t' haue wonne,  
Till he haue finish'd first his race,  
The forrests through the which we trace,*

**N**

**Breed**



*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*Breed rauenous beasts that do abhorre vs,  
And lye in wait for to deuoure vs,  
Whilst brambles do our steps beguile,  
The feare of which though we exile,  
And to our marke with gladnes tend,  
Then balles of gold are laid before vs,  
To entertaine our thoughtes a while,  
And our good meaning to suspend,  
No perfect blisse before the end.*

*Behold how Cræsus long hath liu'd,  
Throughtout this spacious world admir'd,  
And hauing all that he desir'd  
A thousand meanes of ioy contriu'd,  
Yet now is suddenly depriv'd  
Of all that wealth, and strangely fall's;  
For euery thing his sprite appalles;  
His Sonnes decease, his Countries losse;  
And his owne State which huge stormes tosse:  
Thus he, who could not apprehend,  
Whilst as he slept in marble walles,  
No, nor imagine any crosse,  
To beare all those, his breast must lend:  
No perfect blisse before the end.*

*And we the Lydians that design'd  
To raigne ouer all that were about vs,  
Behold how Fortune too doth flowt vs,  
And hath vs vitterly resign'd:  
For we that had f'our selues assign'd  
A Monarchie, but knew not how,  
Yet thought to make the world to bow,  
That at our forces stood afraid;*

*We,*

*The Tragedie of Cræsus.*

*We, we, by whom these plots were laid,  
To thinke of bondage must descend,  
And beare the yoke of others now;  
O it is truth, that Solon said,  
While as he yet doth breath extend;  
No man is blest, behold the end.*

FINIS.

W. A.









THE  
TRAGEDIE  
*OF DARIVS.*

By William Alexander  
*of Menstrie.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.



LONDON  
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Blount, 1604.

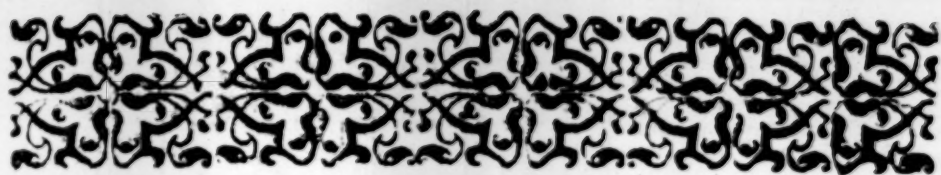
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In praise of the Author, and  
*his Poeme.*

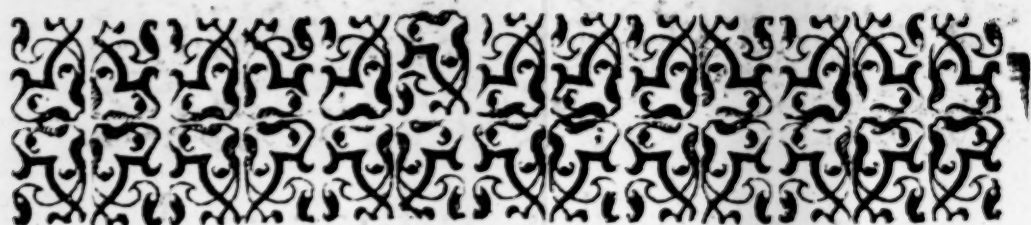
A SONNET.

**G**ive place all yee to dying Darius wounds  
(While this great Greeke him in his throne enstalles)  
That fell before seauen ported Thebes walles,  
Or under Ilions olde sky-threatning rounds.  
Your sowre-sweete sighes not halfe so sadlie sounds,  
Though, I confesse, most famous be your falles,  
Slaine, sacrific'd, transported, and made thralles;  
Precipate, burnt, bannish'd from your bounds:  
Vvhome Sophocles, Euripides haue song,  
Æschylus end in stately Tragick tune:  
Yet none of all hath so diuinely done,  
As matchlesse Menstrie in his native tounge.  
So Darius ghost seemes glad for to be so  
Triumphant on twise by Alexanders two.

IO. MURRAY.







*A Sonnet.*

**V**Vhen as the *Macedonian* conquerour came  
To great *Achilles* Tomb, he sigh'd, and said;  
Well may thy ghost, braue champion, be appay'd,  
That *Homers* Muse was trumpet of thy fame.

But if that Monarch great in deedes and name,  
Now once againe with mortall vaile array'd,  
Came to the Tomb where *Darius* hath beene lay'd,  
This speech more iustly sighing might he frame:

My famous foe, whom I lesse hate, then pitty,  
Euen I, who vanquish'd thee, enuie thy glory,  
In that such one doth sing thy ruines story,  
As matcheth *Homer* in his sweetest ditty;

Yet ioy I that he *Alexander* hight,  
And sounds in thy ore-throw my matchles might.

*W. Quin.*

Eiusdem in nomen Authoris

GVLIELMVS ALEXANDER,

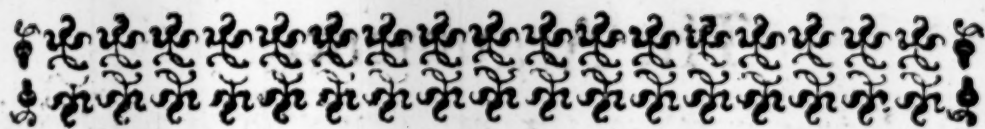
*Ar agramma.*

I, LARGVS MELLE EXVND A.

Tetrasticon.

**C***um tibi det Genius, Musa, ingeniumque, Poësis*  
*Floribus é varijs Attica mella legas;*  
I, largus melle exunda, mellitáque funde  
*Carmina: sic facias nomine fata iubent.*

THE



## THE ARGUMENT.



**D**ARIVS, the fourteenth from Cyrus King of Persia, being after the death of Occhus for his singular valour from the gouernment of Armenia aauanc'd to the Persian empyre, became so arrogant (Fortune, as it were, setting him forward to confusion) as he sent to demand tribute of Phillip, then King of Macedonia: who being of a haucie nature, and inferiour to none of that age in courage, or militarie discipline, requited this contumelious message with as disdainfull an answer; threatening that he would come and deliuer it in Persepolis. But being preuented by death he left the execution of his designe to his sonne Alexander, who for the great victories which thereafter he obtained was surnamed the great. He inheriting the hatred of his Father towards Darius, and far surmounting him in ambition, past in person to Asia with an armie of thirtie thousand only.

After his arriual, Darius wrote to him in a proud and contemptible manner, ascribing to him selfe the title of the King of Kings, and kinsman of the Gods, and naming Alexander his seruant. Hee also in vaunting manner boasted that he would haue that mad boy, the sonne of Philip (for so in derision he tearmed him) bound, and beaten with rods, and after brought to his presence apparrelled like a Prince. For performance whereof he directed one of his Minions with fourtie thousand, to make impediment to his passage at the riuer of Granick; where by the wonderfull valour of A-



## The Argument.

Alexander they were ouer-throwne. Darius being aduertised of this, came himselfe in proper person, accompanied with infinite (but euill ordered) numbers, and encountred Alexander beside Issus, in the straites of Cilicia: where hauing fought a doubtfull and bloody battell, in ende by the inuincible valour, and neuer-fayling Fortune of Alexander his armie was defeated, himselfe put to flight, and his mother, wife, and children made captiues. They were most courteously entertained by Alexander: who notwithstanding their exceeding great beautie yet would not abuse them, or suffer them to be abused by others: nor visited he them more oft then once (and that to comfort them) all the time of their imprisonment.

Darius, notwithstanding of all his losses (his courage being in the full, whilst his Fortune was in the waine) wrote very proudly to Alexander, taking still the title of a King to himselfe, but not giuing it him, offering him as much gold, as Macedon could containe, for ransom of the Captiues. Which being very disdainfully refused by Alexander, he hauing re-enforced his troupes, & comming forward to fight with greater force then before, was enformed how his wife had died in prison, whose death he bewailed with exceeding great sorrowe. And understanding what courtesie Alexander had used towards her, he sent to sue for peace, not for any feare of his force, but allured (as he alledged) by his courtesie. This sute being likewise reiecte, he fought beside Arbella with no better Fortune then before. Yet for all these misfortunes being of an inuincible courage, and despairing of peace, he re-assembled all his forces, which were augmented by the comming of the Bactrians, & was comming forward with intention at last either to die, or preuaile. But

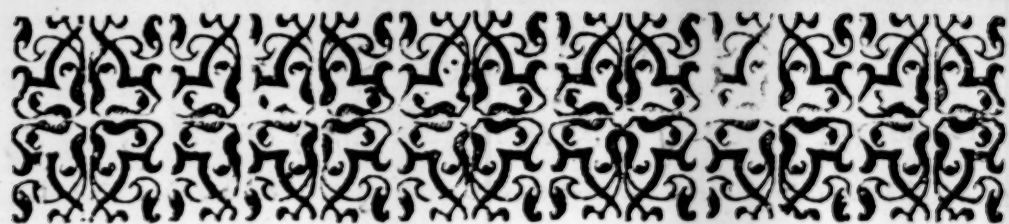
in



## The Argument.

In the meane time two traiterous subiects of his owne, to wit, Bessus whom he had promoted to be gouernour of Baetria, & Nabarzanes one in speciall credite with him, conspired his death. Which danger, though it was reuealed to him by Patron, Captaine of the Greekes, yet he could not, or rather would not eschue. At length, those two traitours tooke and bound him with golden chaines, and cast him in an olde Chariot, with purpose to present him to Alexander. But they hearing how he would not accept their present, and how he was coming to inuade them, threw their darts at Darius, and left him for dead. In this estate he was found by Polistratus, and after the deliury of some fewe words dyed. Alexander hauing exceedingly lamented his miserable and undeserued end, directed his bodie to his mother Sisigambis to be honourably buried.

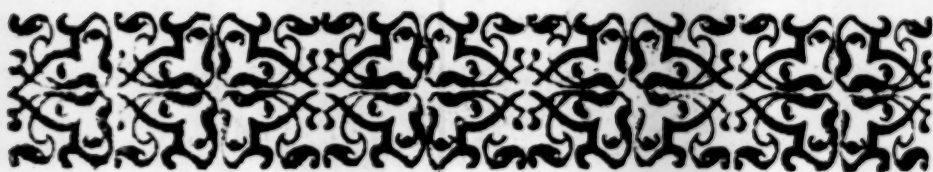




## The persons names that speakes.

Darius.	Alexander.
Sisigambis, <i>his mother.</i>	Parmenio, <i>his Lieutenant.</i>
Statira Re. <i>his wife.</i>	Hephestion, <i>his Minion.</i>
Statira Virg <i>his daughter.</i>	Polistratus, <i>a souldier.</i>
Tiriotes, <i>their Eunuch.</i>	Artabazus, <i>a noble man of</i>
Nabarzanes	<i>Persia.</i>
Bessus.	<i>} two traitours.</i>
Patron, <i>Captaine of the mercenary Greekes.</i>	
Nuntius.	Chorus, <i>all Persians.</i>

## The Scene supposed in Babilon.





# THE TRAGEDY OF *DARFUS.*

## Actus Primus.

*DARIVS.*

What thundering power grow'n jealous of my state  
With such hostilitie my troupes o're-throwes,  
And arm'd with lightning, breathing flames of hate,  
Big with disdain, high indignation shoves  
Whil't sooth'd with selfe conceits asham'd to doubt,  
In greatnesse thadowe I securelie slept,  
Lo, change-affecting Fortune wheelles about,  
And ruines all that me from ruine kept.

Thus I, whose onlie name amaz'd my foes,  
Whom th'earth ador'd, as Monarche, once ouer all,  
Am so degraded now, and sunke in woes,  
That who admir'd my might, admire my fall.

Ah then indeed I fell, when gallants stood,  
And *Phœnix*-like renew'd their life by death,  
Who hauing seald their force and faith with blood,  
Would rather die, then draw a borrowed breath.

Yet I, but then not I, view'd not aveng'd,  
Those monstrous mountaines of my subjects slaine,  
Although my conscience hath my courage cleng'd,  
And knowes what valour was employ'd in vaine.

B

Through



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Through greatest dangers death I did pursue,  
Till heapes of slaughter'd bodies bar'd my way,  
And chang'd my Chariot to a scarlet hue,  
Ere wounded honour could be drawne away.

O how I enuy yet their happie Ghostes,  
Who died whil'st hope of victorie remain'd,  
And in the presence of two famous hostes  
Left bloodie recordes that they died vnstain'd?

Shall I suruiue that soule-ouerwhelming shame,  
To be th' eternall staine of *Persians* praise?  
No rather let me die, and let my name,  
Be quite exstinguish'd with my hatefull dayes.

Starre-bolting *Babylon* blush to behold:  
One cald thy King surmounted and abated:  
How may thy Towrs but tremble, when it's told,  
Thy Prince entreats, whome Princes earst entreated?

Not vassal-like; I will not yeeld to this:  
Were all my Empire to a period come,  
Yet none shall vaunt that euer I was his:  
Hartes holding courage are not all o're-come.

This tongue inur'd still to command doth scorne  
To breath base words, to scape a minutes paines.  
Let them obey, who to obey were borne:  
For *Darius* this indignitie disdaines.

Since I was once iudg'd worthie to command,  
Shall I returne to be a base entreater?  
No, whil'st a sword yeelds homage to this hand,  
Ile not acknowledge in the world a greater.

Braue spirites, who now possesse the pleasant bowers,  
And glorious gardens of *th' Elisian* plaine,  
(For if deserts may moue th' infernall powers,  
That happie shade your shadowes must containe)

Those fields where-as your praises are set forth  
Do burie but your bodies, not your fame:

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Men shall adore the reliques of your worth,  
And reare immortall Trophees to your name.

He sacrifice as incense to your soules,  
His dying sighes, and sorrowing parents teares,  
Who now, while none his insolence controules,  
Our conquer'd ensignes in his triumphe beares.

For it may ease your Ghostes to heare his grones,  
Whil'st th'earth ouer-burden'd sends rebounding back  
A plaintife *Echo* from the woods and stones,  
To sound through all the aire his armies wrack.

Why spend I speeches to disturbe your rest?  
What idle disputations do I hold?

A mightie furour hath inflam'd my brest,  
And burnes me, till I be aueng'd seuen-fold.

Did I that strong *Cadusian* first affront,  
Who durst aduance himselfe to braue our bandes,  
Then turn'd applauded, and in high account,  
Charg'd with his spoiles the honour of my hands?

And could I then all kinde of doubt remoouing,  
Aduenter only to an Armies shame?

And should I now that auncient praise disprouing,  
With squadrons compast loose that glorious name?

Blinde fortune, O, thy stratagems are strange:  
Thou wrak'st my greatnes, wound'st mine honour to,  
And hauing made my state the stage of change,  
Hast acted all inconstancie could do.

Lo I, who late of swarming troupes did boast,  
Am spoil'd of all in whome I then repos'd,  
And those imprison'd, whome I fancie most,  
Are to th'insulting victours pride expos'd.

O torment but to thinke, death to belecue,  
That any may command my dearest part,  
And wretched I notable to releue  
The Iewell of mine eye, ioy of my hart.



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Deere obieſt of my thoughtes, my life, my loue,  
Sweete ſource of my delights, my one, my all,  
Bright Image of excellencies aboue,  
What? do'ſt thou breake, and com'ſt not when I call?

And can I be, and not be where thou art?  
Hath heauen the force me from thy face to barre?  
Or are my hands growne traitors to my hart,  
That they ſhould ſhrinke from doing what it dare?

O could my minde but diſtribute a ſpace  
Theſe emulating thoughts that tolle my breaſt,  
Among thoſe pointles Cyphers that ſpend place:  
Then I alone might animate the reſt.

Since in this great diſgrace I chanc'd to fall,  
Now nothing reſts to raſe my fame forlorne,  
But to doe deſperatly, and hazard all.  
Ile liue with praife, or by my death ſlie ſcorne.

Some prosperous iſſue afterward may purge  
This crime, with which th'euent would burthen me,  
This crime, that carries with it ſelfe a ſcourge:  
No greater torment than the want of thee.

But what hope reſts to re-obtaine that treaſure,  
Which auaritious tyrants once poſſeſſe?  
Another now diſpoſes at his pleaſure  
Of all my wealth: how can I looke for leſſe?

Now, not till now, I deeme my ſtate in danger,  
When I imagine how my beſt belou'd  
Muſt entertaine my enemy a ſtranger,  
I being far from offering aide remou'd.

A hoſt of furies in my breaſt I finde,  
Which do my ſoule with dreadfull horrors fill,  
And foſter in my melancholious minde  
Strange apprehenſions that affright me ſtill.

And this ſurmiz'd diſgrace, grown throughly ſtrong,  
Reades hourly in my eares a hatefull ſcroule

Of



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Of an imagin'd, yet recureles wrong,  
Such poison'd thoughtes like serpents sting my soule.

Blind loue beguiles me not, sharpe-sighted feares  
Finde great apparances for to suspect thee:  
Would God I had no hart, nor eyes, nor eares,  
To thinke, to see, or heare thou shouldst neglect me.

This aggrauates the wight of my dispaire,  
When doubt obiects, t'annull loues fast defence,  
How he is young and feirce, she young, and faire,  
He bent t'offend, and she expold t'offence,

From which I feare both cannot long abstaine:  
Her beauty is sufficient to allure:  
H.s brauery is sufficient to obtaine.

Captaines will force, and captiues must endure,

O *Alexander*, tender my renowne,  
Although thou trauell to vsurpe my throne.  
I rage to haue ariuall in my Crowne:  
But in my loue I can comport with none.

Lode her not with disgrace, and me with grieve,  
Least so thou rob her honour, and my life:  
Spare in this point t'ouercharge me with mischief:  
In all things els let armes decide our strife.

But where doth fury thus transport my spirits,  
With light beleefe my best halfe to mistrust?  
Deere, pardon, I trespasse to wrong thy merits,  
Whom I haue still found faithfull louing iust.

Pure chaistirie doth then most firmelie stand,  
When fortified it is with wedlockes band.

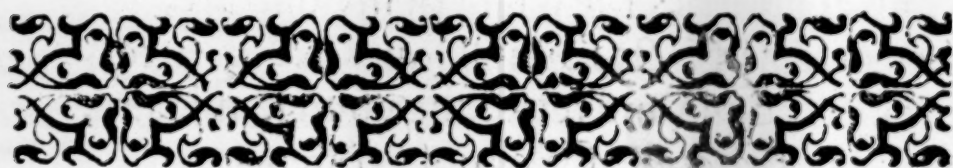
Yet let me doubt, or let me leaue to loue:  
To feare the worst it is affections part.  
I'l not mistrust thy truth? yet it may proue,  
Thy face betray thy faith, thy hap thy hart.

But on thy loue approou'd my hope relies,  
This doth dissolue suspicions power to nought.

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

I will repell reports, as flanderous lyes,  
Which second not thy vertue, and my thought.

Though vertues foe, and worth-enuying fortune,  
Hath wrong'd my valour with an euill successe;  
Life of my life, yet must I thee importune,  
Ioyne not with her to double my distresse. *Exit.*



CHORVS.

**O** More then miserable minde,  
That of all things it selfe worst knowes,  
And being through presumption blinde  
Is puffed up with euery winde,  
Which fortune in derision blowes.  
Such one no stable blisse can finde,  
Whose hart is guided by his eye,  
And trustes vnto betraying showes,  
Which seeme not as they be.  
Oft short prosperity,  
Breedes long aduersity:  
For who abuse the first, the last o're-throwes.  
A dead security all care exiles:  
Tis no small danger to be happie whiles.

Who on himselfe too much depends,  
A makes an Idole of his witt,  
For euery fauour fortune sends,  
Self-flatterer himselfe commends,  
And will no sound aduise admit,  
But at himselfe beginnes, and ends,  
And neuer takes a moments leasure,

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

*To try what fault he may commit,  
But drunke with frothes of pleasure,  
Thirstes for praise aboue measure,  
Imaginary treasure,  
Which slowly commes, and soone away doth flit:  
And what is most affected at this time,  
Succeeding ages may account a crime.*

*A Potentate that is respected,  
And by his subiects thought a God,  
Thinke, as his name on high erected  
Hath what he list at home effected,  
It may like wonders worke abroad.  
O how his folly is detected!  
For though he sit in Royall seate,  
And as he list his vassalls lod;  
Yet others that are great.  
Live not by his conceate,  
Nor ponder what he threat,  
But plague his pride oft ere he feare the rod.  
There are rare qualities required in Kings:  
A naked name can neuer worke great things.*

*They who themselves too much esteeme,  
And vainly vilipend their foe,  
Oft finde not fortune, as they deeme,  
And with their treasure would redeeme  
Their error past: Behold even so  
From blame who can our King exeeme,  
Who his aduersary to scorne,  
Thought he who in his name did goe  
The laurell should haue worne,  
His triumph to adorne?  
But he with shame hath shorne*



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

*The fruites of follie euer ripe with woe.*

*An enemy (if it be well aduis'd)*

*Though he seeme weak, should neuer be despis'd.*

*But what? the Minions of our Kings,  
Who speake at large, and are beleued,  
Dare boast of many mightie things,  
As they could flie, though wanting wings,  
And deeds by wordes might be atcheued,  
But time at length their lies to light,  
Their soueraigne to confusion brings.  
Yet so they gaine, they are not greene'd,  
But charme their Princes sight,  
And make what's wrong seeme right.  
Thus ruine they his might,  
That when he would, he cannot be releued.*

*Moe kings in chambers fall by flatterers charmes,  
Then in the field by th' aduersaries armes.*

*All that the successe hath approoued  
By Charidemus was foreshowne:  
Yet with his wordes no man was mooued:  
For good men first must be remooued,  
Before their worth can well be knowne.  
The King would heare but what he looued,  
And what him pleas'd not did dispise.  
So were the beeter sort o'er-throwne,  
And Sycophants unwise,  
Who could the truth disguise,  
Were suffered for to rise,  
That him who rais'd them vp, they might cast downe.  
Thus Princes will not heare, though such deceaue them,  
Things as they are, but as themselves conceaue them.*

*The Tragedie of Darius.*



ACTVS SECVNDVS.

ALEXANDER. PARMENIO.

**B**Eholde, the heauens with a benigne aspect,  
To prosper this braue enterprife intend,  
And with propitious starres seeme to direct  
This great beginning to a glorious end.

Who would be famous must of force aspire:  
All those astonish'd, who my troupes do view,  
Doubt of those two which most they should admire;  
My comming, or my conquering with so few.

So mightie mindes t'atchieue great actions bent  
Force Fortune oft to fauour them in all:  
Where baser breasts deuining euill euent,  
Through superstitious feares procure their fall.

O howe I wonder, when I call to minde  
That monstrous camp, which not so much as doubted!  
Dimme seem'd the Sunne, while-as their armour shind  
Men had not heard the thunder, whil'st they shouted.

Th'auant-courours, that came for to examine,  
When they so meane my numbers had perceau'd,  
Did thinke them small to satsifie the famine,  
That their huge hoste of slaughter had conceau'd.

And yet in end this prou'd a poyson'd foode,  
Which of their owne to their confusion yeeldes  
Mountaines of murthered corps, and seas of blood:  
Vn buried bodies buried all the fieldes.

So now that fewe, whome they contemn'd so farre,  
(See how mortalitie it selfe deceaues)

Haue farre ouer-match'd their multitudes in warre,

C

And

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

And made the world waste to people the graues.

Then, decree *Parmenio*, since the fates afforde  
So faire an entrie to our first designs,  
Let vs goe prosecute with dint of sword  
That fortune, which the heauens our hopes assigns.

*Parm.* This high attempt, as we would wish succeeds,  
What hostes haue we ouerthrow'n? what citties raz'd?  
Loe, populous *Asia* trembles at our deedes,  
And martiall *Europe* doth remaine amaz'd.

Proud *Greece*, whose spirits oft preast to skorne the  
A prostrate supplicant before thee falles: (skyes,  
Rebellious *Thebes*, that durst thy power dispyse,  
Lyes now entomb'd within her broken walles.

That sea-impyring *Tyre*, reposing much  
In liquide Castels, and a wauing maine,  
Hath ratified thy forces to be such,  
That nothing can resist thy iust disdain.

No doubt the auncient *Gracians* ghosts are glad  
To see the fierce *Barbarians* brought so lowe;  
Yet are for enuy of thy fortune sad,  
And though vnbo-died blush at this ouerthrowe.

*Miltiades* by all men was admir'd,  
Who once in *Greece* their flying troupes pursued:  
And he that with a stratageme retir'd,  
And *Salaminaes* straites with blood imbrued.

But yet for all the Captaines of that age  
The Easterne Monarckes empire was enlarg'd,  
Who comming to their countrie, warres to wage,  
The sea with shippes, the land with armies charg'd.

He with moe swarmes of mē, then th' Autumns clur  
Dry'd riuers vp, & march'd on *Neptunes* backe; (sters,  
By measure, not by number made his musters,  
And did attempt the mountaines plaine to make.

Then *Europe* fear'd for to be forc'd to bowe,

Whil'st



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Whil'st th'earth did groane to beare so great an host:  
But thou hast come, scene, and ouercom'd them now  
Euen in the boundes where in their might was most.

That haucie foe, who vilipended oft  
Our predeceffours armies, and our owne,  
Now laide as lowe, as he was once aloft,  
With his disgrace must make thy valour knowne.

He cannot but acknowledge his distresse  
In labouring first to haue his friends restor'd:  
This message (potent Prince) imports no lesse:  
By his request thy conquest is decor'd.

For the recouerie of his captiu'd Queene  
He offred hath innumerable golde;  
And would present a treasure to be scene  
More, as they say, then *Macedon* may holde.

My counsell is that you accept those cffers,  
And render her, as th'auncient custome bindes;  
Who would make warre must not haue empty coffers:  
For hope of gaine moues mercenarie mindes.

And further, if those Princesses doe tarrie,  
It sumptuous is to entertaine their state.  
Wemen, and babes are cumbersome to carrie;  
Th'one young in yeares, and th'other in conceat.

*Alex.* If I were come to traffick in this land,  
And like a greedie merchant to embrace  
Before all hope of glorie gaine in hand,  
This your inuild opinion might haue place.

But soone I surfet of such melting things,  
And famish but for fame, and crownes of Kings.

*Parm.* So, were I *Alexander*, would I do.

*Alex.* If I *Parmenio* were, so would I to.

*Par.* Their ransome would defray your souldiers fee.

*Alex.* I'le rather without ransome set them free.

*Parm.* The good is loste that's done vnto a fo.

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

*Alex.* The greater glorie to o'recommehim so.

*Parm.* Golde is the God that conquers in all parts.

*Alex.* True magnanimitie doth ravish harts.

*Parm.* Riche treasures serue for th'arters of the war.

*Alex.* No, but couragious harts that all things darre.

*Parm.* The want of wages makes a mutinous band.

*Alex.* But who dare disobey, when I command?

*Par.* Why should you, Sir, cōtemne so rich a treasure?

*Alex.* A noble spirit with praise no gain doth measure.

*Parm.* But who delites in such an airie store?

*Alex.* If I be singular, I aske no more.

*Parm.* Although that you conceaue no such suspitiō,  
Yet I heare how your souldiers oft exclame,  
They sacrificize their bloods for your ambition,  
And perish to perpetuate your name.

And yet, without regarde what they indure,  
You compasse all the empire of the East,  
And more within your minde : this may procure  
Some suddaine tumult, when you feare it least.

Retire in time, while as the heauens are cleare :  
You haue perform'd, perform'd, and that right sone,  
More thē your own could hope, your foes could feare,  
Or then the world can credite, when 'tis done.

Your worth in warre is wonderfullie showne,  
And to the terrour of all *Asia* tryde :  
Now let your skill in peace be likewise knowne,  
And for the maint'nance of your state prouide.

Good gouernment the fame of Kings doth raise  
No lesse then conquest made of Realmes and townes :  
'Tis harder farre, and doth deserue more praise  
To guide, then get : to keepe, then conquere crownes.

Your glorie in her hiest spheare is plac'd,  
And may not moue except it be more lowe :  
And if it once discend to be disgrac'd,



*The Tragedy of Darius.*

Each artizan your statues will o're-throwe,  
For in the warre, as you may well perceiue,  
No little part dependeth vpon fame:  
If we but once the least affront receiue,  
The world will gather to exstriepe our name.

Then tempt not Fortune further then you neede,  
Let reason bridle this aspyring thought:  
Least, whil'st your hopes with trophees faind you feed,  
A moment turne your trauels all to nought.

Let *Darius* be a liuelie patrone now  
Of th'euer-changing course of states and crownes:  
That Prince to whom the Orient once did bow,  
His desolation onely now renounes.

He scarfeli loat length become content  
To call you King, though twise put in dis-order:  
In dowrie with his daughter doth present  
The famous *Euphrates*, to be your border.

Or otherwise he condescends to giue  
Great store of Gold, or what your selfe desires,  
If that his mother, wife, and children liue,  
To haue them rend'red, as he oft requires.

And let not vaine ambition blind your cies:  
Remember what strange nations will imbrace him,  
Whom scarce he knowes by name, or neuer sees,  
Where if he fled, your troups would tire to chace him.

*Alex.* Peace, peace *Parmenio*, now thou makest me  
With these thy words vn-worthy of our eares: (rage,  
It seemes the coldenesse of decaying age,  
Hath kil'd thy courage with a frost of feares.

Did I abandone thee my natie soile,  
And shaddow'd with my Ensignes vnknow'n coastes;  
That after infinite distresse and toile,  
Whil'st in contempt of vs our foe yet boastes,  
I should retire, effecting nought at last,



*The Tragedy of Darius.*

But sharpened a delire, t'augment my merites,  
Then die in discontentment, when 'tis past  
The time, that should haue pacified my spirites?

No, I will raigne, and I will raigne alone:  
From this desseigne my fancie neuer wanders,  
For as the heau'ns can hold no Sunne but one:  
The earth cannot containe two *Alexanders*.

The ample circuite of this spacious round  
Seemes insufficient to confine my thought:  
And ô would God there could moe worlds be found,  
That many might t'adorne our deedes be brought.

O, I could wish that th' Ocean were firme land,  
Where none but hideous Giants had retreat,  
Such as at *Phlegra* fielde in striefe did stand  
Against the Gods for the Etheriall seate.

These could encourage martiall mindes to strike,  
Who being wonne would yeeld eternall praise:  
I conquere men; but many did the like:  
And after-ages may my equall raise.

But since none such my triumphes are to grace,  
Such as there are I'le to subiection bring:  
And heere I sweare no kinde of ease t'embrace,  
Till all the world adore me for their King.

If you or any else that liue in dreede  
With-drawe your selues, your Princes part despying;  
Remember alwaies in his greatest neede  
Ye flie to stop his honour in the rysing.

Pass home, and liue like men in prison pent:  
I measure not my courage by my numbers.

*Parm.* Your Maiestie misconsters my intent:  
You know what I haue thold, what cares, what cum-  
And all for you: I to your eies appeale, (bers,  
Which well can witnes what my hands haue wrought.

All

*The Tragedy of Darius.*

All that I spake, proceeded of a zeale  
And not of cowardice, or feare of ought.

Nor matche I vile repose with honest paines:  
My courage is nor yet become so colde:  
That wounted vigour hath not left my vaines,  
Which spurd my spirit in youth, though I be olde.

*Alex.* 'Tis not ynough that you your selfe be so:  
To be the same you should the rest exhort.  
Is he return'd, who was ordain'd to go  
And viewe the Captiues, what doth he report?

*Parm.* As we were since by some of them instructed,  
While they as yet not of support dispair'd,  
And to a tent were courteously conducted,  
Which we of purpose caus'd to be prepar'd;

Euen in the way one fortun'd to espy  
The Diademe that *Darius* earst had borne,  
Which on the earth so abiectly did lie,  
As each thing his calamitie would scorne.

Then they imagin'd, from his royall head,  
Whose dignity it some-time did decore,  
None could it cast, except himselfe were dead:  
And if so were, they long'd to liue no more.

When they had entred in the tent to weepe,  
*Leonatus* came and at the entrie knocked:  
They stood so still, he thought an yornie sleepe  
Had lock'd their eies, or else that he was mocked.

At length by force he made a patent way,  
And was aduanc'd them louingly to greet;  
When loe, these dolorous Ladies prostrate lay,  
And with a flood of teares bedew'd his feete.

Then sobbing saide, we not refuse to die:  
Let vs entombe first *Darius* like a King:  
Then when that we his latter honour see,

*The Tragedy of Darius.*

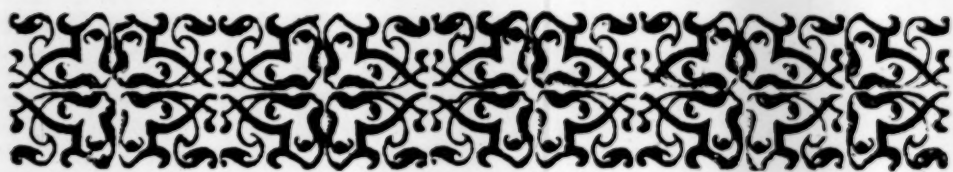
Death cannot but a great contentment bring.

This so they vrg'd, as he could scarce perswade  
That *Darius* was not dead as they suppos'd,  
But liu'd, in hope through dangers Seas to wade  
And in the pow'r of other Realmes repos'd.

And further he protested on your part,  
That they might looke for clemencie and grace.  
Thus after that I had asswag'd their smart,  
It seem'd they longd to see my Soueraignes face.

*Alex.* Of my good-will they may themselues assure:  
I neuer war'd with such as were subiected:  
And if my presence may their ease procure,  
Straight to their tent my steppes shall be directed.

*Exeunt.*



CHORVS.

O F all the passions that possesse the soule,  
None so disturbs vaine mortals mindes  
As this Ambition, that so blindes  
The sense of man, that nothing can controule  
Nor curb their thoughts who will aspre.  
This raging vehement desire  
Of seuerainty no satisfaction findes,  
But in the breastes of men doth euer roule  
The restlesse stone of *Sisiph* to torment them.  
And as his hart, who steal'd the heu'nly fire,  
The vulture gnawes, so doth Ambition rent them:  
Had they the world, the world would not content them.

This race of *Ixion* to embrace the cloudes,

*Con.*



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

*Contemne the state wherein they stand,  
And would all but themselves command,  
As one desire is quench'd, another buds :  
When they haue trauel'd all their time,  
Heaps blood on blood, and crime on crime,  
There is a hier power that guides their hand.  
More happie he whome a poore cottage shroudes  
Against the tempest of the threatening heauen,  
He stands in feare of none, none enuy him :  
His hart is upright, and his wayes are eauen,  
Where others states are still twixt sixe and seauen.*

*That damned wretch vp with Ambition blow'n,  
While-as he turnes the wheele about,  
Whiles cast within, whiles cast without,  
In struiuing for the top is still throwne downe.  
Those that delight in climbing hie  
Oft with a precepice doe die :  
So doe the starres sky-climbling worldlings flout.  
But this disease is fatall to a crowne :  
Kings, who haue most, stroue most t'augment their bounds ;  
And if they be not all, they can not be :  
Which to their damage commonly redounds.  
Too great a state her proper waight confounds.*

*Th'ambitious toying to enlarge their state  
Themselves exceedingly deceaue,  
In hazarding the hap they haue  
For a felicitie that they conceate.  
Though their dominions they increas,  
Yet their desires growe neuer les :  
For though they conquer Climats, more they craue.  
This is the miserie of being great.  
Such eye-beguyling pompe is all but fume ;*

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

*Such glorious shewes disguise the minds distres ;  
And who to conquere all the earth presume,  
A little earth shall them at last consume.*

*And if it fortune that they die in peace  
( A wonder wondrous rarelie seene)  
Who conquere first ; their empire cleene  
Is ruin'd by some persons of their race :  
Who comming to the crowne with rest,  
And hauing all in peace possesse,  
Do straight forget what bloody broils haue bene  
Before their Fathers could attaine that place.  
As th' Ocean flowes, and ebbes, states rise and fall :  
And Princes, when their actions prosper best,  
For feare their greatnes should oppresse the smal,  
Are of some hated, and envy'd of all.*

*We knowe what end the mightie Cyrus made,  
Whome, while he strin'd to conquere still,  
A woman did most vildlie kill,  
And in a bloodie vessell rold his head ;  
Then said, Content thy selfe with blood :  
Thou still didst famish for such food :  
Now quench thy thirst of blood with blood at will.  
Some of his successors, since he was dead  
Haue raign'd a space with pompe, and yet with paine.  
Now all their glorie cannot doe vs good.  
What they so long haue laboured to obtaine,  
All in an instant must be lost againe.*

*Loe, Darius once so magnified by fame,  
By one whome he contemn'd o'recome,  
For all his brauerie now made dombe,  
With downe-cast eyes must signifie his shame.*

## *The Tragedie of Darius.*

*Who putt vp with pernicious pride  
Thinke still t' haue fortune on their side,  
They cannot scape to be a pray to some.  
They spend their prosperous dayes as in a dreame,  
And as it were in fortunes bosome sleeping,  
They in this dull securitie abide,  
And of their doubtfull state neglect the keeping,  
Whilst gaislie ruine comes vpon them creeping.*

*Thus the vicissitude of worldly things  
Doth to our eyes it selfe detect,  
VVhen heauenly powers exalt, deiect,  
Confirme, confound, erect and ruine Kings.  
So Alexander mightie now,  
To whome the vanquish'd world doth bow.  
VVith all submission, homage, and respect  
Doth flie a borrow'd flight with Fortunes wings:  
Nor enters he his dangerous course to ponder,  
Yet, if that Fortune bend her cloudie browe:  
All those, who at his suddaine successe wonder,  
May gaze as much to see himselfe brought vnder.*



## ACTVS TERTIVS.

### Scen. I.

*SISIGAMBIS Regina, STATIRA Virgo.*

**O** Dismall day detested by the light,  
And would to God (but God neglects our cace)  
The world were wrapt in a Cymerian night,  
That no proud eye might gaze on our disgrace.



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Why did the heauens reſerue my feeble age,  
To goe to graue with infamie and grief?  
Could nothing but my ſhame their wrath aſſwage  
Thus offred vpon th'altar of miſchief?

Ah, haue I ſpent my youth in pompe and pleaſure,  
And had my ſpring-time grac'd with pleaſant flowres,  
That th'Autumne, which ſhould reape the Sômer trea-  
Might be diſaſtred with ſuch ſtormy ſhowres? (ſure,  
And did ſmooth calmes, and ſun-ſhines of delight  
Make all my voyage through the world a ſport;  
That tossed with a tempeſt of deſpight  
I now might periſh entring at my port?

Yet for all this, were I expos'd alone  
Th'accuſed obieſt of heauens plaguing-armes,  
I ſhould not thinke I had iuſt cauſe to mone,  
When I but waild mine owne, not others harmes.

Ay me, on thoſe, whom more then life I loue  
The ſtate-diſturbſing blaſtes of Fortune fall:  
Yet each of them ſome ſeuerall ſorrowes moue,  
But wretch I ſuffer ſhip-wracke in them all.

I ſuffered, when I ſawe *Oxatres* ſlaine,  
My louing ſonne, and moſt entirelie lou'd:  
I dy'd in *Darius*, when he try'd in vaine,  
What fates would doe, yet ſtill their hatred prou'd.

Ah, doe the deſtinies extend my breath  
For further cuill? O extreame crueltie,  
To vſe ſo many inſtruments of death,  
Againſt one burthend with calamitie.

Yet *Ioue*, if this may diſ-en-flame thine ire,  
Let all thy lightning light vpon mine head:  
To be conſum'd with a celeftiall fire  
Some comfort were, ſince that I muſt be dead.

*Stat. Reg.* Leaue mother theſe immoderate laments  
To me the very ſource, and ſeate of ſorrowe,

Whoſe

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Whose dayes are burthen'd with so sad euent,  
That hell it selfe may of my torments borrow.

Loe, the deere Lord and treasure of my thought,  
Whose presence I my Paradise esteem'd,  
To such a headlong præcipice is brought,  
That with the world his glorie dead is deem'd.

Ah, on what prop can I repose my trust,  
When first the greatnesse of his state I ponder;  
Next how his Diademe drencht in the dust  
Was Fortunes Trophee, and all *Asias* wonder?

He whose imperious speach the world respected,  
And as an oracle had in regarde,  
Now vanquish't and contemptible neglected  
Can scarcely as a supplicant be heard.

And yet I know this more his minde afflicts,  
Then doth the ruine of his rigall state,  
That him my sight another interdicts,  
Who am the soueraigne of his soules conceat.

Shall he, pure quintessence of my best part,  
Then onely testifie the loue he beares?  
No, by mine eyes I will distill my hart,  
And for his sake dissoiue my selfe in teares.  
Would God my breast like Cristall were transparent,  
That all the world might see my sinceare minde,  
And that my loyall thoughts were all apparent,  
Whose great affection cannot be confinde.

They haue imprison'd onely my poore eies,  
And banish'd them from th'obiet of their ioy:  
My fire hart with winged fancies flies  
And where thou goest doth still my steps conuoy.

Thy Queene is such, as whilst thou draw'st this aire,  
In counting captives men may still accept her:  
For whilst thou liust, how can thy spouse dispaire,  
Whom thou prefer'st euen to thy soule and scepter?



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Yet flatter I my selfe that am accurst:  
The apprehension, which with griefe I cherish,  
Of thy mishap may serue to make me burst.  
Ah, ah I faint, I feele my spirits perish.

*Sis.* Help, help allace, allace, the Empresse falles.

*Sta. Virg.* O dolefull day of darknes; world of woes.

*Sis.* This greeuous spectacle my spirite appalles:  
Heauen, earth, and all are now become our foes.

*Sta. Virg.* I may more iustly mone then any other,  
Whose eares haue heard the hard hap of my father;  
Whose eies behold the anguish of my mother,  
Whom both do loade with all the woes of either.

*Stat. Reg.* What inhumaine humanity is this,  
With such a cruell pittie to oppresse;  
To bring pale ghostes backe from the fields of blis,  
Yet to be plung'd in th' Ocean of distresse?

O vnkinde kindenesse that by sauing slayes,  
And would with louelesse loue my loue controule.  
Ah, of this odious Sunne th'unhappie rayes  
Doe cleere mine eyes but to confound my soule.

*Sisi.* Deare daughter, striue your passions to restraine,  
Least that the torrent of your greefe grow such,  
That it both carie you to'agroundlesse maine,  
And him o'rewhelme for whom, ye mourne so much.  
No doubt but he, if we rest captiues thus,  
Disdaining these indignities of ours,  
T'auenge himselfe in re-obtaining vs  
Will hazard all his Orientall pow'rs.

But ah, what comfort can a wretch afforde,  
Whose care-worne breast the worst of wo containes?  
Yet though my hart would faine impugne my worde,  
I hope-lesse speake of hope, t'appease her paines.

*Stat. Reg.* Such consolations now came not in season,  
Since we must hold our greefe the greatest good:

Dis.



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Dissemble not your sorrow, we haue reason  
Yea to sigh out our sprites and weepe our blood.

*Sis.* I waile my sonne. *Stat.Reg.* And I my husbandes

*Sta.Virg.* I waile my father, and in him vs all. (fall.

*Sis.* No woe like mine, mine cannot be releu'd.

I waile his woe, who should my woe asswage,  
Who liues by me, by whom I should haue liu'd,  
Sport of my youth, and piller of mine age.

*Stat.Reg.* No wo like mine, who faithful to my pheere  
For loue of him all others had forsaken.

But what a pheere? my selfe, or one more deere:  
Yet from my selfe my selfe by force am taken. (childe

*Stat.Virg.* No wo like mine, who borne a Monarkes  
Thought that my birth good hap should heape vpon  
Yet all my expectations are beguil'd, (me:

And what I hop'd in most hath most vndone me.

*Sis.* I mourne for him who in my womb was form'd.

*St.Reg.* I mourne for him in whō loue me transform'd.

*Stat.Virg.* I mourne for him by whom I formed was.

*Sis.* Shall I not see my selfe in that cleere glasse?

*St.Reg.* Ah! shall I neuer in his ioy reioyce?

*St.Virg.* Ah! shall I neuer here his cheerefull voice?

*Sis.* Would God frō death my death might him exeeme.

*St.Reg.* would God my life my liues life might redeeme.

*St.Virg.* Would God the life he gaue him life might giue.

*Sis.* Must these gray haire my sons green youth suruiue?

*Sta.Reg.* I will preuent him and not liue to languishe.

*Sta.Virg.* Can I remaine behinde to liue in anguishe?

*Sis.* But whiles our wretched state we iustly mone,

We may lament this infant too a space,

Who in mishap inferiour were to none,

If he could apprehend his tragick cace.

*Sta.Reg.* O then how can my hart but burst a-sunder,

Whom nature moues most to bemone his harmes?

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

I thinke I see the hostes of heau'n all thunder  
On me, my spouse, and this babe in my armes.

Deere image of my selfe, in whom I liue,  
Thy shape shames not the greatnesse of thy Syre,  
But of thy birth cleere euidence doth giue:  
Thy soure-sweete sight addes coales to my desire.

Thou that shouldst comfort most, tormēt'st thou me?  
Huge hostes of passions now my soule assembles.  
O how I grieue! and yet am glad to see

Thee, though not him, whom thy sweet face resembles,  
Goe, beare this babe from hence: a wound too deep  
Makes in my breast compassion of his part:  
Yet let him stay; I ioy to heare him weepe:  
This motherly affection melts my hart.

Of many woes this last is not the least,  
That vn-begun thy glorie must be ended;  
Thy fortunes Sunne, my Sonne, set in the East,  
While thy faire-rysing all the world attended.

Ah! must this innocent taste of mishap,  
Whose tender age cannot discerne his state,  
And be thus plagu'd, yea in his nurses lap  
Inherite woe by birth? Ah cruell fate.

If thou could'st hope, what great hopes hast thou lost  
That art defrauded of so faire a throne?

Ah in thy cradle must I see thee crost,  
Whom I design'd so great when we were gone?

Yet happy haplesse childe, thou canst not know  
From whence the fountaine of our sorrow flowes,  
Nor what it is for to be hie, or low,  
Nor on what thorne the rose of honour growes.

Yet hast thou felt the pricke before the smell.  
Is this the benefit thy birth-right brings  
Heere in constrain'd captiuitie to dwell?  
Then better not be borne, then come of Kings.



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

O what a noise is that that doth affright me?  
I trow to interrupt these teares of mine,  
Least that such sad lamentings should delight me,  
They will not let me plaine, yet make me pine.

Or is it some that doth condole our cace,  
And commes with pittie moou'd to see vs pyn'd,  
And to beholde how we can death imbrace,  
Death soueraigne salue of a diseased minde?

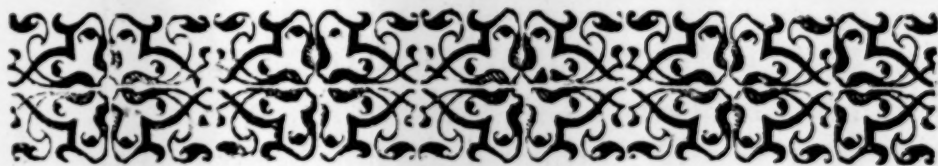
*Sis.* By many signes we may our selues assure,  
'Tis *Alexander*, whom we long'd not for.

*Stat. Reg.* What? ah I die! and must my eye indure  
Th'vpbraiding object which I most abhorre?

*Sis.* Suppressle such speaches now, least all go wrong.  
We are enuiron'd with outrageous hostes:  
And weaknesse must giue place vnto the strong:  
For Victours rage, when as the vanquish'd hostes.

I will entreat him to, not for my selfe  
(Mine olde age is become to death a debter)  
But that you may eschew this wrackfull shewe,  
Whose flowre not faded yet deserueth better.

*Stat. Reg.* No, if you needs will sue, sue for my graue:  
I will not be indebted to him liuing:  
I rather death should once the maistrise haue,  
Then I should die so oft with death still striuing.



ACTVS TERTIVS. Scen. II.

ALEXANDER, SISIGAMBIS, STATIRA  
Regina, HEPHESTION.

*Alex.* **R**ise mother, rise, remoue those causles feares:  
I come t'appease, not to procure your woe:  
E The



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

The honour which I owe those aged heares  
Permits me not to see you prostrate so.

*Sis.* Most gracious Prince, forgive me if I er'd,  
In taking him for you, that standeth by.

*Alex.* I finde no fault to see my friend prefer'd  
Euen to my selfe : this is another I.

*Sis.* My sorrowes so confounded haue my minde,  
That scarce I know my selfe, much lesse another :  
My soule in such an agonie I finde,  
As if some mightie mountaine did me smoother.

*Alex.* I pray you, mother, set those plaints apart :  
They vex me more then sterne *Bellonaes* broiles.

*Sis.* This tender name of mother wounds my hart,  
Pronounc'd by him who of that name me spoiles.

I was (woe that I was) a mother late  
Of two faire sonnes, faire sonnes lights of my life :  
Now th'one is dead, and in a worse estate,  
Doth th'other liue involu'd in woe and strife,

Like th'auncient trunke of some dis-branched tree,  
Which *Eols* rage hath to confusion brought,  
Dis-arm'd of all those impes that sprung from me,  
Vn-profitable stock I serue for nought.

*Stat. Reg.* I serue for nought, since him I cannot serue,  
Whose sight may onlie my dead ioyes reuiue.  
I with the famine of all comfort sterue,  
Since I want him for whom I wish'd to liue.

I liue without my halfe, without my whole,  
Prodigious monster, whome the world admires :  
I want the point, the Pilote, and the Pole,  
That drew, addrest, and gouern'd my desires,

Now toss'd with stormes in th'Ocean of dispaire  
By ruine onely I attend releefe,  
Threatned aboue with pitchie cloudes of care,  
Threatned belowe with swelling gulfes of greefe.

My

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

My soule seemes to presage disastrous chances,  
And varying with her selfe hath neuer peace :  
My hart opprest falles into deadly trances :  
My eyes must grace the ground of my disgrace.

Hell hath assembled all her horrors heere :  
Ah, in the concaue of this cursed breast,  
As in the darke Tartarian groues, appeere  
A thousand shaddowes to bereaue my rest.

*Alex.* Faire Princess, spare those passionate cōplaints  
Which may augment, but not amend your harmes :  
This voice, which with your woe the world acquaints,  
Doth moue me more, then all the *Persians* armes.

Madame, take courage, be affraide of none :  
You may expect what helpe I can afforde :  
I sweare by *Ioues* inviolable throne,  
And doe protest by my imperiall worde,  
That neither I, nor any wight shall wrong you.  
Yea more then this, I lay my faith in paund,  
You shall be honoured heere as doth belong you :  
And, as it were, in your owne Court command.

*Sta. Reg.* Ah how can I command, whilst I am thrall?  
What can I haue who wanting one want all?

*Alex.* Though it seeme glorious in some victors fight  
T'abuse their captiues, and triumph in ill :  
The larger growe the limites of my might,  
The more I striue for to restraine my will,  
The sauegarde of my fauour shall extend  
Not only t'wards you, but t'wards all your traine.  
I shall haue care that who on me attend  
From offering wrong to you, or yours refraine.

If any prease t'impugne what I appoint,  
Or would in ambush for your honour lie,  
Or discontent you but in any point,  
As *Alexander* liues, that wretch shall die.



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

*Sta. Reg.* O what a hoste of euils, where ere I goe,  
Are still encroaching on my down-cast state?  
And must I be beholden to my foe,  
Who doth deuide me from my royall mate?

Should he helpe me who would exterminate him?  
Curst be my hart, if it betray him thus.  
Eternall shadowes not these eies first dim,  
Ere such a sight be gratefull vnto vs.

I holde not of my selfe; Lord, I am thine:  
Thy loue was sow'ne not in a barren field,  
But in a fertile ground: this hart of mine  
To thee, my deere, no small increase doth yeeld.

Yet this good fortune doth mis-fortune bring;  
My constancie shall now be clearlie knowne:  
Another might haue lou'd a happie King:  
But I will loue thee though thou be ore-throwne.

*Alex.* Faine would I strue to cōfort in some measure  
This mourning Queene, and mitigate her paine;  
Whose woe doth make my victorie no pleasure,  
But hath ensowr'd the sweetnesse of my gaine.

*Sis.* Most mightie King, thou do'st deserue indeed  
That, as for *Darius*, we should pray for thee,  
Who doest so farre in clemencie exceed,  
That thou bewailst our losse no lesse then he.

Thou hast not onely by thy worth surmounted  
All other Kings in dignitie alone,  
And benefits of Fortune most accounted,  
But in all vertues worthie of a throne.

Thou do'st vouchsafe on me (more then I craue)  
The title of a Queene, and mother still:  
But I confesse my selfe thy humble slaue,  
Whose life hath now no limits but thy will.

I haue all that imagin'd good forgote,  
Which greatnesse gaue: I'le looke no more so sadlie:  
But



*The Tragedy of Darius.*

But will allow of this my present lot,  
And beare the burthen of my bondage gladly.

If that this wretched woman heere were free,  
Who hath no heaven except her husbands face,  
I could content my selfe (great Prince) to be  
The meanest hand-maide that attends your grace.

*Alex.* You may command me, as I were your Sonne,  
Whose duteous loue shall prooue no lesse intire.

*Sis.* Heauens recompence the court'sy thou hast done  
Which all succeeding ages shall admire.

*Alex.* Those captiu'd Princeesses haue pierc'd my soule,  
Who eu'n amid'st our heaven haue found a hell.

*Hep.* What stoick brow his passions could controule,  
As not to weepe, if he re-marked well

The teares of these faire Ladies causing wonder,  
Who neede not challenge nature of her duty;  
But borne to bring, although they be brought vnder,  
Giue greece a grace for to apparrell beauty,

Sir, such a victorie hath not beene seene  
As you haue gain'd, whose greatnesse well appeares;  
The largest kingdome, and the fairest Queene,  
That *Asia* vaunted of these many yeares.

Durst *Ledaes* or *Agenors* brood compare  
With that sweete Queene, the honour of her kinde?  
But as she is aboue all other faire,  
As farre her daughters make her go behinde.

It seem'd at first that sorrow had beene sleeping  
While as these Virgines in their Grand-dames bosome  
With weeping beautie, and with beauties weeping  
Did with a haile of pearle blast beauties blossome.

So large a pow'r is to no Prince allotted,  
As to loues Empire in their face confynd.

*Alex.* O how is my *Hephestion* thus assotted?  
Dare follie seeke t'assault so braue a minde?

*The Tragedy of Darius*

Dare *Cupid* enter in an armed campe,  
And *Mars* owne minions thus presume to danton?  
Must his soft seale Steele-wearing stomacks stampe,  
And make them tributaries to that wanton?

*Hep.* We dare resist (whil'st many a thousand dies)  
Against th'inuasion of a world of men:  
Yet if in yuorie orbes two Sunnie eies  
Assault the soule at vnawares, O then

Some secret sympathie, some vn-knowne motion  
So charmes the minde, that vaine are all defenses.  
The hart drunke with the eies contagious potion  
Corrupts the spirits and poysons all the senses.

*Alex.* But I in my conceat doe skorne all such:  
No, I resolue to be a thrall to none:  
Yea, ere I but abase my selfe so much,  
I'll rather die ten thousand deathes in one.

Should I be bound with vile affections chaines,  
As one obliuious of my former fame?  
This resolution still my soule retaines,  
To ballance nothing with a noble name.

O what a great indignity is this  
To see a Conquerour to his lust a slaue?  
Who would the title of true worth were his  
A minde surmounting euery vice must haue.

The brauest trophée euer man obtain'd  
Is that, which ou'r himselfe himselfe hath gain'd.

*Hep.* I ioy, my soueraigne, that as you excell  
Not onely men, but *Mars* himselfe in armes:  
So you by vertues might the power repell  
Of beautie, loue, and *Cithereas* charmes.

Your vertue bright, whose rayes shine in your words  
And thence to my harts center are reflected;  
Now ouer my selfe such pow'r to me affords,  
That with fond loue I loth to be infected.

*Exeunt.*  
A C.



*The Tragedy of Darius.*



ACTVS TERTIVS.

Scen. III.

*BESSVS, NARBAZANES.*

*Bes.* **N**OW since, *Narbazanes*, we are come hither,  
Let vs accomplish what we haue intended:  
And ioyne our wit, our force, and all together,  
That it may be no sooner knowne then ended.

You see occasion call vs, whil'st we sleepe,  
And point vs out the way to be aduanc'd;  
Yea blames our sluggishnesse that cannot keepe  
The course of things which for our weale haue chanc'd  
The heauens abhorre our King, & strue t'vndo him:  
Nothing doth prosper that he enterprises:  
Some new disaster daylie falles vnto him:  
Some crosse o'er-thwarts all things that he deuises.

In no strict limites should our thoughts be bounded  
Whom so great happines seemes to importune:  
For since our King is like to be confounded,  
Vpon his fall we both may builde our fortune.

*Na.* I shall not faile for to performe my part:  
I of your words exceedingly allow:  
Honour, and wealth are the idols of my hart,  
Which if I may obtaine, I care not how.

And yet I would we had some faire pretence.  
Our countries care must seeme our soules to comber:  
This seeming zeale must shaddow our offence:  
For such a show will satisfie a number.

Let vs be well aduis'd, ere we resolue:



*The Tragedy of Darius.*

And then endeuour t'execute it soone.  
If we our selues once in this worke involue,  
And then not finishe it, we are vndone.

*Bes.* He hath sent one to *Alexander* late  
To speake of peace, but did the same in vaine:  
And now involu'd in a despair'd estate,  
Bar'd from accorde, he cannot waite sustaine.

His purpose is his Captaines to conuene,  
To aske of them some counsell for his fastie:  
A time more fit for vs could not haue beene.  
Who minde to compasse Kings must needs be crafty.

For to atchieue that which we thinke to doe,  
A course more fit we by no meanes could finde,  
Then crooked seeming-vpright counsell to  
Disguise our practises, and maske our minde.

We will aduise him to renounce a space  
His state to some one, whom he may desire  
But for the fashion to accept his place,  
And as himselfe a certaine time impyre.

Whose better fortune may perchance bring back  
That which his euer ebbing beares away:  
Then he againe his Diademe shall take,  
And as before the regall scepter sway.

*Na.* Well then amongst our selues, t'auoid, debate  
Which vndermines so many a mighty action.  
I will preferre you to the imperiall seate.  
And to approoue the same will frame my faction.

*Bes.* All that is one, which of vs two receiue it,  
Since euery thing doth equallie belong vs:  
I'll take it for the forme, not that I craue it,  
For we will part his Empire all among vs.

But if he condescend to this we craue,  
Which at the first vnfolding would seeme good:  
Let him not thinke vs two such fooles to leaue

And

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

That which so many Monarkes buy with blood.

Who once aduanc'd would willingly goe downe,  
And not loue in authoritie to stand?

'Tis not the custome so to quite a Crowne,  
When one hath know'n how sweet it's to command.

This name of faith but to get credite fain'd,  
If it were ballanc'd with a kingdome, straight  
In them whose consciences are most restrain'd  
T'would soone succumbe, a scepter hath such waight.

*Na.* Yet to betray our King we haue no reason :  
When I muse on th'attempt it makes me sorrie :  
Our name stain'd with this odious stile of treason  
Shall leaue our successours more shame, then glorie.

We first must end all our designs with paine,  
Then raigne with teare, and liue securelie neuer ;  
As in a dreame a space with pompe remaine,  
Then die disgrac'd, in infamie for euer.

The sacred title of a Soueraigne King  
Doth strike a terrour in my troubled thought,  
And maiestie, t'amaze my minde, doth bring,  
Whose aspect only hath great wonders wrought.

*Bes.* To idle sounds, and frivolous reports  
Giue thou a pasporte, for they last not long :  
And all that thou alledgest nought imports.  
A Crowne may couer any kinde of wrong.

What hainous thing so odious is by nature,  
That for a Kingdome hath not beene committed :  
To be a King let me be cal'd a traitour ;  
Faith, if for ought, for this may be omitted.

Those are but feeble braines, which fancies lode  
With timorous dreames, that bare surmising brings.  
Who feare vaine shaddowes must not come abrode.  
Too warie-wits dare neuer worke great things.

If our braue proiect happilie succede,



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

(As now I doubt not but it shall do soone)  
We straight will finde enough t'applaud our deede,  
And sooth vs vp in all that we haue done.

*Na.* To haue the time and manner then præfixt,  
Command the *Bactrians* all themselues to arme,  
And to attend till we aduertise next,  
Prompt for all perils at the first alarme.

Then through the Campe a rumour we will spread,  
That hopelesse *Darius* hath dispairelie gone  
With violence to dwell amongst the dead,  
And seeme therefore excessiuelie to mone.

The *Persians* we with promises must feede,  
So to disarm him of his natiue pow'rs:  
Then we will apprehend himselve with speede:  
For while that he is free nothing is ours.

That we may seeme to vse him with respect,  
(As to the state of such a Prince pertaines:)  
We will not this last ornament neglect;  
He shall be bound, but bound with golden chaines.

To *Alexander* after we will send,  
And offer *Darius* in his hands t'appease him;  
Then craue his fauour, that he will defend  
Vs as his friends, who haue done all to please him;  
If his good-will we cannot thus procure,  
And he vs with extremitie pursue;  
With *Darius* death we will our states assure,  
Then raise fresh forces, and the warres renue.

*Bes.* Let vs henceforth for nothing be dismaide,  
But striue our selues courageouslie to beare:  
This dangerous action would not be delai'd,  
Least time worke his assurance, and our feare.

*Exeunt.*

CHO.



*The Tragedie of Darius.*



CHORVS.

**T**ime, through Ioues iudgement iust,  
Huge alterations brings :  
Those are but fooles that trust  
In transitory things,  
Whose tailes beare mortall stings,  
Which in the end will wound.  
And let none thinke it strange,  
Though all things earthly change  
In this inferiour rounde.  
What is from ruine free ?  
The elements which be  
At variance (as we see)  
Eache other doe confound :  
The earth and aire makewarre :  
The fire and water are  
Still wrestling at debate :  
All those through colde and heate,  
Through drouth, and moisture iar :  
No wonder though men change and fade,  
Who of those changing elements are made.

How dare vaine worldlings vaunt  
Of fortunes goods not lasting,  
Euils that our wittes enchaunt,  
Expos'd to losse and wasting.  
Loe we to death are hasting,  
Whilst we these things discusse.  
All things from their beginning,

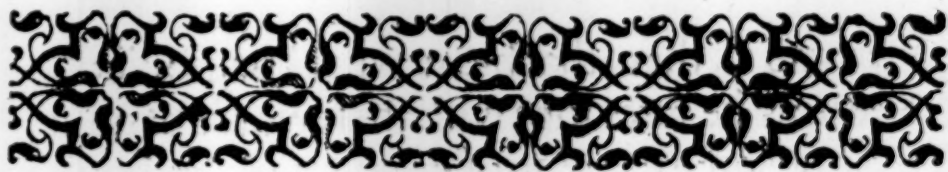
## *The Tragedie of Darius.*

*Vnto an end are running :  
Heauen hath ordain'd it thus.  
We heare how heauen doth thunder ;  
We see th'earth burst a sunder ;  
And yet we neuer ponder,  
VVhat this imports to vs.  
Those fearfull signes doe proue,  
That th'angrie pow'rs aboue  
Are mou'd to indignation  
Against this wretched nation,  
VVhich they no longer loue :  
What are we but a puffe of breath,  
Who liue assur'd of nothing but of death ?*

*VVho was so happie yet,  
As neuer had some crosse :  
Though on a Throne he sit,  
And is not vs'd with losse,  
Yet fortune once will tosse  
Him, when that least he would.  
If one had all at ones  
Hydaspes pretious stones,  
And yellow Tagus golde,  
All th' Orient all treasure,  
And euery earthly pleasure,  
Euen in the greatest measure,  
It should not make him bold.  
For while he liues secure,  
His state is most vn Timer.  
VVhen it doth least appeere,  
Some heauie plague drawes neere,  
Destruction to procure.  
We may compare th'earths glory to a flowre,  
That flourisheth and fadeth in an houre.*

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

*In what we most repose  
We finde our comfort light:  
The thing we soonest lose  
That's precious in our sight.  
For honour, riches, might  
Our liues im-paund we lay:  
Yet all like flying shadowes,  
Or flowers enambling medowes,  
Euansh and decay.  
Long time we toile to finde  
Those idols of the minde,  
Which got we cannot binde  
T'abide with vs one day.  
Then why should we presume  
On treasures that consume,  
Difficile to obtaine,  
Difficile to retaine,  
A dreame, a breath, a fume;  
Which vexeth them most who them possesse,  
Who starue with store, and famish with excesse.*



ACTVS QVARTVS. Scen. I.

*DARIVS, TIRIOTES.*

*Tir.* **A**H, must I poyson now my Princes eares  
with the worst newes that euer burthē'd fame?  
Had I as many tongues, as I haue teares,  
All would not serue my sorrowes to proclame.

*Dar.* Great signes of greefe I in thy face discern:



*The Tragedy of Darius*

Spare not for to report this heauie crosse  
To one, I feare, whome it doth most concerne.  
Ist death, disgrace, distruction, treason, losse?

Tell on the summe of horiour at the first:  
With no ambiguous words my paine prolong:  
'Tis comfort to a wretch to know the worst:  
And I haue learn'd to be vnhappy long.

What least I speake, and yet suspect too much,  
Ist some ludibrious message of my skorne,  
Which must wound me? but ah no torment such,  
As this to them who that disgrace haue borne.

*Tir.* She was not wrong'd, as you haue misconceiu'd.  
The Gods haue had a care for to preferue her:  
Such fauour of the victour she receiu'd,  
As of her subiects that were bound to serue her.

But what a vollie doth my voice prepare  
Of woes to charge your eares, woes full of dread?  
Would God ere I the somme thereof declare,  
That I might die in saying she is dead.

Curst caitiue, was it not enough, alas,  
That I beheld her die, and would haue died,  
But that I must arm'd with sad tydings pas  
To wound all them that heare what I haue spied?

See how he fares shot with these words of mine,  
As one become the pray of greefe, and death.

*Dar.* Yet doth the Sunne on my affliction shine,  
And sees the aire infected with my breath.

And can I liue, and looke them in the face,  
That haue my ignominious o're-throw seene?  
And how I vanquish'd, vanquish'd with disgrace  
Engag'd at once my kingdome, and my Queene?

Heauen bruse me all to powder with thy thunder,  
That I no more may in the world remaine  
The obiect of thy wrath, and Fortunes wonder;

Spoil'd

*The Tragedy of Darius.*

Spoil'd of all hope; yet kept for greater paine.

Al! art thou dead, and doe I liue behinde thee?  
Thy faultie husband thinkst thou so to flie?  
If it be thus, then I know where to finde thee.  
This onely greeues me that too late I die.

O *Alexander*, what such hainous ill  
Haue I done thee, that thou requit'st me thus?  
Whom of thy friendes, or kindred did I kill?  
This crueltie comes vnderferu'd of vs.

Think that thou hadst iust causes to make warre:  
Yet vpon women should thy wrath be wroken?  
This Tirrannie shall all thy Triumphe marre,  
And euer shall to thy reproach be spoken.

*Tir.* Sir, without cause you guiltie him esteeme.  
I know her death did grieuouſlie displease him:  
A wondrous thing (which few, or none would deeme)  
He tooke it so, that nothing could appease him.

Euen as my Soueraigne now, so then he smarted;  
And when he came to ease your mothers griefe,  
As if that his owne mother had departed;  
He seem'd to need, not for to giue reliefe.

*Dar.* If any sparkes of that respect remaine,  
Which should with reason moue thy minde to ruth,  
I pray the *Tiriot*es now be plaine,  
Or els strange torments shall exact the truth:

I loth to let this question scape my mouth,  
Which both I blush to craue, and long to know,  
If possible so insolent a youth  
Did neuer tempt the treasure which I owe?

Could this imperious Prince in flowre of age  
Haue such a peerelesse beautie in his power,  
And yet not seeke to quench his ardent rage  
With the destruction of her honours flowre?

Spare not to tell vpon what deadly shelve



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

My ioy is perish'd quite, and I defac'd.

The feare of euill is worse then th'euill it selfe:

It's to die twise, to die, and die disgrac'd.

*Ti.* Let not those loue-bred feares abuse your thought:

By all the world no fable I contriue.

If I speake partiallie, or lie in ought,

Earth open vp, and swallow me aliue.

He whom your Grace so wrongfully suspects,

No, not in thought, hath once your Queene abus'd,

But as his sister still in all respects,

As chastlie, and as honourable vs'd.

When fortune first our warlike troupes had scattered,

And with great slaughter put them all to flight;

We, whom she late so louingly had flattered,

Were made the patternes of that changlings might.

For hauing found a Crowne trod on the ground.

*Dar.* O lasting shame that cannot be recur'd.

*Tir.* We straight imagin'd that some cruell wound

Had kild my Lord, and wail'd it as assur'd.

*Dar.* Would God I then had died, as I desir'd,

So t'haue preuented those ensuing harmes;

Before my honour and my hap expir'd,

With Crowne on head, & with my Queene in armes.

*Tir.* But *Alexander* hauing heard our cries

Sent one t'enquire th'occasion of our woe;

Who finding whence our error did arise,

Gaue full assurance that it was not so.

Then he himselfe vnto our tent resorted,

And with most courteous speeches full of loue

Your mother, wife, and children oft exhorted

Such vaine surmized terrours to remoue.

With protestation that they should expect

No harme of him their courage to appale:

Each thing he did accordinglie direct,

That



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

That no man might endamage them at all.

Thus hauing them against all dangers arm'd  
(I thinke for feare, for who would not haue fear'd  
Least such an Angels graces had him charm'd)  
He neuer more before her face appear'd.

Or was it vertue that would flie the sting  
Of trustlesse pleasures that abuse the sense?  
So continent a victour, and a king  
Was neuer seene. He fled what caus'd offence.

He doth his fame aboue all things prefer,  
And will not be where it may blemish finde,  
Nor giue his eyes commoditie to erre,  
Nor suffer impure thoughts to staine his minde.

He stai'd till that faire face had lost all vigour,  
And with the coulours of pale death was painted.

*Dar.* Iniurious heauen that with such hellish rigour  
The purest worke that nature made hath tainted.

*Tir.* When he beheld death triumph in that face,  
Which late had triumph'd ou'r a Monarcks hart,  
He mon'd no lesse her miserable cace,  
Then you that losse in her your better part.

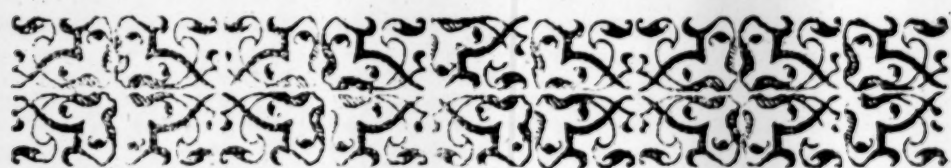
And when some dayes his dolour had ou'r-come,  
Her funerals solemnelie to decore  
He vs'd such honour, as might well become  
The *Persian* pompe in prosperous times before.

*Dar.* O supreame pow'r that of Empires disposest,  
And ratifiest thy will with fearfull thunder,  
Who, as thou pleasest, placest, and de-posest  
Vncertaine worldlings whiles aboue, whiles vnder,

I pray thy Deitie in my soules distresse,  
If that th'inhabitants of heauen can heare  
The plaints of those who this lowe point possesse,  
Or that th'immortall can giue mortals care,  
Vouchsafe this my last sute for to fulfill :

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Establish first this scepter in my hand :  
But if through my deserving, or thy will  
The race of *Cyrus* must no more command ;  
And if thy heavenly breast such hate contracts,  
That I must needs my Diadem forgoe :  
Let him succeed who prooves in all his acts  
So iust a Victour, and so milde a foe.



ACTVS QVARTVS. Scen.II.

*DARIVS, ARTABAZVS, NARBAZENES*  
*PATRON, BESSVS.*

*Dar.* IF Fortune had ioynd me with dastard mindes,  
Who to a noble death base life prefer'd,  
I should not harrengue heere vnto the windes,  
But be content to haue my fate defer'd.

O, I repent I proou'd your worth too much,  
Who still haue follow'd me in all estates.  
I rather should, then doubt that you are such,  
Praise to proue worthy of so worthie mates.

Yee onlie rest of all that I conducted,  
Of whose great force and faith, which many sing,  
I by two fights, and flights haue beene instructed :  
Yet hauing you I thinke my selfe a King.

He hath plac'd traitours in my townes most ample,  
Not that he honours them (he hates their humour)  
But to seduce you to by their example,  
Then bannish all for euery little rumour.

Yee haue not to my Fortune had regarde,  
But free lie-follow'd my euill fortun'd warres :

Which,

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Which, though that I might not, *Ioue* would rewarde,  
And all the world extoll you to the starres.

How long shall I a vagabond remaine,  
And flie a stranger who my right would reauē?  
Since by one battell we may re-obtaine  
All that we lost, or loose all that we haue.

Like those vile traitours, whom I will arraigne  
To holde me vp, shall I goe cast me downe?  
Must *Darius* onlie by entreatie raigne?  
No, none hath pow'r to take, or giue my Crowne.

I shall not my authoritie sur-viue,  
Nor will I proffer a submissiue breath:  
My hand shall holde a scepter while I liue:  
My head shall beare a Diadem till death.

If those franke thoughts that doe possesse my soule,  
Such flames of vertue kindled haue in you;  
A *Macedonian* neuer shall controule  
Our noble actes, nor laugh to see vs bow.

My state may testifie fraile Fortunes change:  
May she not him o're-whelme, as well as me?  
At least our hands beare death, if not revenge:  
For who can stop a stout hart for to die?

Thinke of your auncestors, I you exhort,  
Who made the *Grecians* tributaries euer;  
And of whose wondrous actes men do report  
Great things, the same whereof shall perish neuer.

Shall future ages in your praise be dombe,  
Whil'st they your Fathers memorie adore?  
I am resolu'd, my Triumphe, or my Tombe  
A Laurell, or a Cipresse shall decore.

*Art.* What vaine amazement doth disturbe our spi-  
Let vs consult no further but goe to. (rits?)

He, who the *Persians* wonted worth inherites,  
Will not rest long aduising what to doe?



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Come let vs with our best attire and armes  
Accompanie our King to this last strife:  
Through bloody squadrons, and through hote alarmes  
By slaughter onlie we must looke for life.

And when our host, as I hope shall preuaile,  
Our cuntry shall haue peace, we praise of right:  
And if our Fortune, not our courage, faile,  
We die with honour in our Soueraignes fight.

Let vs, if vanquish'd, be asham'd to be.  
A glorious death may greater honour giue.  
Doe to o're-come, and yet not feare to die.  
It's needfull that we fight, not that we liue,

*Na.* My words will first your Maiestie displease:  
Yet dutie makes me speake where silence spillles:  
The fine Phisician cures a sharpe disease  
With some sowre potion that corruption killles.

The skilfull Pilote when he feares a storme,  
To saue the ship will cast out precious things:  
Yet I perswade you not in any forme  
To further, but to stay what ruine brings.

We warre against the Gods, we cannot speede:  
To all our actions Fortune is oppos'd.  
We must of force some other way proceede:  
So haue the heau'ns of our affaires dispos'd.

Deare Sir, giue ou'r the gouernment and stile  
To some more happie man, not in effect:  
But cloth him with your shaddow for a while,  
Till he your Realmes halfe ruin'd re-erect.

When he hath clam'd this tempest now so hote,  
And settled *Asia* with a good successe?  
He will your kingdomes lost with what he got  
Restore: appearance promises no lesse.

All *Bactria* yet abides at your command:  
The *Indians*, loe, would die to doe you good:

Yea

*The Tragedy of Darius.*

Yea many thousand thousands armed stand,  
Bent for your pleasure to bestow their blood.

What? should we rush like beastes to needlesse strife?  
Be well prepar'd, and then pursue that stranger:  
Braue mindes should death despise not lothing life.  
Base cowards craue to die for feare of danger.

But vertue, to haue no support ou'rpast,  
Will first on all meanes possible be thinking:  
And when that all is proou'd, death is the last,  
To which it is ynough to goe not shrinking.

Now for the time let *Bactria* be our seat,  
To *Bessus* for the forme your Crowne resigne:  
Who, when he once hath re-aduanc'd you state,  
Shall quite all soueraigntie at the first signe.

*Dar.* Wretch, trauellest thou thy soueraigne to betray?  
Such treason dardest thou to our eares impart?  
Such treason vnder trust? Stay traitour, stay:  
He sheath my sworde euen in thy traiterous hart.

*Art.* Sir, you must strue to haue this passion broken.  
Consider what they are, what is the time:  
It may be they through ignorance haue spoken:  
In thought, and not in word, consists a crime.

Since to affront your enimie you goe,  
You must not stirre for euery little obiekt:  
But tollerate your owne, t'offend your foe.  
For now i'ts time time to loue not lose a subiect.

I shall get triall vpon what pretence  
This ou'r-sight in aduise hath beene committed.  
If through simplicitie, not for offence,  
He must be pardon'd and his speech remitted.

*Dar.* I wish that it were so. I take no pleasure  
To ruine them that would my fortune cherish.

*Na.* Your grace wil grant me mercie in some measure.  
First heare, and if I faile then let me perish.



*The Tragedy of Darius.*

I call the Gods to witnesse of my cace,  
Who can decipher euery secret thought:  
If I intended treason toward your Grace,  
Straight where I stand let me be turn'd to nought.

I counsel'd but according to my skill:  
It was my vpright minde that made me bolde.  
I rue my wit not answer'd to my will:  
Yet zeale what it conceiues must needs vnfolde.

We should beware to speake in great affaires,  
Where words are damn'd, or ballanc'd by th'euent.  
For if things faile, the fault is still thought theirs  
Who gaue th'aduise, though of a good intent.

I fall before your feete heere for refuge:  
Then let me not be without cause reiected:  
At least, examine first before you iudge:  
Ile rather die absolu'd, then liue suspected.

*Dar.* Your fond opinion first was to be feared,  
Which seem'd indeede sinistriously inclin'd:  
For at the first your speech to me appear'd  
Th' envenom'd birth of some malicious minde.

But since you purge you so, Ile not araigne you,  
Nor further call your loyalty in doubt:  
But in the same degree of grace retaine you,  
That you were in before these wordes brake out.

I thinke that *Patron* lookes with speaking eies,  
As if his minde were mightily perplexed:  
Come, *Patron*, tell what in thy bosome lies,  
Wherewith thou seemest so wonderfullie vexed.

*Pa.* Sir, I would speake in priuie, If I could,  
That which th'affection of my soule affordes:  
It must be seal'd with silence, and I would  
That none were present to report my words.

Of fifty thousand *Greekes* foure only rest,  
Companions in all perils with your host:

A like



*The Tragedy of Darius.*

Alike with you delighted and distrest :  
As faithfull now as when you flourish'd most.

Where you remaine we must remaine with you :  
All kinde of fortunes haue vs ioynd together.  
Appoint our tents for your Paviilion now ;  
And we will guard you, if that you come thither.

We haue abandon'd *Greece*, our native soile :  
We haue no *Bactria* to be our retreat :  
Our hope is all in you : those that would spoile  
Vs of your person ruine all our state.

Would God that all your armie did their due :  
To vse moe words th'occasion is not fit.  
I should not vrge you, if your owne were true,  
Your custodie to strangers to commit.

*Dar.* What suddaine accident doth this dismay you  
That you such inconveniences fore cast?

*Pa.* Sir, *Bessus* and *Narbaſanes* betray you :  
This day to you, or them will be the last.

They faine repentance onlie to dissemble,  
Till euery thing be for the fact prepar'd.  
Their friends in hast doe all their force assemble,  
And once ere night minde to inuade your garde.

*Dar.* I credite you : but yet I cannot wrong  
My subiects so, to thinke of them the worst :  
Shall I leaue them who follow'd me so long?  
By doing so to make my selfe accurst.

I will awaite on what the heau'ns will offer,  
For who can stand when fates his fall conspire?  
Among mine owne I willingly will suffer.  
I liue too long if they my death desire.

*Bes.* Take heede, Sir, to this subtile-witted Greeke :  
The *Gracians* faith to all the world is knowne.  
I am enform'd he by all meanes doth seeke  
To win his grace who hath your state o're-throwne.

And

*The Tragedy of Darius*

And maruell not though mercenarie men,  
Who sell themselues, sell all : beleue them neuer.  
They haue no God but gold, nor house : how then  
Can they be constant that are changing euer?

Although that he pre-occupie you thus,  
And others who themselues abuse your Grace:  
Faith shall be found inuiolate in vs,  
When our accuser dare not show his face.

*Dar.* Who hope to haue of *Alexander* gaine,  
Or honour to be false, they haue no reason:  
No man on earth doth traitours more disdaine,  
Nor more seuearly will b'aueng'd on treason.

*Bes.* Well, Sir, you shall see shortlie what we are:  
I will goe see your Ensignes all displaid.

*Dar.* It's better now since things are gone so farre,  
Then seeme for to mistrust, to be betraide.

Loe *Artabazus*, I haue acted heere  
My part of greatnesse, and my glasse is run.  
Now *Patrons* speech doth euident appeare.  
I see my end, yet can it no way shun.

*Art.* The *Bactrians* only medled haue with this.  
Go to the *Gracians* campe, when that is done.  
And when your danger once divulged is,  
The *Persians* all will follow after soone.

*Dar.* And what if I were gone to patrons Tent,  
And guarded with the *Greekes* as you desire:  
He hath but thousands foure that are well bent;  
They thirty thousand that my fall conspire.

And doing this I should their deede excuse,  
In giuing them a motion who haue might.  
They may indeede my lenitie abuse:  
But by my deede they shall pretend no right.

*Art.* O deplorable Prince, who can but weepe  
To see thee now reduc'd to this estate?

*Dar.*

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

*Dar.* Retire you all, and seeke your selues to keepe :  
I heere attend the issue of my fate.

I knowe yee wonder all how I can stand,  
Downe from the top of all contentment throwne,  
And not die desperately by mine owne hand.  
He die through others guilt, not through mine owne.

None of you all haue falsified your troath,  
But with me loyall still to th'end yee abide.  
Now I you all disburthen of your oath :  
Leaue me alone, and for your selues prouide.

*Exeunt.*



*D A R I U S.*

O Wretched Monarchie, vaine mortals choice,  
The glorious st p to a disgrace-full fall :  
Our pow'r depends vpon the peoples voice,  
And to seeme soueraigne needs we must serue all.  
Yet blowne, like blathers, with ambitions winde,  
On enuied scepters weaklie we relie :  
And calling not our fraile estate to minde,  
Not onlie earth, but heavens themselves defie.

This hellish hag our restless minde doth tosse,  
While carried with a popular applause,  
T'enlarge our limites with our neighbours losse,  
We of our owne confusions are the cause.

And when th'ecclipse comes of our glories light,  
Then what auailles th'adoring of our name :  
A meere illusion made to mock the sight,  
Whose best was but the shaddow of a dreame ?

Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt ;  
Not sceptours, no, but reeds, loone brus'd soone broke :

H

And



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

And let this worldlie pompe our wits inchant.  
All fades, and scarcely leaues behinde a token.

Those golden Pallaces, those gorgeous halles,  
With furniture superfluously faire:  
Those statelie Courts, those sky-encountering walles  
Evanish all like vapours in the aire.

O what affliction iealous greatnesse beares,  
That still must trauell to hold others downe;  
Whil't all our guardes not guard vs from our feares?  
So greeuous is the burthen of a Crowne.

Where are they all who at my feete did bowe,  
While I was made the idole of so many?  
What ioy had I not then? what haue I now?  
Then honoured of all, now scarce of any.

Our painted pleasures but apparrell paine:  
We spend our dayes in dread, our liues in dangers,  
Battles to the starres, and thralles to Fortunes raigne,  
Knowne vnto all, yet to our selues but strangers.

A golden Crowne doth couer leaden cares:  
The Scepter cannot lulle their thoughts a-sleepe,  
Whose breasts are fraught with infinite dispaire,  
Of which the vulgar wits sounds not the deepe.

The Bramble growes, although it be obscure;  
While mightie Cedars feeble the blustering windes:  
And milde Plebeian spirits may liue secure,  
While mightie tempests tesse imperiall mindes. (ces,

What are our daies, but dreames, our raignes but tra-  
Whil't brain-sick reaving with our Fortunes feuer.  
We still are vext with changes and mischances,  
Till death vs both from life and scepter seuer?

The vanitie of greatnesse I haue proou'd,  
And beene the wonder of each gazing eye:  
Now that deceauing shaddow is remoou'd;  
And I my wretched state too late espie.

Now

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Now bound with chaines, (which though they be of  
Diminish not my thraldome ought the more) [gold,  
When this preposterous honour I beholde,  
It but vpbraides me what I was before.

And what was I before (though to each eye  
The forme of my affliction was not knowne )  
But fettered in effect, while I seem'd free,  
And in a labyrinth of labours throwne?  
Was I not bound to serue then all mens humour,  
Or to be censur'd with some Critick storie;  
Still clog'd with cares, afflought for euery rumour.  
O glorious bondage, burthen-able glorie.

That dignitie which deified me late,  
And made the world doe homage to my name,  
Now cannot succour my accursed state,  
But hath with my mis-fortune fethered fame.

My best was but a momentarie blis,  
Which leaues behinde this euerlasting sting,  
That of all woe no woe is like to this,  
To thinke I was, and am not now a King.

No man with me in all accomplish'd ioyes,  
That satisfie the soule, could once compare:  
No man may matche me now in sad annoyes,  
And all the miseries that breede dispaire.

Thise Fortune did my gallant troupes entrap,  
And I to fall did desperately stand;  
Yet could not be so happie in mishap,  
As for t'haue died by some renowned hand.

But for my greater grieve, disgrace, and scorne,  
(The mindes of men so apt are to deceaue)  
They whome aloft my favours wings haue borne,  
Ev'n they made me their maister thus a slaue.

Ah, did not death in prison from me reau  
The sacred soueraigne of my soules desires,

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

I wretch not being present to receaue  
The last cold kisse that might asswage my fires ?

Yet ô thrife happie thou, that hast not liu'd  
To beare a burthen of this great disgrace.  
More then a thousand deaths this had thee grieu'd,  
To know I died, and died in such a cace.

Ah, doe the pledges of our mutuall loue  
(The onlie comfort that the fates haue left me)  
Rest prison'd yet ? And may I not remooue  
My mother thence ? then is all blisse bereft me.

My paines are more then with my pleasures eu'n,  
Since first I in authoritie did enter.  
Was I exalted once vp to the heau'n,  
To be cast head-long downe to mischiefes center ?

My ample Empire, and my Princelie birth,  
My great magnificence, and vaine excesse,  
All cannot yeelde my minde one minutes mirth,  
To ease me now in this extreame distresse.

Loe heere, reduc'd vnto the worst of illes,  
Past helpe, past hope, and only great in griefe,  
I wait vpon two abiect vassals willes,  
And dare not, no, not thinke vpon reliefe.

Death would I scorne (my course must once haue rû)  
If I had first repair'd mine honours breach,  
Whose wounds so thrill my soule, as vnbeGUN  
The life I wish that does my fame impeach.

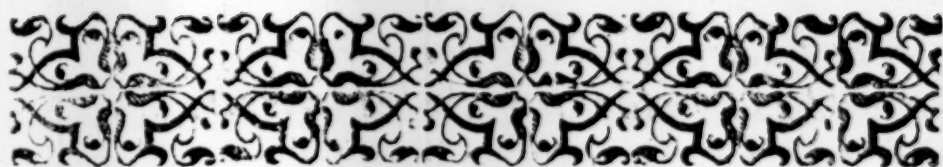
This mortall vaile I willingly resigne,  
Since to an ende my dayes the destinies bring :  
Nor will I so from Maiestie decline,  
As to doe ought vn-worthie of a King.

*Exit.*

CHO-



*The Tragedie of Darius.*



CHORVS.

*S*ome new disaster daylie doth forshewe  
Our coming ruine : We haue secne our b. st.  
Now fortune bent vs vtterly t'ore-throw,  
Throwes down our King from her wheels top so low,  
As by no meanes his state can be redr. st.  
And since his foes by armes haue him opprest,  
His friendes, and seruants leaue him all alone.  
Few haue compassion of his state distrest:  
~~As~~ false to him them selues doe many show.  
So foes and f. iend friendes conspire in one;  
Fraile Fortune, and the fates with them agree.  
With axes all runne on this fa'ling tree.

*T*his Prince in prosperous state hath florish'd long,  
And neuer dream'd of any euill successe,  
But was well follow'd while his state was strong:  
Him flattering Syrens with a charming song  
Stri'd to exalt : while-as he did possesse  
This earthly drosse, that with a vaine exceſſe  
He might reward their mercenary loue.  
But now when fortune driues him to distresse,  
His fauorites whom he remain'd among,  
With foes and fortune straight their faith remoue.  
And who for gaine to follow him were wont,  
They after gaine by his destruction hunt.

*O* more then happie ten times were that King,  
Who were unhappie but a little space,  
So that it did no vtter ruine bring,

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

*But made him proue (a profitable thing)  
Who of his traine, did best deserue his grace;  
Then could, and would of those the best imbrace,  
And flie such vultures as deuour him liuing;  
That these whom he found faithfull might haue place.  
O how this doth a generous stomacke sting,  
To see some grac'd for craft and lies contruying?  
This is the grieve that bursts an honest hart;  
Lords fauour commes by chance, not by desert.*

*Those Minions to whom Princes do extend,  
Aboue their worth, immoderate good-will,  
To the disgrace of good men, shew in end  
They onely in prosperity depend  
Not upon them, but on their Fortune still.  
Which if it change, they change: the though they fil,  
Their hopes with honour, and their chests with coine  
Yet if they fall, or their affaires goe ill,  
Those whom they rais'd, will not with them descend,  
But with th' ascending Sunne wil straight way ioyne.  
And doe forget all that they gaue before,  
For that of them they can expect no more.*

*The truth hereof in end now hath th'euent  
In Bessus, and Narbazanes approoued:  
On whom their Prince so prodigallie spent  
Affection, honour, titles, treasure, rent,  
And all that might each honest mind haue mooued  
So bountifull a Prince for to haue loued,  
Who so beningly tendred their estate.  
Yet they to him wyle traitours now haue proued:  
By them he is in-chain'd, disgrac'd, and shent;  
So as he well may rue, although too late,  
That he such stie Camelions changing beu*

*The Tragedie of Darius.  
Prefer'd to seruants dutifull and true.*

*But though a while those traitours speede,  
No doubt the heau'ns once vengeance will exact:  
The very horror of this haynous deede  
Doth make the harts of honest men to bleede:  
Yea, even the wicked hate this barbarous act:  
The heauens no hier choller can contract,  
Then for th' invasion of a sacred King:  
Who, as it were, out of the starres extract,  
Should feare and reuerence inferiours breede,  
To whom from him both health and wealth doth spring.  
But though on earth men should neglect this wrong,  
Heauens will those traitors plague ere it be long.*



ACTVS QVINTVS.

Scen. I.

HEPHESTION, ALEXANDER,  
POLISTRATVS.

*He. What story or what fable can recorde  
Of such a nombrous troupe so strangely lost?  
I know they quak'd to know it was my Lord,  
Whose name alone is worth anothers host.  
It scarce seemes credible in many partes:  
But traitors feare though al the world would backe the.  
They were but bodies destitute of harts:  
Moe prisoners they were then men to take them.  
Who would belecue so few durst striue to finde  
So great an armie, and the armie shrinkes  
What is impossible to a braue minde?*



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

True valour dare attempt all that it thinkes

*Alex.* In this encounter for I haue had the best  
It would content more then a common thought:  
But since we want the chiefe, what of the rest?  
I would be satisfied in all, or nought.

Those traitours thought I haue finish'd all the warre  
With giuing me their Lord, whom they had bound:  
But I distrust not mine owne force so farre,  
As for to builde vpon so base a ground.

Although indeede that *Darius* did me wrong,  
I will not suffer others to oppresse him.  
I keepe him for my selfe: he doth belong  
To me alone: none other should distresse him.

Whilst he did onely in himselfe confide,  
I labour'd by all meanes to make him bow:  
But since his hard estate abates that pride,  
Turn'd is my fury to compassion now.

Although he oft contemn'd me by his letter,  
Yet I am greeu'd to see him so deceiu'd.  
If he had but acknowledg'd me his better,  
'Twas not his blood, nor kingdome that I crau'd.

And if those traitours haue not kild him straight,  
Yet his deliuerie shall my name renoue:  
I would not loose a subiect of such waight,  
By which my clemencie might be made knowne:

*Po.* Sir, now your comming cannot doe him good.

*Al.* What al are fled? none haue my force withstood?

*Po.* Yet *Darius* cannot be redeem'd againe.

*Al.* Why, haue they set him free? or is he flaine?

*Po.* Now hath he got a liberty at last  
With no lesse ranome then his dearest breath.

*Al.* Then is all *Asius* expectation past.

Tell on at length the manner of his death.

*Po.* The boyling ardour of th'ascending Sunne

Had

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Had caus'd in me a moysture parching drouth,  
Which made me from the way a little runne,  
To finde some fountaine to refresh my mouth,  
Their where a source her liquors softly scatters,  
Which shaddow'd was from *Titans* parching beames,  
I coold my thirst with the colde christall waters.  
Which seem'd to murmur that I forc'd their streames.

When loe I sawe (a lamentable sight)  
Two wounded horses drawe a bloody coache,  
All clad with skinnies in most vncomely plight,  
Which narrowlie t'espy I did approach.

One was within, who could not long escape  
The doubtfull passage of th'infernall gates :  
Yet maiestie triumphing ou'r mishap,  
He seem'd to threaten fortune; and the Fates,  
And as not to so basse a fortune borne,  
While all his blood abundantly deval'd,  
Burst forth into these words in Fortunes scorne,  
As one whose courage could not be appal'd,

You gaze to see, and haue good cause wherefore,  
A man, no man; a King, no King; what monster?  
Now lesse then nought, who once was both, & more :  
Which few now by my present state would conster.

And yet amidst my euils I must reioyce,  
That this last comfort doth fore-goe my end :  
I speake to one that vnderstands my voice,  
And not in vaine my dying-speeches spend.

I am, but how? in name, but not in pow'r,  
That wretched *Darius* (which I should suppress)  
Once happy, as you heard, but at this houre  
The very patterne of extreame distresse;

Then a while pawsing after thus proceeded :  
Tell *Alexander* these last wordes from me :  
Although my hatred still t'wards him exceeded,

I

Yet



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

Yet I am forc'd far in his debt to die.

I thanke him highlie for his great good-will,  
My mother, wife, and children so preserving.  
Pray him t' vse them that rest as gently still  
For his owne goodnesse sake, not my deseruing.

They to his foe pertaine, and yet he striues  
To haue them honour'd now, as in times past :  
But those who held of me both lands and liues,  
Of land and life haue me depriu'd at last.

I pray you on my part entreat him thus  
Not to permit that vnreueng'd belowe  
My ghost do wander. By his care of vs  
That men his Iustice, and their fault may knowe.

Beside the honour, which he shall acquire  
In plaguing them that haue betraide my trust ;  
Men shall his magnanimitie admire,  
And feare t' offend him whome they finde so iust. .

Loe, all my pompe is past, my time expir'd :  
My wealth euanished like watrie bubbles.  
Ou'r many a mightie people I impyr'd :  
Yet hath my life beene but a stage of troubles.

And since my glasse is runne, my glory gone,  
And I dead to the world, the world to me ;  
I wish that all parts of th' earths globe in one  
May condescend his subiects for to be. (dead,

Then drouping downe, faint, bloodles, and halfe  
He prai'd to giue him water that stood by.

(A small request by such a Monarcke made)

Which when that he had gote : yet, ere I die,

This crosse must come (said he) t' vndoe me quite :  
Though most parts of the world once homage ought  
I haue not now the power for to requite (me;

This little benefit that thou hast brought me.

But *Alexander* shall rewarde thee well ;



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

And him the heauens, who hath not done amisse,  
To those that haue beene mine: his foe must tell  
That vnderferued courtesie of his.

Though none haue pow'r his pleasure to controule,  
If he entreate them well whom he retaines;  
It will procure no small rest to my soule,  
And make him famous, while the world remains.

When my sprit parts out of this tent of clay,  
Entreat some with my buriall to take order;  
Least churlish *Charon* force me for to stray  
An vn-respected ghost on *Stygian* border.

Let first my corps be carried to my mother,  
Who may it with my auncestors entombe:  
And, as she hath more cause then any other,  
May waile this wofull burthen of her wombe.

In pledge of that affection, which I beare  
Thy Soueraignes worth, whom now I must see neuer,  
Haue heere a Princes hand, I hold him deare,  
And recommend me to his grace for euer.

I scarce had got his hand, or toucht his vesture,  
When like a torch whose waxe and weeke is spent,  
Somewhat perplext, yet with a princely gesture,  
He died in peace: his sprit appear'd content.

*Alex.* Who could refraine frō teares to heare declar'd  
The desolation of this wretched wight:  
Haue subiects slaine their prince whō strangers spar'd?  
Vs hath he fled, that perish thus he might?

I for his fall am wonderfully sorie,  
Who *Nestors* age was worthie t'haue attain'd:  
I envie death, because it rob'd the glorie,  
Which I in giuing him his life had gain'd.

*Hep.* Since death hath put a periode to his woes,  
The fauour that t'wards him you thought t'extend,  
Conuert to furour now against his foes.

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

For your designs can haue no fairer end.

So shall you both attaine perpetuall praise,  
And winne their harts who see their Lord reveng'd,  
Then reape no little profite in your dayes,  
To haue the countrie of such vipers cleng'd.

If but one vertue should adorne a King,  
It should be Iustice : many great defects  
Are vaild thereby ; whereas each vertuous thing  
In one that is vniust, the world suspects.

*Alex.* Although your counsell, or yet his request  
Had not the pow'r to penetrate my eares :  
A generous stomack could not well digest  
So great a wrong : my minde it hardly beares.

My spirit impatient of repose disdaines  
That they so long this infamie suruiue.  
But I will punish with most greevous paines  
The horrid treason that they did contriue.

What? do they thinke, deceau'd with some illusion,  
That *Bactria* is a bulwarke for my ire?  
Flie where they list, they cannot scape confusion :  
My wrath shall follow like consuming fire.

Heauen cannot be a sanctuarie for them :  
I dare to force th'infernall caves aduenter :  
Th'earth cannot keepe them safe, if I abhorre them :  
Ile search them out though they were in the center.

And hauing gotten once those malefactors,  
Betwixt the bending boughes of two strong trees,  
Vnto th'eternall terrour of all traitours,  
They shall dismembred be before my eyes.

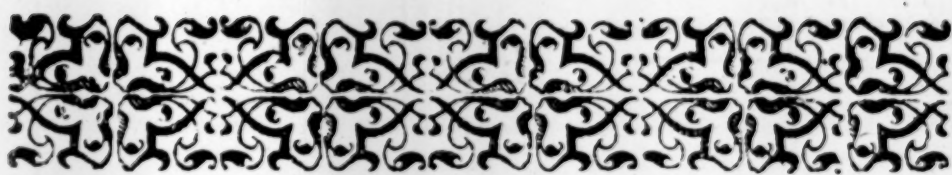
*Pol.* Sir, may it please your Grace to take some care,  
That some his funerall offices performe.

*Alex.* Goe presentlie and euery thing prepare  
According to the militarie forme.

*Exeunt.*

Actus

*The Tragedie of Darius.*



ACTVS QVINTVS.

Scen. 2.

*SISIGAMBIS, NVNTIVS,  
CHORVS.*

(feares,

*Sis.* **T**His looke, alas, hath fraught my soule with  
Speake, for my life doth on thy lips depend :  
Thy count'nance ( ah ) a dolefull coppie beares  
Of some sad summons to denounce my end.

Starue not my eares with famish for thy words :  
That swallow'd yet may make my hart to burst.

*Nun.* Madame the message that my' soule affordes  
Must once be known, and once knowne still accurst,

*Sis.* Be not a niggard of euil newes. *Nun.* And why ?

*Sis.* Fame will tell the world. *Nun.* But first to you.

*Sis.* Tel sone. *Nun.* Your son is dead. *Sis.* The let me die.

*Cho.* Her ioyes and pleasures are all perish'd now.

*Sis.* Why opens not the earth for to deuoure  
A cursed caitiue, that all ioy hath losse ?

The longer that I liue, my griefe growes more :  
Borne I am to mischief, kept to be crost.

Would God this body in mishappes abounding  
Were couered with some mountaine of huge waight,  
Or else that th'Ocean ou'r these fieldes inunding  
Might make my buriall in her bosome straight.

O *Alexander*, hast thou robd his life,

Yet entertain'd me still in hope to finde him ?



*The Tragedy of Darius.*

Why didst thou not first kill this poore old wim  
Who was not worthie to haue liu'd behind hi ?

Ah, tended all thy courtesie to this,  
That I should liue till thou hast slaine my sonne?

*Nun.* You wrong that worthie Prince: for he and his  
Came him to helpe, who was ere then vndone.

*Sis.* What impious hands durst one that wore a crown,  
And was thereof most worthie, murther for

*Nun.* Two who himself rais'd vp haue cast him down:  
More faithfull then his owne he found his foe.

*Sis.* Tell on thy message, message of my death,  
And load my minde with all mischiefe and horreur:  
That in sad sighes I may dissolue my breath,  
Whilst thou relat'st these tydings full of terrour.

*Nun.* When *Alexander* eftswoones back had sent  
Th' Ambassadors that peace had sought in vaine,  
A generall muster, then to try th'euent  
Of doubtfull *Mars*, King *Darius* did ordaine,  
And in one battell to aduenture all

Intending, caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,  
While two vile traitours did conspire his fall,  
Who *Bessus*, and *Narbazanes* were nam'd.

These two in counsell did discouer first  
Some portion of the poison of their hart:  
Which caus'd the King suspect, but not the worst.  
Yet with a sword he sought to make them smart.

But hauing scap'd the first brunt of his rage,  
With teares of Crocodiles they so lamented,  
As they his indignation did asswage,  
Whilst in appearance onlie they repented.

They came to *Artabazus*, honest man,  
Who iudg'd of others by his vpright minde,  
And could not, or through bountie would nor scan  
What they with craft and malice had desing'd.

*Chor.*

*The Tragedy of Darius.*

*Chor.* A sincere minde is euer least suspicious:

They think all faulty who themselues are visious.

*Nun.* They vrg'd him with the King to interceede.

That in his fauour he would giue them place;  
With promise that by some notorious deede  
Of armes they would seeke to deserue his grace.

He in their fauour first enform'd the King,  
The battell would beare witnesse of their truth;  
Then both before his maiesty did bring,  
Who was by their submission moou'd to ruth.

Their hands stretchd vp to heau'n, & hūbled knees,  
Their teares like those the Crocodiles doe shed,  
Woe in their face, and pittie in their eyes  
Did for compassion and for mercie plead.

The king of nature milde, prompt to receiue them,  
While they dissembledly were thus complaining,  
Not onelie of his lenitie forgaue them,  
But wept in earnest too while they were faining.

Then as he vs'd, his danger now not feeling,  
He mounted to his Coach: they came behinde  
With a submissiue voyce most humbly kneeling  
To him, whom shortly they were bent to binde.

The *Gracian* Captaine follow'd them with speede,  
Who being cal'd, and ask'd what he desir'd,  
Sollicited the King to take good heede  
Of those that had against his life conspir'd.

He tolde him how he had their treason tri'de,  
And seene the *Bactrians* to a tumult bent;  
Then prai'd him for his safety to prouide,  
In going with him to his trusty tent.

The King grow'n carelesse, and his safety shunning  
Refus'd this offer on affection grounded.  
Or with some pow'rfull fate his fall fore-running,  
Was carried headlong thus to be confounded.



*The Tragedy of Darius.*

The Greeke past thence dispairing of his safety,  
Who thus recu: elesse helpe and health refus'd.

Then *Bessus* did begin with speeches craftie  
To purge himselfe, and errors past excus'd.

The King then *Artabazus* did command  
T'approch, and *Patrons* speech at length reported:  
He then did doubt what danger was at hand,  
And to go with the Greeke his Grace exhorted.

But when he found this resolution plac'd,  
Within his brest, no peril for to flie:  
With mutuall teares each other they embrac'd,  
Parting like two, that liuing went to die,

Now silent night in pitchie vapours cled  
Had mustred mists, and march'd vnto the West,  
A shadowie horror ou'r the earth was spread,  
The Santinelles were set, and all at rest.

When a strange terrour troubled all the hoste:  
The multitudes did murmur e in all parts:  
They did resemble ships in stormes neere lost,  
Whilst each to th'other cause of feares imparts.

Those who their King appointed were to garde  
All shrunk away to corners none staid there:  
And hauing to his danger no regarde  
His better-fortunes Minions fled else where.

The desolation then was wonderous great:  
With a few Eunuches *Darius* left alone  
Did enter deeply to reuolue his state,  
And thus be-spake them; who did for him mone.

Depart in peace and for your selues prouide,  
Least yee be likewise with my ruine caught:  
I will the issue of my fate abide:

They hearing this, as of their wits distraught  
Went howling through the host with dolorous cries:  
This made the King as dead to be bewaild.

And



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

And in the armie did a rumour rise,  
That he had kild himselfe, when all hope fail'd.

The *Persians* greu'd, while these things did occurre,  
Did first encourage all their countrie bands  
To helpe their Prince : but yet they durst not sturre  
For feare of falling in the *Bactrians* hands.

Ev'n in the time when this confusion was  
The traitours, to deferre the fact no more,  
Did to their soueraignes owne Pavilion passe,  
And rooke, and bound him, whome they seru'd before.

He, who in golden coach superbelie rode,  
Was cast in one for bassest carriage vs'd :  
And who of late was honoured like a God,  
By seruants as a bond-slaue was abus'd.

Those royall hands to beare a scepter borne  
Were bound with chains: this also much did grieve him  
That fortune his aduersitie would scorne  
With golden bands, that seru'd not to releue him.

Then *Alexander*, hauing heard in end  
That *Darius* came not forward to affront him,  
To finde him out did all his forces bend,  
Not doubting but he eftsoones would surmount him.

But being at the last at length inform'd  
How he was made a Captiue to his owne,  
At this indignitie he highlie storm'd,  
And swore he would avenge it by his crowne.

Out of his hoste he did select a fewe,  
Who were best hors'd, whose equipage was light :  
With whom his foes he did so fast pursue,  
That, ere they could suspect, he came in fight.

The traitours troubled with this he had done  
Came to the Cart wherein the King was carried,  
And bad him mount on horse back, and flee soone,  
Least that his foe should take him if he tarried.

K

He

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

He look'd aloft, and cry'd aloud: this day  
Th' eternall Iusticer sees through the starres:  
I will not with such periur'd rebelles stay,  
And flie from him, who moou's but honest warres.

Then those in whom impietic aboundes,  
Throw'd darts at him whō they should haue defended  
And hurte the horses with an hundreth woundes.  
While they perform'd the Parricide intended,

Their hands were feeble, as their harts vntrue:  
For when their foes began them once to comber,  
The traitours first, then all the traiterous crue  
Fled them, who were inferiour farre in number.

But to the confines of deathes kingdome brought  
The King retir'd out from the way aside,  
More wounded with ingratitude then ought,  
Did flie the world whose follies he had tri'de.

Scarce was the lasting last diuorcement made  
Twixt soule and body whilst that th' eyes grew dim  
When *Alexander* came, and found him dead,  
Who long had labour'd for t'haue ruin'd him.

Yet with the vesture which himselfe then wore  
He couered the dead corps, and not eschew'd it;  
But eu'n with teares his coffin did decore,  
To the great wonder of all them that view'd it.

And hauing waild his death aboue all measure,  
For t'haue his funerals made in Princely wise  
He bids you spare no coste, but vse his treasure,  
And them, as best becommes, to solemnise.

He hath his body hither sent by me,  
That the last honours you to him may do:  
He thinkes they so shall best accomplish'd be,  
And who him bare shall see him buried to.

*Cho.* Behold how grieve hath her of sense bereft,  
And choak'd her breath with super-abounding grones,

No



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

No will or power to liue is to her left,  
Since all her weale euanish'd is at ones.

*Sis.* Ah shall I see (no let me first be blinde )  
That body breath-lesse, which I brought to light ?  
Where would my soule a force sufficient finde  
T'endure the dolour of that deadly fight.

O flintie hardned hart, that wilt not breake  
With the remembrance of so many woes,  
Why part'st thou not, faint spirit, that whil'st I speake,  
In opening of my lips mine eyes might close ?

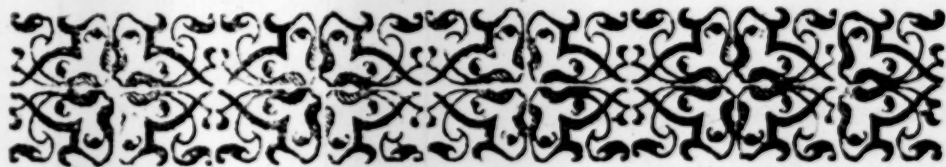
This heritage of death, this withered stock  
Is but a receptacle of dispaire :

A torture to it selfe, a stumbling block,  
Whose aged furrowes fertile are in cares.

What helps it now to haue bene made the mother  
Of one who to such dignitie did clim ?  
More miserable now then any other,  
I liue to waile my death, who di'd in him.

Aye me, malitious Fates haue done me wrong :  
Who came first to the world should first depart.  
It not becommes the olde t'ou'r-liue the yong :  
This dealing is praposterous and ou'r-thwart.

Ah, why should death so indiscreet be found  
To saue a caiiue, and confound a Prince :  
My halfe-dead body, weigh'd downe to the ground,  
Through grieve is grow'n ripe for the graue long since.



CHORVS.

**W**hat makes vaine worldlings so to swell with pride,  
Who came of earth, and to the earth retorne ?



*The Tragedie of Darius.*

*So hellish furies with their fire brands burne  
Proude and ambitious men, as they deuise  
Them from themselves, and so turmoile their mindes,  
That all their time they studie still  
How to content a bound-lesse will,  
Which neuer yet a full contentment findes.  
Who so this flame within his bosome smotheres  
Doth many fantasies contriue,  
And euen forgets himselfe a-lieue,  
To be remembred after death by others.  
Thus while he is his paines are neuer ended;  
That while he is not, he may be commended.*

*What can this helpe the happinesse of Kings,  
So to subdue their neighbours, as they doe,  
And make strange nations tributaries to?  
The greater state the greater trouble brings.  
Their pompes and triumphes, stands them in no stead:  
Their Arches, Tombes, Piramides hie,  
And Statues are but vanitie:  
They die, and yet would liue in what is dead:  
And while they liue, we see their glorious actions  
Oft wrested to the worst: and all their life  
Is but a stage of endlesse toile and strife,  
Of tumults, vprours, mutinies, and factions.  
They rise with feare, and lie with danger downe:  
There is no burthen weightier then a Crowne.*

*And as Ambition Princes undermines;  
So doth it those that vnder them rule all.  
We see in how short time they rise, and fall;  
How oft their light eclips'd but dimlie shines.  
They studie by all shifts and slights to moue  
Their Prince of their deserts i' account:*

*And*

### *The Tragedie of Darius.*

*And when they by his fauour mount,  
O what a danger is't to be aboue?  
For straight expos'd to hatred, and despight,  
With all their skill they cannot march so euen,  
But some opprobrious scandall will be giuen:  
For all men enuy those that haue most might.  
And if the King dislike them once, then straight  
The wretched Courtiers fall with their own waight.*

*Some of a poorer Spirite, who would be prais'd,  
And yet haue not wherefore to be esteem'd,  
What they are not indeede would faine be deem'd,  
And indirectly labour to be rais'd.  
This crue each publike place of honour haunts,  
And changing garments euery day  
While they woulde hyde, doe but bewray  
With outward ornaments their inward wants.  
And men of better iudgement iustly loth  
Those, who in outwarde shewes place all their care,  
And deck their bodies, while their mindes are bare,  
Like to a shaddow, or a painted cloth.  
The multitude, who but th'apparrell notes,  
Doth homage not to them, but to their cotes.*

*Yet Princes must be seru'd, and with all sorts,  
Some both to doe, and counsell what is best:  
Some serue for Ciphers to set out the rest,  
Like liue-lesse pictures, that adorne the ports.  
Faire pallaces replenish'd are with feares:  
Those seeming pleasures are but snares:  
The Royall Robe doth couer cares,  
Th' Assyrian dye deere buyth he, that it beares.  
Tho'e dainty delicates, and far fetch'd foode  
Oft through suspicion saour out of season:*

*The Tragedie of Darius.*

*Embroidered beds and tapestries hatche treason:  
The golden goblets mingled are with blood.  
Such glorious gorgeous shewes do serue for nought:  
All cannot calme the tempest of the thought.*

*O happy he, who far from fame at home  
Doth sit securely by a quiet fire,  
Who hath not much, and doth not much desire,  
Nor curious is to learne who goe, or come,  
For satisfied with what his father left  
His minde he measures by his store,  
And is not pyn'd to gape for more;  
Nor eates ought that iniquity hath rest:  
He hath his little cleanly, and in peace,  
And lookes not with suspitious eye.  
No poyson comes in Cups of tree:  
No treason harbours in so poore a place.  
No troublous dreame doth interrupt his sleepe:  
A quiet conscience doth his cottage keepe.*

*He doth not study oft what stormes may blow:  
His pouerty cannot be much impair'd:  
He feares no forraine force, and craues no garde:  
None coueteth his spoile, none lookes so low:  
Where as the great are commonly once crost,  
As Darius hath beene in his flowre,  
Or Sisigambis at this houre,  
Who hath scap'd long, and now at length is lost.  
But how commes this that Potentates oft fall,  
Forc'd to confesse th' afflictions of their soule:  
There is some hier pow'r that can controule  
The Monarches of the earth, and censure all,  
Who once will call their doings to accompt,  
Their pride repressing, who t'opresse were prompt.*

*Finis.*

*W. A.*



T H E  
ALEXANDRAEAN  
TRAGEDIAE.

By *William Alexander*, Gentleman of  
the Princes priuie  
Chamber.

*Carminē dīj superi placantur, carmine manes.*



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## The Argument.



*When Alexander the great, after all his Conquests (shining through the glory of innumerable victories) was returned backe to Babylon, where the Ambassadors of the whole worlde did attend his comming, as one that was destined to domineere ouer all: there being admired by the Grecians, adored by the Barbarians, and as it were drunken with the delights of an extraordinary prosperitie, hee suffered himself to be transported with an inundation of pleasure; till sitting at one of his feasts by the meanes of the sonnes of Antipater his cup-bearers, in the best, both of his age and fortune, he was suddenly poisoned.*

*Incontinent after his death, those that were in great estimation with himselfe during his life, and then with the armie, assembled themselues together, neglecting for a long time his funcralls, whilst busied about the disposing of his Empire: at last (after diuers opinions) it was concluded, that if Roxane, the widdow of their deceased soueraigne (who was then at the point to bee deliuered of her birth) happened to beare a sonne, hee should succeed in his fathers place, and till he were come to some maturitie of age, Perdiccas, Leonatus, Craterus, and Antipater were appointed to bee his Tutors: But the foote-men in a disdaine, that their aduice was not required, proclaimed Arideus, Alexanders bastard brother*



## The Argument.

king, and gave him a guard, of which Meleager procured himself to be made Captaine. At this sodaine alteration, the horsemen being troubled, they following Perdiccas pitched their campe without the citie; yet in the end, this tumult being by the eloquence of Perdiccas appeased, all the captaines re-assembled themselves, and having divided the provinces, made an agreement, which lasted not long: For such was the vehement ambition of those great men, that with all manner of hostilitie, they studied how to undermine one another, and first of all, Meleager after a pretended reconciliation, (though having fled to a Temple for refuge) was slaine by the appointment of Perdiccas, who after aspiring to a superiority over the rest, whilst he went to warre against Ptolomie in Ægypt, by a sudden mutinie of his owne souldiers was miserably murdered. Then the onely captaine of his faction that remained alive, was Eumenes. a man singularly valorous, who encountering with Craterus and Neoptolemus, by the death of themselves defeated their armie, whereby being highly advanced, he was greatly envied. and (Leonatus having lately before dyed in a conflict betwixt him and the Athenians,) Antigonus in the name of the rest was sent against him with a great armie, betwixt whom there having passed diuers skirmishes with a variable successe, and some priuate conference without agreement: In the end, he was betrayed by his owne souldiers, and delivered bound to Antigonus, who shortly after caused him to be put to death.

Then Antigonus (his rivals in the authoritie being remoued out of his way) did aspire to that himselfe, from which he was sent to seclude others, and having murdered diuers of the gouernors, hee disposed of their Prouinces as hee pleased: whereof Cassander, Ptolomie, and Lisimachus, aduertised by Seleucus, who fled for feare of incurring the like danger; they entred all together in a league against Antigonus.

Now at this time Olimpias plagued all the faction of Cassander

## The Argument.

der in Macedonie, hauing caused Arideus and his Queene Euridice to be put to death; by which, and other cruelties (hauing lost the fauour of the people) shee was constrained, when Cassander came against her, to retire herselfe within a Towne; which (by reason of the scarcitie of victuals) not being able to defend, shee rendered, together with her selfe to Cassander, by whom (notwithstanding of his promise to the contrary) she was publikely put to death, and so hauing proceeded so farre in wickednes, he thought it no time to retire till he had extinguished all his masters race; hee caused Roxane and her sonne to bee murdered; and soone after, Hercules, Alexanders bastard sonne, which multitude of murders, gaue to him the crowne of Macedone; and to me, the Subiect of this Politragicke Tragedie.



## The Actors.

The ghost of <i>Alexander</i> ,	<i>Perdiccas</i> ,	} his greatest Captaines.
<i>Olimpias</i> his mother,	<i>Meleager</i> ,	
<i>Roxane</i> his wife,	<i>Ptolomie</i> ,	
<i>Aristotle</i> his maister,	<i>Antigonus</i> ,	
<i>Phocion</i> his old friend,	<i>Eumenes</i> ,	
<i>Philastrus</i> a Chaldæan,	<i>Lisimachus</i>	
<i>Chorus</i> .	<i>Seleucus</i> ,	
	<i>Cassander</i> .	







# THE

## Alexandræan Tragedie.

A C T. I.

*The Ghost of Alexander the Great.*

**B**Acke from th'umbragious bounds still rob'd of rest  
Must I returne, where *Phæbus* gildes the fields,  
A ghost not worthy to be *Plutoes* guest,  
Since one to whom the world no buriall yields.

O what a great disgrace is this to me,  
Whose trophées th'earth in euery corner keepes,  
That I (contemn'd) cannot transported be,  
A passenger through the sulphurean deepes.

Dare churlish *Charon*, though not vs'd to bow,  
The raging torrent of my wrath gainestand?  
Must I succumb amidst hells dungeons now,  
Though ouer the world accusom'd to command?

But it may be that this hath wrought me harme.  
What bloodlesse ghosts stray on the *Stygian* bancke,  
Whose falles (made famous by my fatall arme)  
Gauē terrour olt to many a martiall rancke?

Yet for a prey expos'd to rauinous beasts,  
Could neuer haue the honour of a tombe.  
But (though for such rude guests too pretious feasts)  
Were basely buried in their brutish wombe.

Thus as it seemes the horiour of such deedes  
With like indignitie attends my sprite,

B

What

*The Alexandraan*

What stormie brest this thirst of vengeance breeds,  
T'accuse for that which valour did acquite.

Ah might *Alcmenaes* sonne (as worthy of *Ioue*)  
Once force th'infernall fortes of endlesse night,  
T'encounter *Dis* in the *Tartarian* groue,  
And draw forth th'ougly *Gerberus* to light.

Then leading *Thesew* through the cauerns darke,  
That would haue forc'd th'inferiour regions Queene,  
By violence vsde he th'auernall barke,  
As Conquerour of the pallide Empire seene.

And may not I downe in the center sit?  
Their renting th'earth (as thence when vapours rise)  
T'inline th'imprison'd soules, the pitchy pit,  
That once the light may lighten lightlesse eies.

What though I from th'aetheriall circles swerue,  
Whom in this state it may be some mistake,  
May not the voyce of *Alexander* serue  
To make th'earth tremble, and the depths to shake?

Or shal I goe aboue with new alarmes,  
To spoyle the princes of the peopled round?  
And turne backe, back'd with squadrons all in armes,  
T'affright the ghosts that are beneath the ground.

But (ah) what comfort can I find aboue,  
Where those whom I aduanc'd, loe now in th'end  
The titles of my of-spring striue t'improue?  
And to my chaire by violence ascend.

Ingratitude torments my troubled sprite:  
Would God therefore, that with a bodie stor'd,  
I might returne t'enioy the dayes cleere light.  
My backe with armes, my hand charg'd with a sword,  
As when I entred in a populous towne.

To warre alone with thousands in my wrath,  
Whilst (prizing honour deerer than my Crowne)  
Ech of my blows gaue wounds, ech wound gaue death.

Then

*Tragedie.*

Then thundring vengeance on rebellious bands  
I would make them redeeme my grace with grones,  
Where now my Ghost hedgd in with horreur stands:  
Lesse grac'd then those whom I commanded once.

And yet th'aduancement by those captaines had,  
Whom first my Ensignes did acquaint with fame,  
Doth make my soule a thousand times more sad,  
Then all the suffings that the hels can claime.

O now I see what all my minions blindes,  
My funerals to performe that none takes paine,  
My state betraying me distracts their mindes,  
That haue forgot all loue, but loue to raigne.

But *Ptholornie* doth yet by time intend  
Backe t' *Alexandria* to transport me once:  
Not mou'd by loue; no, for an other ende,  
In hope my fortune will attend my bones.

And must I then so great a trouble haue,  
That lately had all th'earth, and all th'earths store,  
For some few footes of earth, to be a graue  
Which meane men get: and great men get no more?

Though many a thousand at my signe did bow,  
Is this the end of all my conquests then,  
To be barrd from that little circuit now,  
The benefit that's common vnto men?

But of it all that once was thrall to me,  
Lest that a little part my body bound,  
I thinke all th'earth my fatall bed should be,  
That still all confines scorn'd but the azure round.

O blind ambition! great mindes viprous brood,  
The scourge of mankind, and the foe to rest,  
Thou guiltie art of many a millions blood,  
And whilst I raign'd, didst raigne within my brest.

This to my soule but small contentment brings,  
That I some Cities reard, and others razd:



*The Alexandrian*

And made Kings captiues, captiues to be Kings:  
Then whilst the wondring world did stand amaz'd,  
All that but now torments me after death,  
Which raisde my fame on pillars, that were rare.  
O costly conquest of a little breath,  
Whose flattrring sounds, both come and go with th'aire?

Can I be he that thought it a disgrace,  
Once to be made with other mortalls euen,  
That would be thought of an immortall race,  
The of-spring of great *Ioue*, the heire of heauen?

I by all meanes the peoples mindes did moue,  
T'haue Altars (as a god) with offrings stor'd;  
Till of his glorie *Ioue* did icalous proue,  
All Princes should be reuerenc'd, not ador'd.

Ah whilst transported with a prosprous state,  
It oyl'd t'exalt my throne aboue the starres,  
That pride of mine, the thunderer bent t'abate,  
Did wound my fame with most infamous warres.

Made I not graue *Calistines* to smart,  
That did disdaine a dying flesh t'adore?  
And bent t'unknow my knowledge, by vaine Art  
Though knowne a man sought to b'imagin'd more.

All fear'd t'incurre the danger of my wrath:  
Which as a sleeping Lion, none durst wake.  
Mine anger was the messenger of death,  
That many a time made armies all to quake.

So much Ambition did my thoughts ingage,  
That I could not abide my fathers praise:  
But (though my friend) kill'd *Clitus* in a rage,  
That in my presence *Philips* fame durst raise.

Thus though that I mine enemies did abate,  
I made my greatest friends become my foes,  
Who did my barbarous insolencies hate,  
And for the like afraid, waild others woes.

*Tragedie.*

Those tyrannies which thousands chanc'd to see  
As inhumane a multitude admire:

And fear'd to be familiar more with mee,  
As from an odious tyrant stoode retirde:

Yea there were many too that did conspire,  
By base ambushments whiles t'entrap my life.  
Of all my labours, loe this was the hire,  
Those must haue store of toiles, that toyle for strife:

And I remember that amidst my ioyes,  
Euen whilst the chase of armies was my sport,  
There wanted not a portion of annoyes  
To counterpoise my pleasures in some sort.

Of those in th'earth most happy that remaine,  
(As ag'd experience constantly records)  
The pleasures farre exceeded are by paine,  
Life greater greife then comfort still affords.

What rage and sorrow seiz'd vpon my soule,  
Whilst big with hopes a battell bent to proue!  
That sudden sicknesse did my course controule,  
Which *Cidnus* cold imbracings chanc'd to moue.

From the Phisition then (though deem'd for ill)  
I tooke his drinke, and gaue th'inuectiue lines.  
Then whilst he red did drinke, yet eyd him stil,  
And by accusing lookes search'd guilty signes.

Not that suspitious feares could make me sad.  
This was the ground whence did proceed my paine,  
Lest death that victorie preuented had,  
Which I was sure (if present once) t'obtaine.

But when that I extended had my state,  
From learned *Athens* to the barbarous *Indes*,  
Still my tumultuous troupes my pride did hate,  
As monstrous mutinies vnmask'd their mindes.

I (so my name more wonderful to make)  
Of *Hercules* and *Bacchus* past the bounds.

*The Alexandrian*

And (whilst that *Memnons* sun. burnt bands did quake)  
Did write my worth in many a Monarchs wounds,  
Kings were my subiects, and my subiects kings:  
Yet my contentment further did require,  
For I imagin'd still more mighty things,  
And to a greater greatnesse did aspire,  
The compasse of the carriere of the sunne,  
By many a famous victory I wan:  
Yet wept that there were no more worlds to win,  
As all had beene to little for one man.

Was I not honord as a God by some,  
Whilst what I interpriz'd it still preuaild?  
Whom I assaild I alwayes did ore-come,  
No project of my fancies euer faild.

This made me thought immortaliz'd to be,  
Which in all mindes amazement yet contracts,  
For I led Fortune, Fortune followed me,  
As forc'd I attend the greatnesse of my acts.

Yet I haue found it a more easie thing,  
To conquer all the mansions of the winde,  
Then mine owne selfe; and of my passions king  
To order the disorders of my minde.

What comfort iustly could my soule receiue  
Of all my conquests past, if that euen then  
Whilst I triumph'd, (to wrath and wine as slaue)  
I scap'd not scandall more then other men.

Ah, seazing without right on euery state,  
I but my selfe too great a Monarch made:  
Since all men gapt to get the golden bate,  
Which by my death seem'd easie to be had.

Whilst from humanitie too much deuor'd  
My deeds all hearts with feare and horror filld:  
I whom the force of foes yet neuer forc'd,  
Was by my friends most fraudulently kill'd.

But



*Tragedie.*

But now I see the troublous time drawes neere,  
When they shall keepe my obsequies with blood.  
No wonder too, though such a warriours biere,  
At last do swim amids a scarlet flood:

For as my life did breed huge broyles ouer all,  
My death must be th'occasion of great cumbers,  
And it doth best become a strong mans fall,  
To be renown'd by ruining of numbers.

The snaky-tressed sisters shal not neede  
T'vse fatall firebrands, lothsome *Plutoes* pestes,  
Or poisonous inspirations, so to bred,  
A thirst of murder in transported breasts.

Yet my ambitious ashes once may shine  
T'enflame my Minions minds with strange desires:  
If of their spirits each keepe a sparke of mine,  
To waste the world, their breasts may furnish fires.

The beauties once of th'earth shall all looke red,  
Whilst my lieutenants through that pride of theirs  
With vnkind armes, huge streames of blood do shed,  
By murthering of mine heires to be mine heires.

Is this the gaine of greatnesse? did I pine  
To be made eminent, to be ouerthrowne,  
To ruine first my selfe then roote out mine;  
As conquering others, but to lose mine owne?

O happy I, but happier far my race,  
If with my fathers conquests still content,  
I manag'd had th' *Aemathian* power in peace,  
Which was made lawfull by a long discent.

Then farre sequestred from *Bellonaes* rage,  
I had the true delites of nature tryed,  
And ag'd with honor; honor'd in my age  
Had left my scepter to my sonne and dyed,

And he succeeded had t'a quiet state,  
Which then because lesse great had bin more sure.

And

*The Alexandrian*

And not expos'd to enuy, nor to hate,  
That do against the greatest States coniure.

But since they minde t'enearth mine earthly part;  
Which now no badge of maiestie retaines.  
To roaring *Phlegeton* I must depart,  
Farre from the lightsome bounds of th'ayrie Plaines.

And must I there, that did the world surmount,  
(Arrested by the Monarke of the Ghosts)  
To *Radamanthus* render an account,  
Of all the deedes done by my rauinous hostes?

Ther whilst with *Minos Aeacus* sits downe,  
Arigorous Iudge in Hells most horride court.  
Though farre before his Nephew in renowne,  
He will not with one of his race comport.

O what pale troops of ghosts are gathered heere,  
That were of bodies spoild by my decree!  
And first the wrong'd *Parmenio* doth compeere,  
From whom I nought, but who did much from me,

At the tribunall of *Tartarian* powres:  
He aggrauates a ingratitude too great.  
And (whilst th'infernall tyrant foming lowres)  
All whom I wrong'd for vengeance stand t'intreat:

Yet guiltie thoughts torment me most of all.  
No sprite can be by plaging Furies pind,  
(Though charg'd without with snakes, within with gall)  
As by the stings of a remording minde.

If it be true that drowisie *Læthes* streams  
Drowne in obliuions deepes all things at last,  
There let me burie farre from *Phæbus* beames  
The loath'd remembrance of my Labours past.

*Exit.*

*Chorus.*

*What strange aduentures now  
Distract distressed mindes,*

*With*

### Tragedie.

With such most monstrous stormes?  
When silence seemes to allow  
The peace that Nature findes,  
And that tumultuous windes  
Doe not disturbe with stormes,  
An vniuersall rest:  
When Morpheus hath represt,  
The impetuous course of cares,  
And with a soft sleepe binds  
Those tyrants of the breast,  
That would spread forth most dangerous snares,  
That inuolue the afflicted in dispaire.  
Huge horrors then arise,  
Which the elements doe marre,  
With most disastrous signes;  
Arm'd squadrons in the Skies,  
With Launces throwne from farre,  
Doe make a monstrous warre,  
Whilst Furie nought confines:  
The Dragons vomite fire,  
And make the starres retire  
Out of their orbes for feare:  
Some of these warriors are  
To satifie their ire,  
That the azure buildings not forbear,  
But seeme the cristall Towres to teare.  
Amidst the aire fierce blasts  
Doe boast with blustering sounds,  
To vndoe this mightie frame,  
Which (whilst the tempest lasts)  
Doth rent the stately roundes,  
To signifie what woundes  
Strait to all her of-springs shime,  
Shall burst the earths veins with blood.



*The Alexandrian*

*And this all-circkling flood  
(As t'were the heauens to drowne)  
Doth passe th'appointed bounds,  
And all the scalie broode,  
Reare roaring Neptunes foamic crowne,  
Whilst th'earth for feare seemes to sincke downe.  
Those that th'earth charge, what horroure?  
Theyr ashie lodgings leaue,  
To re-enioy the light,  
Or else some panicke terror  
Our indgement doth bereaue,  
Whilst first we misconceiue,  
And so preiudge the sight;  
Or in the bodys steade,  
The genius of the dead  
Turnes backe from Stix againe,  
Which Dis will not receaue,  
Till it a while engendring dread;  
Giue whilst it doth on th'earth remaine,  
To others feare, and to't selfe paine.  
These fearefull signes foreshow,  
The doubtfull world t'appall,  
What plagues are to succede;  
When death had laid him low,  
That first had made vs thrall,  
We heard that strait his fall,  
Our libertie would breede:  
But this prooues no reliefe  
For many (O what grieve)  
The place of one supplie;  
And we must suffer all;  
Thus was our comfort brieve:  
For rarelie doth th'usurper die,  
But others will his fortune trie.*

*Tragedie.*

ACT. II. SCENE I.

*Perdiccas, Meleager, Ptolomie, Antigonus,  
Eumenes.*

**VV**Hateie not big with teares can view this host?  
Which hath in one (ah) as the end doth proue?  
A King, a Captaine, and a Brother lost:  
Crown'd, follow'd, tride, by right, for worth, in loue.

I thinke amongst vs all there is not one,  
Whom diuerse fauours do not iustly binde,  
T'appease that *Heroes* ghost, though from vs gone,  
With all th'oblations of a thankfull minde.

Ah, had the Fates beene subiect to my will,  
Such clowdes of sorrow had not darkened life,  
But we had had great *Alexander* still,  
And he those kingdomes that procure this strife.

Yet heauens decrees can neuer be recalld,  
And thoughts of harmes past help breede double paine:  
Though being to griefe a space by passions thralld,  
The liuing must embrace the world againe.

As one whose interest in his life was chiefe,  
I of his death haue cause to curse th'effects:  
But will not frustrate so the generall griefe,  
To waile apart particular respects.

Though th'aire be plenish'd yet with plaintiue sounds  
Of widdow'd hopes that wedded haue despaire:  
Yet Time must cicatrize our inward wounds,  
And to the publike weale drawe priuate cares.

Let vs giue physicke to the sickened state,  
That at this present in great danger stands:  
Whilst grudging subiects that our greatnes hate,  
Would enfranchize their violated lands.

*The Alexandrian*

Those that are thrall'd by force to be made free,  
Precipitate themselves in dangers still;  
And this th'instinct of Nature seems to bee,  
What realme not scornes t'attend a strangers will?  
From forc'd obedience nought but hate proceeds,  
The more we haue subdude, the more our foes:  
A soueraigne head this states huge body needes,  
That might make vs securely to repose.

And who more meete t'enioy that great mans place,  
Wife of those whose states he tooke, receiu'd the hearts:  
Then one descended from th'illustrious race,  
Whose birth both worth and right to raigne impartes.  
If heau'n enrich *Roxana* with a sonne,  
That long'd-for birth a lawfull soueraigne brings,  
And till that course of doubtfull hopes be done,  
Let some appointed be to rule all things.

*Eum.* Though *Macedonians* tuned mindes not scorne,  
That t'*Alexander* strangers should succede,  
Can men obey a babe, a babe not borne?  
What fancies strange would this confusion breed?  
This could not well become our graue foresight,  
A doubtfull birth t'attend so long in vaine,  
That may b'abortiue, and though brought to light,  
Through Natures error made not apt to raigne.

But if affection carrie vs so farre,  
That of that race we must be rul'd by some:  
Though neither being practiz'd in peace nor warre,  
As those that haue indeede by kinde o'recome.

Then haue we *Hercules* the eldest sonne,  
That t'our great Prince was by *Barsines* borne:  
Who foureteene yeares of age hath else begunne  
His princely birth by vertues rare t'adorne.

*Ptol.* Might not the *Macedonians* all b'asham'd,  
If rendred vassalles thus t'a barbarous brood?

What?



*Tragedie.*

What? should we beare the yoke that we haue framd,  
To buy disgrace haue we bestowde our blood.

Our auncestours whose glory wee obscur'd,  
Would get some vantage of their Nephues thus :  
They warrd that peoples wracke to haue procurd,  
And haue we ward to make them Lords o're vs?

Ah, bury this as a'xecrable thing,  
And let this purpose be no more pursude,  
For though they were begotten by our king,  
Yet were they borne of those that we subdude.

Obraue *Leonides*, I like thy strife,  
That with so few performd so glorious things :  
And death preferd before th'infamous life,  
That bondage still from a Barbarian brings.

Those loth'd t'accept a stranger for their Lord,  
And with their blood gaue flame t'an vnknowne feild,  
Yet we would honour them that they abhorrd,  
And though being victors to the vanquish'd yeild.

For where-to tended that renownd attempt,  
Which makes the *Persians* yet abase their brow;  
But euen t'our countreys scorne in a contempt.  
To take by force that which we offer now.

Was this the scope of all our conquests then,  
Of our owne captiues to be made the prey?  
No, let vs still command like valerous men,  
And rule our Empire by some other way.

May we not vse this policie a space,  
Till better wits some better meanes deuise?  
Lest dangerous discords do disturbe our peace,  
Still when we would of serious things aduice.

Let a maiesticke *Senat* gathered be,  
And them amongst the Imperiall chare of state:  
That of th'authoritie all signes may see,  
Then whilst we compasse that respected seate.

*The Alexandrian*

There those that were in credite with the king,  
Whose merits in mens minds haue reuerence bred:  
Shall in their iudgements ballance euery thing,  
How kingdomes should be rul'd, how Armies led.

And what the greatest part hath once approu'd,  
To that the rest must oblig'd be t'incline:  
All th'armie by this harmony being mou'd,  
Will execute what euer we designe.

This concord would proue happy for vs all,  
Since it each state in greatest suretie renders:  
And by this meanes our *Macedony* shall,  
In place of one haue many *Alexanders*.

*Eum.* Though silence I confesse becomes me best,  
That am a stranger, and the lesse beleeu'd:  
Yet since a partner of your toyles I rest,  
I must vnfold my mind, a minde that's greeu'd.

And thinke you that a babe repaires our losse,  
How are the deepest iudgements thus beguild?  
This in all Countreyes hath bin thought a crosse,  
Wo to that foyle whose soueraigne is a child.

Nor would these great men as is thought agree,  
They be too many bodies for one minde:  
Ah, pardon *Ptolomie*, it can not be,  
This vnion would all disunite I finde.

Thus would all th'armie from good order swarue,  
When many might forgiue, all would offend:  
As thinking well though they did death deserue,  
Ther's none so bad but some man will defend.

And when so many kings were in one court,  
One court would then haue many humors too:  
Which fostering factions for each light report,  
Would make them iarre as neighbouring princes doe.

No, let this strange opinion be suppress'd,  
Whilst equals all, all would vnequall be:

*Tragedie.*

So that their mindes by ieaiousie possessd,  
From pale suspition neuer could be free.

But ah, what needs contention at this time,  
T'obscure a matter that was made so cleere:  
And do ye now account it for no crime,  
T'impugne his wil that once was held so deere?

When that great Monark march'd t'encounter death,  
Whist all his captaines were assembled there:  
And did demand whilst he might vse his breath,  
Whom he himselte adopted for his heire.

Then that such doubtfull questions should not need,  
As louing valour more then his owne race:  
He that t'a braue man, braue men might succeed,  
Said, let the worthiest haue the worthiest place.

Nor did he speake this in a secret part  
With *Sphinx* his phrase, a greater doubt t'haue moou'd:  
As breathing thoughts in each ambitious hart,  
To haue his worth in *Vulcans* furnace proou'd

For whilst ye hedg'd the fatall bed about,  
With an vnpartiall care distracted long:  
Then he amongst you all did chuse one out,  
That for so great a burthen seem'd most strong.

He to *Perdiccas* did present the ring  
That vs'd to seale the secrets of the state:  
By which it seemd that he design'd him king,  
Ad so would seize him of the highest seate.

Thus made this worthy man a worthy choice,  
That no new troubles might the state deform:  
And all the world now iustly may reioyce,  
That thus preuented was a'mpetuous storme.

For if this had not been his latest will,  
Ye *Mars* his Minions should haue liu'd at iarres:  
Whilst emulation amongst equals still,  
Had made the trumpet sound t'intestine warres.

What



*The Alexandrian*

What huge disorders threatned to burst forth,  
If that our soueraigne had no prince designd:  
That oft hath been a witnesse of our worth,  
And can weigh vertue in a vertuous mind.

I see consenting signes applaud my speech,  
Rise, do *Perdiccas* that which they decree,  
Whilst modestie doth maiestie impeach, (thee.  
Though thou crau'st not this crowne, this crowne craues  
*Melcag*. I wonder not though thus *Perdiccas* shrinke,  
T'accept so mighty a charge amidst th'alarmes:  
The Sunne must make *Nictimine* to winke,  
This Scepter weighes too much for so weake armes.

The Gods will neuer grant, nor men agree  
That such a one should domineer ouer vs.  
Though vulgar minds might yeeld his thrales to be,  
Those that his betters are scorne to bow thus.

He prayes vs all *Roxanaes* birth t'attend,  
Which though it came to passe as some expect:  
He can exchange or caule be brought t'an end,  
As bent t'allow all meanes when one effect.

Thus would he temporize though t'our great scorne,  
Till time assist t'accomplish his designs:  
No kings *Perdiccas* likes but babes vnborne,  
He labours well in vndiscovered mines.

I need not now insist to tell at large,  
What braue men be amidst this martiall band,  
That better do deserue so great a charge,  
Both for their skill and courage to command.

Yet are the best not worthy to succede,  
To that rare man that neuer can be match'd:  
Whose memorie must make our mindes to bleed,  
Whose aduersar's for this aduantage watch'd.

But if that great man did consent so soone,  
That our obedience should be thus abus'd:

*Tragedie.*

Of all that euer he desir'd t'haue done,  
I thinke this onely ought to be refus'd. (prou'd,

Th'vndanted band whose worth the worlde oft  
Then whilst their glorie shin'd through siluer shields:  
By all that monarches merits not being mou'd,  
As conquer'd, would haue left the conquer'd fields.

And if that they contemn'd a princes throne,  
To whom his auncestors their scepter brought,  
What reuerence would they beare to such a one,  
That all this time was as their equall thought?

To those that ouer their equals raise their state,  
Aduancement enuie breeds, and enuie hate.

If such with all would rest familiar still,  
This in contempt th'authoritie it brings:  
And if they second not their subiects will,  
Men cannot beare with them as with borne kings.

Our lofty bands some lofty minde must tame,  
Whose princely birth doth procreate regard:  
Whose countrie may confound each stand'rous claime,  
As one with whom none els can be compar'd.

Ther's *Alexanders* brother, *Philips* sonne,  
That alwayes was a partner of our paine;  
Can there be any else below the sunne,  
Ouer *Macedonians* that deserues to raigne?

And I must wonder what so strange offence,  
Hath forfeited his title, maim'd his right:  
That any now with a disguis'd pretence,  
Dare wrong him thus, euen in his peoples sight.

*Ptol.* None needs to wonder much thogh we negle  
One whose election might procure our shame:  
His mothers basenes Iustice might obiect,  
Whom bastardie secludes from such a claime.

But yet had nature purg'd the spot she made,  
We with his birth the better might comport:

D

Whilst



*The Alexandrian*

Whilst father-like in all affaires he had,  
Giuen prooffe of parts that might the state support.

He falsifies his race of wit so weake,  
That all his inward wants are soone perceiu'd:  
All of his iudgement in derision speake,  
By which great things can hardly be conceiu'd.

And though his body might from paines be sparde,  
Whose constitution is not very strong,  
But with infirmities so farre impairde  
That it aliuē cannot continue long:

Yet since in state he neuer hath bin schoold,  
His ignorance would racke him still with feares:  
Whiles he that ralde still needing to be rulde,  
Spake but with others tongues, heard with their cares.

A inconstant king great confusion makes,  
Whom all mistrust, and most amidst a Campe:  
Whilst soft like waxe, he each impression takes,  
And doth for friuolous things still change the stampe.

Ah, should our liues depend vpon his breath,  
That of himselfe cannot discerne a crime:  
But doomes by informations men to death,  
Then barren pittie yeilds when out of time.

Thus whilst some alwayes must his iudgement sway,  
That still doth harbour in anothers head:  
Of Sicophants this prince may be the prey,  
That where they list, th'authoritie will leade.

And being but base, that they may be the best,  
Such still will toyle that we may be or'e-throwne:  
And some-time may the credulous king suggest,  
To taint our fame, lest it obscure their owne.

What griefe were this t'vs, whilst such as those,  
Might make their vantage of th'all-powrefull breath,  
And that our actions ballanc'd by our foes,  
Were guerdon'd with disdain, or else with death?

*Meleag.*



*Tragedie.*

*Me.* Since priuat hopes your iudgement do bewitch,  
He leaue this counsell where no good can please:  
Come follow me all those that would be rich,  
Few haue regarde (poore souldiers) of your ease

*Perd.* That shall prooue best which first I went about,  
Thogh some wold wrest my words from what I thought  
The malice of *Meleager* now bursts out,  
Like flaming fires that burne them'elues to nought.

Thus naughtie minds that neuer dreame but ill,  
Do conster euery thing t'a crooked fence:  
What I propos'de t'aduance our countrey still,  
He would interpret it as an offence.

And this vnreuerent parting hence of his,  
Hath t'all his former wrongs yet added one,  
By his seditious words incen'd ere this  
The souldiers are to sacke the treasures gone.

*Ant.* Then let vs all of one accord conclude,  
That *Alexanders* hop'd for race must raigne:  
So shall we establisth still th'annointed blood,  
Whose gouernement both glorie gaue, and gaine.

And let vs now before we part, appoynt  
Who gouerne shall till that the Babe be borne:  
And circumspectly put all things t'a point,  
That the successe our counsell may adorne.

*Eum.* I heare a tumult made amongst the tents,  
And *Arideus* is proclaimde a King,  
To which th'inconstant multitude consents,  
That build on all that changes best doe bring.

The footmen all are t'indignation mou'd,  
That in th'assembly they got not a seate:  
That our proceedings they might haue approu'd,  
As knowing all that did concerne the State.

Their Princes memorie rests soone despisde,  
That they dare thus revolt, and vnconstrain'd:

*The Alexandrian*

Saue but by too much libertie entisde,  
Which makes the giuer still to be disdained.

The want of discipline all things confounds,  
Their deeds want order and their pride all bounds.

*Perdi.* And dare they then against that fortresse rise,  
Where *Alexanders* collours once are rear'd:

Or violate the walls where-as he lyes,  
May not his shaddow serue to make them feard?

What, how comes this? and dare they then presume  
T'encounter their commanders and in armes?

Armes, armes, iust wrath these rebels must consume,  
Our countenance wil dash them, sound th'alarmes.

*Exeunt:*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

*Lisimachus, Seleucus.*

**L**O here a great and a most suddaine change,  
All men for mirth were like to haue gone mad,  
So that of late it would haue been thought strange,  
In all this citie to haue seene one sad.

Each wall resounded some melodious song,  
To rauish curious eares with rare delight:  
Strange tapestries were stretch'd the streets along,  
And stately obiects made t'amuse the sight.

As if his conquests gloriously to crowne,  
Of all the world a Parliament to hold:  
He came with pompe to this imperiall towne,  
The height of all magnificence vnfold.

Here Glory in her richest robes aray'd,  
Should haue shewne all that greatnesse could expect:  
Yet were our hopes euen at the height betraid,  
To death those trophes *Fortune* did erect.

A tragick end this triumph quite confounds.

All

*Tragedie.*

All our applauses are turn'd to complaints,  
Our musicke marr'd by melancholious sounds,  
Spoil'd by the Cypresse, loe the Lawrell faints.

To funerall shrieks our showts of ioy we turne,  
Our gorgeous garments must giue place to griefe:  
We that so much reioyc'd, farre more must mourne,  
Dayes spent with woe are long, with pleasure brieft.

This greatest anguish breeds when one compares  
The time that present is, with it that's past:  
And ponders the particular dispaire.

That all heroicke mindes with woe do waste.

These two betweene what difference finde we forth,  
The rising Sunne, and it that is declinde?  
Where is that bright Zodiacke of all worth,  
From whence the light of Valour onely shinde.

Now desolation spreades it selfe ouer all,  
A solitarie silence griefe allowes:  
Ah as being bruis'd by that great Monarkes fall,  
How many malecontents abase their browes.

A strange suspition hath possess'd the streetes,  
Whilst euery man his neighbours fall conspires:  
When vnawares one with another meetes,  
As strait suspecting treason he retires.

Of rumours strange all eares are greedie growne,  
Which (though all doubtfull) moue the mind to ruth:  
And as all hearts haue idolls of their owne,  
What they coniecture all affirme for truth.

*Sel.* The heauen with wrathful eies our actions views  
As it towards vs that high disdain doth beare,  
Loe all mens heads are heauy for euill news,  
And though we know not what, yet stil we feare.

For since the widdow'd world doth want a head,  
Each member now doth labour to be chiefe:  
Which whilst they diuers wayes the bodie leade,



*The Alexandrian*

May a beginning giue t'an endlesse grieve.

Some like the foole that thunder fain'd like *Ioue*,  
Would make their fame like *Alexanders* sound:  
And to bring others lowe, or t'be aboue,  
Would either gouerne all, or all confound.

Then some vaine wittes that onely would seeme wise,  
Whilst by prepostrous fancies being deceiu'd,  
Do euery thing that is not theirs despise,  
And perish would, or them another sau'd.

A number too that all things doe content,  
What each one thinkes, are still resolu'd to doe:  
They make a choice, then doe the choice repent,  
And strait repent of that repentance too.

The publike weale is spoild by priuate hopes,  
Whilst many thus the highest honour claime:  
This variance giues their fancies freest scopes,  
Its best to fish within a troubled streame.

See how dissention hath dissolu'd so soone,  
All kinde of order and confusion brought:  
This discord hath our councell quite vndone,  
Whilst one would haue done all, all haue done nought.

Though that *Perdiccas* (as it would haue seem'd)  
As being deuoted to the sacred blood:  
Sought (by that meanes more vertuous to b'esteem'd)  
His Princes honour, and his Countries good.

Yet hauing his companions in contempt,  
He fought by subtill meanes himselfe t'aduance,  
And so to shaddow his disguisde attempt,  
Aym'd at th'imperiall place as but by chance.

He care pretends that none th'vnborne beguile,  
As by the heauens for th'orphans weale reseru'd:  
Yet wanting of a King nought but the stile;  
He would not want that when th'occasion seru'd.

And *Meleager* with the like respect,

To

*Tragedie.*

To crosse *Perdiccas* counterfets a loue  
To bastard *Philips* right, though in effect,  
His purpose is but th'others to disproue.

And so prouiding, that his enemy faile,  
He cares not much what Emperour they proclaime:  
And his designe with many may preuaile,  
The cloake of right apparrells any claime.

They whose descent their titles doth disclose,  
Being borne in possibilitie to raigne,  
Must be preferr'd by reason vnto those,  
That of all right without the bounds remaine.

The furious footmen insolently stout,  
Bent to maintaine a title, brau'd our band:  
And indignation thundring threatnings out,  
Would with our blood haue dide this barb'rous land.

O what indignitie would this haue bin,  
Whilst those that we subdude with such great toiles,  
Had in this sort their victors vanquish'd scene,  
And without paine possesse their spoylers spoyles.

Thus darkning all that we had done before,  
(Our swords being stain'd by ignominious wounds)  
We of our conquests could haue kept no more,  
But burials base (if those) in th'enemies bounds.

O what excellencie consists in one,  
More than in many as witnesses this houre!  
Some with a word or looke doth more alone,  
Than thousands ioynd with pollicie and powre.

When squadrons arm'd with ensignes all displaid,  
As those that of their Prince all reuerence lost,  
His generous course t'haue obstinately stai'd,  
Did best t'abandon him when busied most.

Then of disorder yeelding bitter fruits,  
They boldly march'd before th'imperiall tent,  
And charg'd their soueraigne with vnlawfull suits,

As



*The Alexandrian*

As t'innouations violently bent.

They by no band of duety more detain'd,  
First grudge, grew factious next, then rebells plaine:  
Like waters by industrious meanes restrain'd,  
Which if their dams once breake forth floods do raine.

But of th'vntainted tipe of matchlesse worth,  
Whom imitate none may, al must admire:  
Through iust disdain when furie sparkled forth,  
Th'astonish'd troupes all trembling did retire.

His stately countenance calm'd tumultuous sounds,  
Lightning forth maiestie through clouds of wrath:  
That euen as if his words had giuen them wounds,  
They prostrated themselues expecting death.

Those loftie bandes that were of late so prowd,  
That they disdain'd t'attend their Emperours will:  
Then by his sight being at an instant bow'd,  
Did beg for licence but to tarry stil.

And yet what wonder though he wanne all harts,  
That to his sacred presence did repaire,  
With that accomplishment of vertuous parts,  
As large in him, as in all others rare.

Whiles when we come to meete as each man sees,  
In this main'd state bent t'entertaine some life,  
Still hauing in contempt all our decrees,  
The souldiers are not stai'd from ciuill strife.

And who can call that valorous Prince to minde,  
That any reuerence vnto vertue beares:  
But he must be constrain'd, or prooue vnkinde,  
To offer vp a tribute of some teares.

*Lis* His death of sorrow makes my soule the prey,  
Though many thought that I for it had long'd:  
For if by those that he rests bound t'obey,  
One can be wrong'd, then I indeede was wrong'd.

*S. A.* Fame to mine eares by diuers tongues did bring,



*Tragedie.*

T'a danger huge how you were once exposde,  
But specifie not each particular thing,  
Which by your selfe I long to heare disclo'de.

*Lysim.* When sage *Calistines* for no request,  
With superstitious customes could comport:  
But with franke wordes all flatterie did detest,  
He was abusde, and in a barbarous sort.

So plaging him (no doubt) the king did ill,  
Yet to prosperitie we must impute  
Those fatall faulcs that follow Fortune still,  
As being of all great mindes a bastard fruit.  
We should in kings, as loth their states to tuch,  
Speake sparingly of vice, praise vertue much.

But I whose soule that wise man deereely lou'd,  
Whilst spying his perfections thus iniur'd:  
To tender passions by compassion mou'd,  
Would his reliefe haue willingly procur'd.

But when my credite faild, all hope being past,  
That I could purchase grace in any sort:  
I gaue him desp'rate phyicke at the last,  
That if his life was euill, it might be short.

The king enrag'd that I had thus presume,  
To limite his reuenge by sodaine death:  
That by a Lion I should be consumde,  
Did throw my doome out of the depths of wrath.

But when with rolling eyes the Lion roard,  
He by my strength as strengthlesse was orethrowne:  
Which to the king whole mind did then remord,  
My courage and my constancie made knowne.

So that incontinent I was set free,  
By this rare profeesteem'd amongst the strong:  
And with a minde from inward rancor free;  
As he his wrath, so I forgot my wrong.

For whilst alone he through a Forrest rang'd;

*The Alexandrian*

If it had bin but so, to purchase fame:  
Some by that meanes had former wrongs reueng'd,  
Bent like *Erostratus* t'acquire a name.

Yet that which others did attempt in vaine,  
And tinde by trauell, of a surffet dide,  
I did performe him bringing backe againe,  
Whilst I did runne as swift as he could ride.

And of that deede my sprite rests well apaide,  
For since that time my soueraigne held me deere,  
Which afterwards he to the world bewraid,  
Whilst in this forme his fauour did appeare.

When vnawares he chanc'd my brow to wound,  
To stay my blood that strin'd to die his lance:  
My temples with his diademe he crownd,  
A happy signe, though comming but by chaunce.

And O! who knowes but once before I die,  
That the successe may second the presage?

*Seleuc.* What hinders vs our fortune now to trie?,  
And for a diademe our cares t'engage?

Those bended mindes that ayme at greatnesse still,  
Growne popular by th'armie to be praisde:  
Doe winde themselues in euery mans good-will,  
And would seeme humble that they may be raisde.

What counterfeited friends scale trustlesse bands,  
Whilst in the generall cause that each pretends,  
Though neuer ioyning hearts, all ioyne their hands,  
And worke one way, yet worke for diuerse ends?

Yea those whose thoughts intend t'attend the state,  
Haue purchasde powres, being purposde for the fields,  
With ielous mindes their riuals bent t'abate,  
Whilst e' walls all, now none t'another yeelds.

Yet with suspended thoughts all doubtfull stand,  
And their designs t'accomplish doe forbear,  
Lest all the rest ioynd by a generall band,

March

*Tragedie.*

March him t'orethrow that first giues cause of feare.

But he may prosper best whom burning thirst  
Of gouernement enflames at first t'aduance:  
Some to be second, doubting to be first,  
Will make their hopes depend vpon his chaunce.

And by a battell when that one preuailes,  
There will rich hopes at a easie rate be folde:  
For of that faction first whose fortune failes,  
Euen all will striue who shalbe first to folde.

All this to me great cause of feare affords,  
I feare that we two protract the time too long:  
And wounded be before we draw our swords,  
If those we not prevent that would vs wrong.

*Lys.* No chance of late hath brought me so to bow,  
But I expect a part of those great hopes:  
Yet in my minde a iudgement most allow,  
That ouer a dang'rous ditch aduis'dly leapes.

There are t'our charge some prouinces assign'd,  
Whose peacefull states we manage must awhile:  
Till all attempt that which they haue design'd,  
Whilst from the world each th'other doth exile.

Then liuing but like those whose force is small,  
From which the world no great thing can expect:  
We shall professe a fauour to them all,  
And an indifferencie pretend t'affect.

Yet shall not then our thoughts haue leaue to sleepe,  
But subtilties must circumspectly frame:  
The mightie men at variance still to keepe,  
So alwayes strengthening vs, and weakning them.

And when th'occasion stricter dealing claimes,  
We shall make warre with some ere it be long:  
Like cunning Wrestlers at th'Olympicke games,  
That exercise themselues to be more strong.

And when themselues haue thus prepar'd the way,



*The Alexandrian*

Whilst that their pomp doth beare a lower saile:  
For at the last their force must much decay,  
Since all must alwayes loose, though one preuaile.

Then prompt tatchiue that which we now contriue,  
By ruining the remnant that remaines:  
We may possesse the state for which they striue;  
Thus they the toiles, and we shall get the gaines.

*Excunt.*

*Chorus.*

O happy was that guiltlesse age,  
In which Astræa liu'd below:  
And that Bellonaes barbarous rage  
Did not all order quite orethrow.  
Then whilst all did themselues content  
With that thing which they did possesse,  
And gloried in a little rent,  
As wanting meanes to make excessse.  
These could no kinde of want bemone,  
For crauing nought they had all things:  
And since none sought th'empierious throne,  
Whilst none were subiects, all were kings:  
O t'a true blisse their course was set,  
That got to liue, not liu'd to get.  
Then Innocencie naked liu'd,  
And had no neede nor thought of armes,  
Whilst spightfull sprites no meanes contriu'd,  
To plague th'unprouident with harmes.  
Then snaring lawes did not extend  
The bounds of reason as they doe:  
Strife being begurue where it should end,  
Clearing one doubt i'ngender two.  
Then customes but by conscience stooode,

By

*Tragedie.*

*By which dark things were soone discern'd,  
Whilst all behoon'd there to be good;  
Whereas no euill was to be learn'd:*

*And how could any then proue naught,  
Whilst vertue by example's taught?*

*Then mortall mindes all most pure,  
Free from corruption lasted long:  
Whilst arm'd with innocencie sure,  
When none did know how to doe wrong:  
Then staz'd with no suspitious thought,  
Men mischief did from none expect:  
For that which in themselues was not,  
In others they would not suspect.*

*And though none did sterne lawes impart,  
That might i' vse vertue men compell,  
Each in the table of his hart  
Had graun'd a law of dooing well:*

*And all did wickednesse forbear,  
Through a free will, and not for feare.*

*The first that spoil'd the publike rest,  
And did disturbe this quiet state,  
T'was Auarice, the greatest pest  
That euer past th' infernall gate:  
A monster very hard to daunt,  
Leane, as dry'd up with inward care,  
Though full of wealth for feare of want,  
Still at the borders of dispaire.*

*Scarfe taking food t' haue nature eas'd,  
Nor for the cold sufficient clothing.  
She with her riches neuer pleas'd,  
Thinks all hath much, she hath nothing.*

*This daughter of sterne Pluto still,  
Her fathers dungeon strives to fill.  
That monster-tamer most renown'd,*

*The Alexandrian*

The great Alcides, Thebes glory.  
That for twelue seuerall labours crown'd,  
Was famous made by many a story.  
As one that all his time had toyl'd,  
To purge the world of such like pests,  
That robbers rob'd, and spoilers spoyl'd,  
Still humbling hautie tyrants crests:  
He by this monster once or e-throwne,  
Did passe in Spaine his strength to try:  
And there tooke more then was his owne,  
What right had he to Gerions ky?  
Thus auarice the world deceiues,  
And makes the greatest conquerors slaues.  
Ah, when I afflict the world with griefe,  
This poore-rich monster once was borne,  
Then weakenesse could finde no reliefe,  
And subtiltie did conscience scorne:  
Yet some that labor'd to recall  
The blisse that guilded th' ancient age,  
Did punishment prepare for all,  
That did their thoughts to vice engage.  
And yet the more they Lawes did bring,  
That to be good might men constraine,  
The more they sought to do the thing,  
From which the lawes did hem restraine:  
So that by custome alterd quite,  
The world in euill doth most delight.

*Exeunt.*

**ACT. III. SCENE I.**

*Perdiccas. Eumenes.*

**N**OW fortune smyles vpon my rising state,  
And seemes to promise more then I require:

*Loc*



*Tragedie.*

Loe by degrees my glory doth grow great,  
And by their death that did my death conspire.

Proud *Meleager* that disdain'd to bow,  
And my advancement alwayes did mislike,  
Hath with his blood seald my assurance now,  
T'astonish those that would attempt the like.

*Eum.* Yet of his fall the forme my minde appalls,  
At th'altar of the gods without regard:  
We were too rash to violate those walles,  
Which the most impious persons would haue spar'd

Lasciuious *Ajax* by *Mineruaes* spight,  
Eaist for prophaning such a sacred place,  
On the *Capharian* rockes did loose the light,  
And all his nauie to his great disgrace.

We should not irritate celestiall powers,  
Then all beginnings are considered most:  
And by this sacrilegious act of ours,  
I feare that we the hearts of some haue lost.

*Per.* Let others seeke to obserue such points as those,  
I'am not so scrupulous, for I protest  
Ouer all, and by all meanes ile kill my foes,  
And then there-after dispute of the rest. {bee

They wrong the Gods that think their church should  
As a refuge for male-factors still:  
For with their iustice this can not agree,  
Who gard th'euill-doers guiltie are of ill.

Was he not stain'd with many a monstrous crime?  
And like the *Salamander* in the fire,  
Did loue to liue in trouble all his time,  
And alterations alwayes did require.

*Eu* One humorous head that doth in braules delight,  
May poison thousands with the gall of spight.

*Perd.* As still seditiously affecting strife,  
He but abus'd the credit of his king:

And

*The Alexandrian*

And sent some of his slaues to take my life,  
Such bitter enuie did his stomacke sting.

*Eum.* I saw, how that aduanc'd before your band,  
You first did checke, then chase them in the end:  
And with what mightie courage you did stand  
Our Soueraignes corps (though dead) bent to defend.

*Perd.* He but a dastard is t'a toe that yieldes,  
And in no conflict hath his fortune tryed:  
We (if by time not ventring to the fields)  
Like beausts being sacrific'd had simply dyed.

But when without we maisters did remaine,  
Lest *Babylon* had straight bin barr'd from foode:  
I those rebellious squadrons did constraîne,  
Euen t'our aduantage concord to conclude.

Th'agreement that gaue me a great reliefe,  
Made my competetour his marke to misse:  
For when I came, though hee before was chiefe:  
The shadow of my greatnesse darkned his.

*Eum.* Yet in this treatie all the world may see,  
Th'opinion of the multitude preuail'd:  
He whom they did elect our prince must be,  
And our designe hath altogether fail'd.

But how comes this? that euery captaine gets,  
A certaine realme assign'd now to his charge:  
And with a warlike armie forward sets,  
The limits of his gouernment t'enlarge?

*Perd.* I by my meanes haue euery great man crown'd,  
That from my greatnesse great things might proceed:  
Yet to make my authoritie renown'd,  
The doing likes me better than the deed.

I this diuision chiefly did procure,  
To make the court from other great men free:  
That so my credit might remaine more sure,  
And they by such great gifts engag'd to me.

*Tragedie.*

For him that hath them thus to honor brought,  
They must be bound to hold in high account:  
And I haue not aduanc'd them thus for nought,  
They be the meanes by which I minde to mount.

*Eum.* O but your fancies may be much deceiu'd,  
There is no bond that binds vngratefull mindes:  
I feare th'aduancement that they thus receiu'd,  
Haue shewne them wayes to faile by other windes.

So long of late as they had need of you,  
To seeme your constant friends they kindly sought:  
But since their greatnesse giues them freedom now,  
They do dildaine what may abase them ought.

To those all great men frankest friends do proue,  
Whom without cause they alwayes fauour still:  
And can not be as t'were compell'd to loue,  
Those whose deserts do challenge their good will.

This would preiudge the freedome of their state,  
That any might claime interest in their hearts:  
No, kings can hold of none their kingly seat,  
None must vpbraide them with so great deserts.

And in my iudgement you haue greatly errd,  
Them thus t'exalt whose states you would surprise:  
Their common custome is that are preferrd,  
That they may stand, not to let others rise.

*Perd.* Ile make their breſts ſuch iealous thoughts im-  
That euery one ſhall ſeek his mate t'ore-throw: (brace,  
And then I purpoſe to ſupply their place,  
When by ſuch ſleights the higheſt are brought low.

This ſubtille courſe reſts by experience try'd,  
The ſtrongſt elſe is to confuſion gone:  
I long to learne how *Leonatus* dy'd,  
Not that I minde his funeralls to bemone.

*Eum.* That prince magnanimous whom all admire  
Through his accuſtom'd clemencie proclaim'd:



*The Alexandrian*

That banishd *Gracians* might to *Greece* retire,  
Saue onely such whom murder had defam'd.

At this, some *Grecian* great men were commou'd,  
Whose partiall grudge occasion'd their exile:  
Left th'others restitution should haue prou'd,  
A meanes t'haue brought their state t'a lower stile.

And th'indignation that they had conceiu'd,  
Did burst out in rebellion for a time:  
The which the king deepe in his minde engrau'd,  
And thought by *Athens* spoyle t'avenge that cryme.

But since that death ministred them reliefe,  
Grown bold to prosecute their prowde attempt:  
T' *Athenians* and the *Ætolians* were the chiefe,  
That brought *Antipater* first in contempt.

And being by them constrain'd to quit the field,  
He in a little towne enclos'd at last:  
Was once reduc'd in dangers neere to yield,  
And staine the glory of his actions past.

But yet by accident as whiles it fallcs,  
It's better to be fortunate then wise:  
An vn suspected shaft throwne from the walles,  
Th' *Athenian* captaine happened to surprise.

Then did *Antipater* his courage reare,  
That had almost his staggering hopes betraid:  
And yet not altogether free'd from feare,  
He sent to *Leonatus* seeking aid.

And he that seem'd his friendship much t'affect,  
Did carefull of his countrie-men appeare:  
But if he had preuail'd some do suspect,  
*Antipater* had bought his succours deere.

Yet by th'effect his purpose bent to shew,  
What euer that he was, he seem'd a friend:  
But when th' *Athenians* did his comming know,  
T' encounter him they did directly tend.

And

*Tragedie.*

And though their thoughts in depths of doubts did  
They, whilst alone, to match him thought it best: (fleete,  
Then whilst they march'd aduentrous troupes to meete,  
Hard was the welcome of th'vnwelcome guest.

For when both th'armies were t'a battle brought,  
And all the fruits of valour did afford:  
Rash *Leonatus* like a Lyon fought,  
Bent to proue worthy of his wonted Lord.

But whilst he brauely did his charge acquite,  
He lost himselfe that others came to saue:  
And by their Captaines fall discourag'd quite,  
His scatred troupes great damage did receiue.

Yet when the newes to *Antipater* were told  
Of their mishap that come for his releife:  
He not one signe of sorrow did vnfold,  
A little gaine doth mitigate great grieve.

For he did know, though then his foes preuail'd,  
That this great fight infeeble had their hoste:  
And then he tooke to him which much auail'd,  
Those beaten bandes that had their Captaine lost.

Yet that in which he did most comfort finde,  
Was his deliuerie from a secret foe:  
Which did with ielousie torment his minde,  
Though outwardly not seeming to be so.

*Perd.* Thus we that vnderneath one ensigne warrd,  
Slept in one tent, and all one fortune prou'd,  
And with a friendship then that neuer iarrd,  
As *Pilades* and mad *Orestes* lou'd.

Since wanting now a Lord. that all be Lords,  
We loe renounce all kind of kindnesse now:  
And secret rancor budding in discords,  
Euen euery one doth th'others ruine vow.

Such is the sacred famine of a crowne,  
That it to satisfie, before we faile,

*The Alexandrian*

What stands within our way, all must go downe,  
And bands of blood or friendship nought auaille.

These glory-rauish'd foules that would be great,  
Will pretermite no meanes although vniust:

Impatient of copartners in the state;

For amongst riualls there can be no trust.

*Hann.* Well, I perceiue *Antipater* doth tend,  
With all his powre, to attaine that sacred prey:  
Which hee of late augmented now in th'end,  
Through euery danger once may make a way.

And *Alexander* sometimes spake at large,  
Then whilst *Antipater* with *Agis* striu'd,  
That he without the limits of his charge,  
More like a king than a Lieutenant liu'd.

*Antigonus*, and *Ptholomie* in armes  
Are ioynd in one, our ruine bent to breed:  
I feare that friendship procreate our harmes,  
Vnlesse their spight preuented be with speed.

*Perd.* Ile lodge you now *Eumenes* in my brest,  
And let you see the ground of my designes:  
Since that we both alike must toyle or rest,  
As those whose course one planet now confines.

Since at his death, I by our dying Lord  
Was in his place appointed to succeed,  
And that my fortune doth a meanes afford,  
How that I compasse may what he decreed.

To leaue that place I cannot well agree,  
As if I wanted courage to command:  
Ile take that which the fates do throw on me:  
For if without a throne, I cannot stand.

And those that would performe difficult things,  
Must not regard what way, so they preuaile;  
Of sleight, then force a greater furtherance brings,  
The Fox must helpe if that the Lyon faile.



*Tragedie.*

So for *Antipater* a snare t'haue layd,  
His daughter I in marriage did require:  
That so the time might but haue bin delayd,  
Till that I had accomplisht my desire.

For with the shadow of pretended loue,  
And hope of that affinitie to come:  
I from his bounds was minded to remoue,  
A warrelike troupe wherewith himselfe t'orecome.

But to deceiue deceiuers, t'is most hard,  
He quickly did mistrust th'intended wrong:  
And from my messengers his eares he barr'd,  
As did *Vlisses* from the *Sirens* song.

*Eum.* This to your state, I think, might much import  
If to your selfe you chose a vertuous mate:  
Whose beauty pleasure, birth might bring support,  
And both concurre in one to blesse your state.

If you to make your high designes more sure,  
By *Hymens* meanes with some your selfe alie:  
Thus of some Prince you may the powre procure,  
That wil conioynd with you one fortune trie.

What grieve were this if you haue hap t'attaine,  
That faire *Idea* which your fancies frame:  
If after you of yours none doe remaine,  
That may enioy your conquests, and your name.

Kings liue most sure, that of their owne haue heires,  
Whose sacred persons none dare seeke to wound:  
Since though they die, yet there rest some of theirs,  
That are t'auenge their death by nature bound.

*Pe.* Noght rests vntide that might inlarge my might  
I minde to match my selfe with such a one:  
That if she haue my powre to proue her right,  
May be thought worthy of th'*Æmathian* throne:

I with *Olympias* haue deuise a thing,  
That may assure her state, and make mine strong:

*The Alexandrian*

The which I hope shall prooue a prosprous spring,  
From whence may flow great things ere it belong.

By *Cleopatra* may a meanes be catch'd,  
That our designs t'a glorious end may bring:  
I meane she whom hir father *Philip* match'd,  
With *Alexander* of th' *Epirots* King.

He hauing heard great *Alexanders* fame,  
In emulation of that monarkes praise:  
Went with his troupes th' *Etrurians* bent to tame,  
Which enterprife did but abridge his dayes.

In marriage with that widdow'd Queene combinde,  
If that her mother thus our course assist;  
Whilst I effect that which I haue design'd,  
Who dare presume my purpose to resist?

For whilst this friendship doth my name renowne,  
It may my thoughts from further feare seclude:  
Since hauing thus a title to the Crowne,  
As one engraftde within the royall blood.

*Eum.* I feare that this your purpose to preuent,  
A number now take armes all in one forme:  
As those that haue discouerd your intent,  
And by the lowring cloudes foreknow a storme.

For loe how many else together runne,  
That for our ruine wonderfully thirst.

*Per.* Where do you think that we should then begin  
And exercise hostility at first?

*Eu.* Though we our selues in strangers thrones instal,  
And hauing *Asia* to subiection brought:  
Make *Nilus*, *Indus*, and *Euphrates* thrall,  
Yet all those victories would serue for nought.

Whilst martiall *Macedonie* living free,  
The spring that still will powre new armies forth,  
Doth not acknowledge you her king to be,  
Nor hath not proou'd your militarie worth.

*Tragedie.*

To those that would pursue a Prince in armes,  
His chiefeft realme the greatest vantage giues:  
Where if the warre hold out, t'is with his harmes,  
Since that within his bowells th'enemy liues.

And warres protracted with a peoples losse,  
Doe from their soueraigne alienate their loue:  
They lose their hearts whom fortune once doth crosse,  
And foild at home can no where else remoue.

He that hath *Macedonie*, hath the best,  
Which of our Monarchie the Mistresse is:  
That conquerd hath couragiously the rest,  
And but depends on *Mars* as onely his.

If you were Lord of that vndaunted soile,  
And by *Olympias* conntenaunc'd but a while:  
Strait from *Antipater* all would recoile,  
And him as traitor to the state exile.

To you that are a *Macedonian* borne,  
If match'd with *Cleopatra* great in powres:  
The *Macedonians* gladly would be sworne,  
And if commaunding them, then all were yours.

*Perd.* Yet this opinion partly I disprooue,  
Which would not (as you thinke) our troubles end:  
For if that we from hence our force remooue,  
And to the *Æmathian* bounds directly tend.

There must at first a doubtfull warre be proou'd,  
With those braue bands whose valour is well knowne:  
Of whom *Craterus* deerely is belou'd,  
That bound t' *Antipater* are all his owne.

And though indeede as kindly to those parts,  
My friendship is affected to by some:  
Yet others haue preoccupi'd their harts,  
And will discredite vs before we come.

Then whilst that we the *Macedonians* boast,  
And leaue those realmes vnarm'd that else are ours:

Strait



*The Alexandrian*

Strait *Ptolomie*, when strengthened is his hoste,  
May enter *Asia* and supplant our powres.

I by my iudgement willingly would take,  
The course that seemes to make our state most sure:  
It dangerous is t'haue foes behind our backe,  
That vnawares our ruine may procure.

My purpose is, though yet to none made knowne,  
That *Egipt* first shall burdend be with warre:  
For if that *Ptolomie* were once orethrowne,  
Then that from *Greece* all hope of help would barre.

*Eum.* Hold still with you those of the sacred blood,  
Whom to protect you alwayes must pretend:  
The countnance of the great may doe much good,  
Whome still though weake, the world delights t'attend.

*Exeunt.*

A C T. III. S C E N E II.

*Olympias, Roxane.*

**L** Et sorrow then euen tyrannize my soule,  
Whose rage with reason now no measure keepes:  
What of my teares the torrent can controule,  
Since flowing from afflictions deepest deeps?

How can my breast but burst whilst sobs rebound?  
Since once the seate of ioyes now not the same:  
May not huge horrors presse me to the ground,  
In thinking what I was, and what I am.

I was a great mans wife, a greater mother,  
Euen she to whome the heauens their best did giue:  
Yet I, euen I, more plagu'd than any other,  
In dungeons now of desolation liue.

My sonne that was the glorie of his time,  
Staine of times past, and light of times to come:

*Tragedie.*

(O fraile mortalitie, O sliderie slime,) Though hauing all orecom'd, death did orecome.

And I (deiected wretch) whose dying eies, He was by Natures custome bound t'haue closde: Was not to shut his starres with th'iuorie skies, That tapestried where maiestie reposed.

But ah! his falling in a forraine part, Hath (if it can b'enlargde) enlargde my griefe: Else I on him would melted haue my hart, And spent my selfe t'haue purchasde his reliefe.

Yet though I was not present at his death, He shall not be defrauded of my teares: But for his funerall fires my flaming breath Doth smoake, and to his ghost a tribute beares.

*Rox.* Ah, to what corner rolles my watry sight? Where it not findes some matter to bemone: O fodlish eies! whie loose ye not your light? Since that your treasure is to ruine gone.

Once of all Queenes I might the fortune scorne, To whom iust loue that great man did engage: Whose match in worth the world hath neuer borne, Nor neuer shall enrich another age.

When those perfections whiles transport my minde Which admiration onely doth dilate: I'm woe that me the destinies designde, To be the partner of his glorious state.

And I repent that to his sight I past, Though highly graced on a festiuall day: A feast that many a time must make me fast, And with slowe woe that flying mirth defray.

Then if my fortune had not blinded me, But ah! whose iudgement had it not bereau'd? Whilst the worlds Monarke daign'd to like of me, I had th'euent of my high flight conceiu'd.



*The Alexandreau*

He of th' *Asian* Prince whose state did then decline,  
Had both the wife and daughters at his will:  
Whose beauties glorie would haue darkned mine,  
Yet free from snares retainde his fancies still.

Then when my father chose out from the rest,  
Those virgins all whom Fame affirmd for rare:  
Though hauing viewd them all, he lou'd me best,  
Then thought most fortunate (if not most faire.)

And when his martiall nobles were dismaid,  
That he himselfe with captiues had alide:  
He by that meanes (as loue had dited) saide,  
Tooke from the vanquisht shame, from victors pride.

Then me as Empresse all did entertaine,  
Though his inferior farre in all respects:  
Till I from him by death diuorced remaine,  
Whom with his sonne now all the world neglects.

*Olym.* Although this will but aggrauate my woe,  
From whom the Fates all comfort now seclude:  
Yet do I reuerence his remembrance so,  
That of my sonne to heare it doth me good.

And daughter now, to double my distresse,  
Make me at length acquainted with his death:  
That sorrow may each part of me possesse,  
Sad newes mine eares, teares eies, and sighes my breath.

*Rox.* Though grieve to me scarce libertie affordes,  
T'expresse the passions that oppresse my mind:  
Yet would affection wrestle out some wordes,  
To speake of him that all my ioyes confind.

When he had conquerd all that could resist,  
A monarchie not equall with his minde:  
Still in his haughty course he did insift,  
And search'd out th' Ocean other worlds to finde.

But when from it his nauie was redeemde,  
He stoode in doubt where trophees next to reare:



*Tragedie.*

For all the world for him too little seemde,  
His minde could more conceiue than nature beare.

Then ah this Emprour purposde was in th'end,  
At *Babylon* his glories height to shew:  
Where all the world his comming did attend,  
As *Ioue* aboue, he onely raignde below.

When he drew neere that then thrice Monarks seate,  
All th'Astrologians by their skill foretold,  
What dangers there were threatned to his state,  
The which else-where might better be controld.

But he that was not capable of feare,  
And could not muse of misaduentures then:  
Causde through that towne him selfe in triumph beare,  
Backd with moe kings, than other kings with men.

There as a god in all his subiects sights,  
Which mirth with mourning I must still record:  
He spent, or lost a time in al delights,  
That a successefull fortune could afford.

Till *Thessalus*, for mischiefe but referu'd,  
Once to his house inuited him to dine:  
Where false *Cassander* at the table seru'd,  
And as he vsde, with water mixt his wine.

*Olym.* Alas, alas, and so it proou'd in th'end,  
But who could feare a benefited friend?

*Rox.* The creatures al esteemde of greatest worth,  
That either are in th'earth, the sea, or th'aire:  
In *Persia*, *Arabia*, or the *Ind's* brought forth,  
That walke, that swim, that flie, that grow, were there.

Then when that reason drunke with pleasure slept,  
Which all things did abundantly afford:  
And whilst that nought saue musicke measure kept,  
With *Ceres*, *Bacchus* onelie was ador'd.

But when the King beginning was to drinke,  
As strangely moou'd he thundred forth a grone:

*The Alexandrian*

And from the table sodainly did shrinke,  
As one whose strength was at an instant gone.

Then when he softly was t'a chamber led,  
That Death a title to his bodie claimde:  
The sorrowing souldiers swarmd about his bed,  
With lookes, once fierce, then for compassion framde.

But he whome victorie had still arrayd,  
This battell with the rest bent to make euen:  
Did looke like one whome all the world obayd,  
And boasted shortly then to take the heauen.

Then that he comfort might th'afflicted bands,  
He stretcht them out to kisse respected partes:  
More by the Sword than Scepter honor'd hands,  
On which it seemde they melted all their harts.

Last, vnto them those generous words he tolde,  
Yet to my life my death doth bring no blot:  
Thus to die yoong in yeeres, in glorie olde,  
Of all our familie it is the lot.

And since that no mo worlds now rest t'orecome,  
It's time to die: I did an Empire found,  
And liu'd and raignde; it's done for which I come,  
Now my great ghost must goe beneath the ground.

Then hauing thus dischargde all debt of life,  
He with a countnance constant euen in death:  
As too victorious of that fatall strife,  
All th'aire perfuming spent th'imperious breath.

But when that it once through the camp was known,  
That from the world that world of worth was gone,  
What anguish was it cannot well be showne,  
I had my part, yet had not all alone.

O let that day which makes my dayes all night,  
Be registred amongst the dismall dayes:  
Whose inauspicious and lugubrious light,  
The world with some disaster still dismayes.

And



*Tragedie.*

And *Babylon*, curst be thy fatall towres,  
Once seate of Monarches, mistresse of all th'earth:  
But from hence-foorth a slaue to forraine powres,  
Still burden'd be thy bounds with blood and dearth.

*Olimp.* You need not vse those execrations more,  
Though *Babylon* of breath that prince depriu'd:  
Yet as an Oracle had told before,  
In *Macedonie* was his death contriu'd.

T' *Antipater* t'was told, how diuers times  
The king against him had beene mou'd to wrath:  
And doom'd, as guiltie of opprobrious crimes,  
His sonne in law *Lincestes* vnto death.

And he had heard the king did strictly trie,  
How his Lieutenants had their places vsde:  
Still making all as traitours strait to die,  
That had t he same in any sort abusde.

Then he that priuate was t'his owne misdeeds,  
Had learnd by others what he might expect:  
As whose ambitious breast in pride exceeds,  
And alwayes did a soueraigntie affect.

But when *Craterus* was nam'd to his place,  
And he in his requir'd the warres t'attend:  
He thought that it was but a meanes t'embrace,  
To plague his pride with a deserued end.

Then to preuent that, which I thinke was still  
More fear'd by him, then purpose by the king:  
With guiltie thoughts best exercisde in ill,  
He sought what might to death his soueraigne bring.

And this the traytor compassde at the last,  
As I alas, haue learnde (although too late)  
When to my sonne, his sonne *Cassander* past,  
As to congratulate his prosprous state.

Then in his companie he did retaine,  
A poyson powrefull where it was imploy'd:



*The Alexandrian*

Whose violence no mettall could restraine,  
But in a horses hoofe was still conueigh'd.

He, and his brother then th'advantage watchde,  
And for their prince a cup of poyson made:  
Thus he that neuer was by th'enemies matchde,  
Doth by the treason of his friends lye dead.

*Rox.* And could, or durst those traytors be so bold,  
The glory of the world to vndermine:  
But ah, Madam, *Antipater* of old,  
Against your greatnesse alwayes did repine.

And I remember on a time he sent  
A Messenger, of minde to make you bow:  
That to your sonne a letter did present,  
Full of inuectiues to discredite you.

The king whilst reading what it did comprise,  
Did with a scornfull smile t'*Hephestion* say:  
In writing of such things he is not wise,  
Which straight one mothers teare will wash away.

*Olimp.* My sonne indeed I many a time aduise,  
How that disloyall man striu'd to be great:  
But as a womans wit, mine was despisde,  
And wrested still vnto the sense of hate.

Yet of my sonne I thought the deeds were such,  
That t'admiration com'd they past enuy:  
And that none durst his sacred person touch,  
On which the daunted world did whole relye.

How oft haue I those bitter throwes allowde,  
By which I brought that demi-god to light:  
And well I might of such a birth be prowde,  
That made me glorious in the peoples fight.

Though diuers too, as I haue sometime knowne,  
T'estrange his loue from me did waye strepreare:  
Yet were their flights by duteous loue o're-t hrowne,  
And I respected with a reuerent care.

*Tragedie.*

His tender loue towards me was much extolde,  
Then when he sought t'establish a decree:  
That I amongst th'Imortalls might b'enrold,  
And as t'a Goddesse, honors done to me.

Ah, how can I this tragicke time suruiue,  
That lost a sonne so great, a sonne so kinde?  
And th'only meanes that make me now to liue,  
Is with reuenge, hope t'entertaine my minde.

*Rex.* His loue towards you no doubt behoou'd t'abound  
(By nature parents of their owne are lou'd)  
But those towards whom he by no bond was bound,  
Of his humanitie the fruits haue prou'd.

His clemencie did make his state more sure,  
Then all the terrors rising from his name:  
Which whilst he liu'd did publike loue procure,  
And after death a neuer dying fame.

Th'vnhappy *Sisigambis* taking heart  
Of her owne naturall sonne, the death suruiu'd:  
And t'*Alexander* did that loue impart,  
The which was due to *Darius* whilst he liu'd.

But when the tidings wounded had her eares,  
That from the world was robde that glory of men:  
Then suddenly dissoulde in floods of teares,  
She hated life as neuer spoilde till then.

And with her widdow'd-nephew at her feete,  
That of *Hephestion* did the death bewayle:  
Her soule amidst a sea of woes did fleet,  
Whose forces as ouer-whelmde began to fayle.

Then barrde from food she groueling did abide,  
Till that the course of life t'an end was runne:  
Thus she suruiude her sonne, yet with him dide,  
In whom she found th'affections of a sonne.

*Olimp.* If but by hearing of his dolorous end,  
A stranger (once his captiue) dide for griefe.

Ah



*The Alexandrian*

Ah, shall his mother on new hopes depend,  
As such a losse might looke for some reliefe?

And so I will, for t'were a great disgrace  
To me the mother of th'all-conquering man:  
Like other women to giue fortune place,  
And yeeld to miserie as many can.

Though grieve at first must mollifie me once,  
(Else as vnnaturall I might be admirde)  
Yet will I not still burst my brest with groanes,  
Than that of me more courage is requirde.

Ile not degener from my generous kinde,  
(Faint-hearted hinds brought neuer Lyon forth)  
Nor yet a mother of an abiect minde,  
Had neuer borne a monarch of such worth.

And, O, who knowes, but once the time may come,  
That I t'auenge my selfe a meanes may haue?  
And may against these traytors yet mooue some,  
That with their blood may bathe their sou'raignes graue.

Now on *Perdiccas* I repose my trust,  
That with *Eumenes* would our wrongs redresse:  
Their valor ventring in a cause so iust,  
Doth by appearance promise good successe.

*Rox.* Lo, now of late deliuered of a sonne,  
I to these captaines scarce dare make it knowne:  
That else to part his kingdomes haue begunne,  
And might, by killing him, make all their owne.

Ay me (Madam) this makes me most to pause,  
That still th'ambition of those great men feare:  
Left by pretending but a publike cause,  
They seeke themselves th'authoritie to beare.

Ah, they of my yong babe as mou'd with ruth,  
Would but be Tutors first, and traytors then:  
Voyd of obedience, dutie, loue, or truth,  
No deerer things then diadems to men.



*Tragedie.*

*Olimp.* As those whose courage cannot be dismaide,  
Let vs a faction studie now to finde:  
And whilst that pittie doth procure for aide,  
Go tune the peoples passions now t'our minde.

Vnlesse their loue haue perishde with his life,  
Of *Alexander*, in a high degree:  
I thinke the sonne, the mother, and the wife,  
Must of the *Macedonians* reuerenc'd be.

And this doth with disdaine my soule consume,  
That *Arideus* amongst other wrongs:  
And prowde *Euridice* his wife presume,  
To vsurpe those honours that but t'vs belongs.

O they shall finde my fortune not so changde,  
But I am able yet t'abate their pride:  
What? what? *Olimpias* must be reuengde:  
That (saue her selfe) a Queene disdaynes t'abide.

*Exeunt.*

*Chorus.*

**L**oe how all good decayer,  
And euills begin t'abound,  
In this skie-compass'd round:  
There is no kinde of trust  
For mankind whilst it strays,  
In pleasure-paued wayes  
With floods of vice is drown'd,  
And doth farre from refuge  
In endlesse shaddowes lodge:  
Yet strues to rise no more,  
No doubt as most vniust,  
The world once perish must:  
And worse now to restore,  
Then that it was before,

H

*When*

*The Alexandrian*

*When at the last deluge,  
Men by Ducalion once,  
Were made againe of stones.  
And well this wicked race  
Bewrayes a stonie kinde,  
That beares a stubborne minde,  
Still hardned vnto sinne.*

*Lo, now in euery place  
All vertuous motions cease.  
And sacred faith we finde  
Now farre from th'earth is fled,  
Whose flight huge euills hath bred,  
And fills the world with warres,  
Whilst impious breasts, begin  
Still to let treason in:*

*Which common concord marres,  
Whilst all men liue at iarres,  
And nets of fraud do spread  
Th'vnwarie to surprise,  
Too wittie, but not wise:  
Yet those that in deceit  
Their confidence repose,*

*A deerer thing do lose  
Then can by guile be gain'd.  
Which being repented late,  
Brings ruine to their state,  
Whilst purer spirits disclose  
Wherewith their breasts are stord:  
For though they would remord,  
They get not trust againe;  
But hauing honor stain'd,  
And covenants prophain'd  
Are held in high disdain,  
And do in end remaine*

*Tragedie.*

*Of all the world abhorr'd;  
Not trustie when they should,  
Not trusted when they would.  
But ah, our Nobles now,  
Lo, like Lisander still,  
So that they get their will,  
Regard not by what way,  
And with a shamelesse brow,  
Doe of th' effect allow,  
Euen though the meanes were ill.  
Which all the world may see  
Disgraces their degree,  
That should not learne to lowre,  
But throwe base sleights away.  
What can braue mindes dismay?  
Whose worth is as a towre  
Against all fortunes powre,  
Still from all fraud being free?  
These keepe their course unknowne,  
Whom it would shame if shewn:  
VWho not from worth digresse  
T' vse sleights that feare imparts.  
Doe shew heroicke hearts,  
The which would rather farre  
An open hate professe,  
Then secretly suppress,  
Honor scornes fearefull artes.  
But those that doe vs leade,  
As for dissembling made,  
Euen though that they intend  
Amongst themselves t' haue warre,  
Seeme in no sort to iarre,  
But friendship do pretend,  
Not like their Lord thats dead,*



*The Alexandraan*

*That trusting to his worth,  
Still what hee meant spake forth.  
The great men not for nought  
Do seeke the peoples loue:  
And them their deeds t' approue,  
Do labor still t' allure.  
But Perdiccas it's thought  
Too sparingly hath sought  
Our mindes towards him to moue,  
As one that still conceits  
Hee may command the fates:  
His pride so great is growne,  
That none can it indure:  
Yet stands his state vn Timer, sure,  
Since odious to his owne,  
He must b' at last ore-throwne  
Whose humour each man hates:  
Pride doth her followers all,  
Lead headlong to a fall.*

ACT. IIII. SCENE I.

*Antigonus. Eumenes.*

**T**Ough stormie discord and tumultuous warres  
Doe fire the minds of men with flames of rage,  
That hauing haucie thoughts as heauen hath starres,  
Their indignation nothing can asswage.

Yet loe, amongst the souldiers wauiing bowres,  
The Heraulds cryes, whiles calmes the trumpets sounds,  
And peace dare inter-pose her vn Timer'd powres,  
To limit for a time *Bellonaes* bounds.

And whilst of furie they suspend th' effects,

The

*Tragedie.*

The seeming-friended foes haue conference whiles,  
And each shewes th'other what his soule affects,  
A shadow of the blisse that *Mars* exiles.

Thus men magnanimous amidst the field,  
Dare to th'assurance of their enemies trust:  
And loathing what disloyaltie doth yield,  
Not violate their vows, nor proue vniust.

Though Loue be past, yet Truth should still remaine,  
I vertuous partes cuen in my foes applaud;  
A gallant mind doth greater glorie gaine,  
To die with honor than to liue by fraude.

And why *Eumenes* as mistrusting me,  
Else standing on your reputation long,  
Did you disdaine to come (as all men see)  
T'a greater than your selfe, and t'one more strong.

*Eu.* Thogh we not come to plead our birthright here,  
Let him (but warriors take not so their place)  
In whom best signes of noblenesse appeere,  
Be thought extracted of the noblest race.

Most noble he that still by vertue striues,  
To leaue his name in minds of men engraui'd;  
And to his of-spring greater glorie giues,  
Than of his ancestors he hath receiu'd.

Erst we by birth in warre not marshall'd stode,  
As at the table vpon Iuorie beds;  
A fouldiers worth consists not in his blood,  
But in the blood of th'enemies that he sheds.

What euer others of my lineage try,  
I am *Eumenes*, and I scorne t'accord,  
That there can be a greater man than I,  
While as I haue a heart, a hand, a sword.

*An.* Loc, when prosperitie too much preuailes,  
Aboue the iudgement thus of vulgar mindes,  
As little barges burdend with great failes,

*The Alexandrians*

They leape aloft being swolne with fortunes windes.

And as aduersitie the sprite refines,  
From out the drosse of pride, and passions base:  
That vertue in affliction cleereft shines,  
And makes one all the waies of wit to trace.

So good successe doth make the iudgement die,  
Then whilst the fortunate their ease doe take:  
And lulld asleepe in Pleasures meadowes lie,  
As fatted for the slaughter, ripe to shake.

Yet this the nature is of gallant men,  
To rest (being in no state too much inuolu'd)  
When prospring best most warie and humble then;  
If crossd, then more couragious and resolu'd.

What though your first attempts renowned are,  
By which you in two fields victorious stoode,  
And did orethrow two thunderbolts of warre,  
That lost their liues amidst a scarlet flood?

Yet is that course of victorie controlde,  
And you haue tride what force your force exceeds:  
Then let not wither'd Laurels make you bolde,  
As still reposing on your by-past deedes.

For by the same t'an indignation mou'd,  
The *Macedonians* all abhorre your name;  
That at that time so prowde a conquerour prou'd,  
And with their great mens slaughter wing'd your fame.

*Eum.* No fortune past so puffes vp my conceit,  
That it contempt of further danger brings:  
Nor am I so deiected now of late,  
But I intend to doe farre greater things.

He by prosperitie made neuer prowde,  
That knowes the frailtie of this earthly frame,  
Can hardly by aduersitie be bowd;  
The Sunne (although eclips'd) remains the same.  
Thinke not that worth consists in the successe,



*Tragedie.*

As th'essence did on th'accidents depend:  
The fault of fortune makes it not the lesse,  
On which oft-times the hardest happes attend.

For Fortune beares not still the badge of worth,  
Nor miserie the signes of gallant mindes:  
Which yet still like themselves are sparkeling forth,  
In euery state some tokens of their kindes.

Now at this time o're-match'd by numbrous powres,  
I kept my courage, though I lost the field:  
And vaunt no more of it, for some few howres  
May once to me the like aduantage yeelde.

And it's not long since that to Fortune deere,  
The world had neuer me but victor spide;  
Though I protest before th'immortalls heere,  
Moou'd by Necessitie, and not by Pride.

Prowd *Neoptolemus* that traitor still,  
Not worthy of a *Macedonians* name,  
Bent to betray the hoste, and me to kill,  
Had labord long to his eternall shame.

But of *Craterus* I lament the fall,  
Whom for his vertue I did deerely loue,  
And was constrain'd; (I *Ioue* to witnes call,)  
For my defence that last refuge to proue.

*Ant.* How fortun'd you your forces to dispose,  
So well t'auoyd that storme of threatned harmes?  
For then you had to deale with mightie foes,  
That were in warre growne hoarie vnder armes.

*Eum.* When faithlesse *Neoptolemus* did spie,  
That all his treason was t'our knowledge brought,  
To th'enemies camp he sodainely did flie,  
A foolish traitor that was false for nought.

There he informde, or mis-informde my foes,  
That haughtie through my victories of late:  
In my tent did carelesly repose,

Though

*The Alexandrian*

Though not by force, yet to b'orecomd by fate.

And further then t' *Antipater* he told,  
That if the *Macedonians* at that time,  
The countnance of *Craterus* might beholde,  
They willingly would yeelde themselues to him.

Now they had labord earnestly before,  
That I abandon would *Perdiccas* part:  
And did protest, that they would giue me more,  
Than yet I had, or hop'd for in my hart.

But Loue borne free, cannot be thrald, nor bought,  
More than a shamefull peace I likde iust strife:  
To generous mindes more deere than honour nought,  
And ere I leaue my faith, Ile lose my life.

Thus being despair'd that I would proue their friend,  
They sought in time t'orethrow me as their foe,  
Where loue could not beginne, that hate might end,  
And came in haste bent to surprise me so.

But I that knew *Neoptolemus*-his flight,  
Did him against the *Macedonians* bend:  
And to conceale *Craterus* from their sight,  
T'encounter him, causde troupes of strangers tend.

This policie which none could iustly blame,  
I with my selfe in secret did conspire:  
And had my shirt bin priue to the same,  
It should haue bin an offering to the fire.

When once that the first game of death was past,  
I *Neoptolemus* did toile to finde,  
And he me too, which happned at the last,  
Two will do much to meet, being of one minde.

Then whilst we met for whom both th'armies warr'd,  
Whose fortune then depended on our hands,  
All was performd that force or furie dar'd,  
Bent by reuenge t'abate each th'others bands.

And yet the heauens would not betray my trust,

*Tragedie.*

Foule treason neuer had a fairer end:

The gods smile on my cause because t'was iust,  
And did destruction to the traitor send.

For force by him whose force he did despise,  
Though fighting fiercely long he lost his breath:  
As one more strong than true, more stowt than wise,  
Whose greatest honour was his honest death.

But weakned with huge woundes, almost I diu'd  
In seas of blood, being quite from knowledge straide,  
Yet by so great a victorie reuiu'd,  
My courage grew more than my strength decaid.

I hauing finisht thus this fatall strife,  
Came where *Craterus* nere his course had runne:  
Euen in the confines placde twixt death and life,  
Whilst th'one was gone and th'other not begunne.

He with great valour had resisted long,  
As all *Briareus* hands had mou'd his sword:  
And did his Maisters memorie no wrong,  
Being with his courage, not his fortune stor'd.

What life refusde t'obtaine by death he sought,  
For life and death are but indifferent things:  
And of themselues not to be shund, nor sought,  
But for the good or th'euill that either brings.

With endlesse glorie bent t'exchange his breath,  
Of desprate valour all the powre was prou'd:  
And for great Captaines no more glorious death,  
Then to die fighting with a minde vnmou'd.

When this daies toiles were drawne vnto an end,  
Whilst th'armies courage with their captaine fell,  
That I might safely shew my selfe a friend,  
I went where death his senses did cancell.

And whilst I told how both to be betraid,  
By *Neoptolemus* were brought about:  
My woe with teares I to the world bewraid,



*The Alexandrian*

Milde pittie and true kindnes must burst out.

Ah, if the newes of this my good successe,  
Had comd in time vnto *Perdiccas* cares:  
He might haue liu'd their pride now to repressse,  
That by his fall were first deuorcd from feares.

*Ant.* The humour of that man was too well knowne,  
Could he haue parted other men from pride:  
That was becomd a slaue vnto his owne,  
And for the same forcde by his followers, dide.

*Eu.* The prowde must stil be plagu'd by prowder ones,  
There must be had sharp steele to smoothe the rough stones.

*An.* No vice than pride doth greater hate procure,  
Which foes doe scorne and friends can not indure.

*Eum.* Yet maiestie must not it selfe deiect,  
A loftie carriage doth procure respect.

*Ant.* A haughtie gesture shews a tyrants hart,  
All loue a curteous countnance voyde of Art.

*Eume.* Yet maners too submisse as much condemnd,  
Do make kings scornd and captains be contemnd. (soft,

*An.* A humble port, kind looks, words smooth, and  
Are meanes by which great mindes may mount aloft.

*Eum.* Those are indeede for such as raise their flight,  
They may doe more whose course is at the height,  
A imperious form an empire must defend,

*An.* Thus hastned was *Perdiccas* to his end.

*Eum.* That worthy man had many faire designses,  
But vertue still by enuy is pursude:  
Though as a candle in the night best shines,  
It in a vitious age may best be viewd.

There was a man that scornd secure delights,  
As prodigall of paines, attemptiue, bold:  
A strict obseruer of all th'antient rites,  
And th'vncorrupted discipline of old.

He lou'd to haue the souldiers of his band,

*Tragedie.*

Chusd at the musters, not in markets bought:  
And would not flatter where he might command,  
More meete t'enioy, than seeke that which he sought.

But souldiers now in this degenerd age,  
Are fawnd on by faint mindes, bribde in such sort:  
That hauing still the reines loofd to their rage,  
They cannot with so straight a course comport.

For that which was misfortune knowne to all,  
Their malice as misgouernement did cite:  
All things must help th'vnhappy man to fall,  
They thus spewd forth the poison of their spite,  
For hating his franke forme and naked wordes,  
By that occasion whetting their desires:  
They in their captaines bodie sheathd their swords,  
A deede which euen barbaritie admires.

Those trait'rous troupes may spot the purest bands,  
If for a fact so vile they be excusde:  
This will set swords in all our souldiers hands,  
Against vs, and not for vs to be vsde.

*Antig.* I would be glad that souldiers neuer thought,  
But that thing which their Generalls first conceiu'd:  
Much lesse t'attempt against their bodies ought,  
The which by them as sacred should be sau'd.

Nor like I captaines that like blustering windes  
Would ouer their troupes triumph as tyrants still,  
Without regard to merites, or to mindes,  
As carried headlong with a blinded will.

From selfe-presumption first pride borrowes might,  
Which with contempt being matchd, both do conspire,  
And twixt them bring base crueltie to light,  
Th'abhorred of-spring of a hated fire.

Such of *Perdiccas* was th'excessiue pride,  
The vice from which that viler vice proceedes,  
That it strange wayes for his aduauncement tride,



*The Alexandrian*

And did burst forth in most prodigious deeds.

The murder of *Mekager* first began  
To tell what tyrants harbourd in his hart,  
To whom faith giuen, nor yet the church he wan,  
Though sacred both no safety could impart.

And being by him constraind to quite the field,  
The guiltlesse Capadocians desprate bands,  
Chose rather than to that prowd victor ycelde,  
To perish by the powre of their owne hands.

Yet what against his foes he did performe,  
From martiall mindes might pleade for some excuse,  
Whilst vindicatiue thoughts that wrongd do storme,  
In th'irritated minde did furie infule.

But yet why sought he in a seruile sort  
T'extend his tyrannie, euen towards his friends,  
That could not with disdainfull formes comport?  
More than an enemies yoke a friends offends.

And when of late by *Ptolomie* constraind,  
He brought his bands with disaduantage backe:  
How by the same his gouernement was staine,  
The world can witnesse by his armies wracke.

But Hate being iudge, each error seemes a crime,  
Then whilst the present aggrauates whats gone:  
His souldiers moou'd by fortune, and the time,  
Did by his death venge all their wrongs in one.

*Eum.* As nought sinells well to a distemperd taste,  
So to conceits preoccupied before:  
Euen good seemes bad in them that they detest,  
Men must mislike when they can like no more.

To you that loath'd *Perdiccas* and his state,  
What came of him could neuer yet seeme good:  
And I not wonder though your soule did hate  
One that had right and powre to take your blood.

For fled from him to whom you once belongd,  
His trumpet still breath'd terror in your eare:      Then



*Tragedie.*

Then all men hate those whom they once haue wrong'd,  
And by no meanes can loue them whom they feare.

*Antig.* That which you speake of hate, in loue I spy,  
Loue cannot finde an imperfection forth:  
But doth excuse, extenuate, or denie  
Faults where it likes, with shaddowes of no woorth.

I left *Perdiccas*, but did him no wrong,  
That first to take my life all meanes did prooue:  
I told t' *Antipater*, how he so long  
Had bin abulde by a pretended loue.

For as I frankly loue, whilst lou'd againe,  
If me the ingrate ingrately do aquite:  
Straight kindling furie with a iust disdaine,  
I by loue past proportion, then my hate.

And yet *Eumenes*, I commend thy minde,  
That to defend thy friend hast prou'd so free:  
And since in loue so constantly inclinde,  
I would contract a friendship firme with thee.

Then where that now thy state hath bin brought low,  
Since spoilde of him in whom thou didst repose:  
Whilst aided by our powre thou great may grow,  
And raise thy hopes of kingdomes to dispose.

*Eum.* Ile be your friend, whilst friend to right you rest,  
For without vertue friendship is but vaine:  
Which cannot build in a polluted breast,  
Whose impious thoughts doe sacred things prophane.

So long as th'oath is kept that once was sworne,  
Both t' *Alexanders* selfe, and t' all his race,  
Still shall this sword for your defence be borne,  
But in my heart they hold the highest place.

And do not thus as ouer one vanquish'd vaunt,  
Nor think me thrall'd thogh once by chance ore-thrown  
Whilst ther's a world aduenturers cannot want,  
Ile tosse all states t'establish once mine owne.

*Exeunt.*

*The Alexandream*

ACT. I III. SCENE II.

*Cassander. Lisimachus.*

**A**Nd must we buy our pompe at such a rate,  
That beare th'authoritie, or whom it beares?  
O, O! how thornie are the wayes of state,  
With open dangers pau'd and secret feares?

Each of our steps is waited with some snare,  
Whilst from our selues we all repose repell:  
And through the waues of greatnesse toss'd with care,  
Do seeke a hauen, whose heauen is but a hell.

*Lisim.* Whilst *Eolus* and *Neptune* ioynd in all,  
With windes and waues beat th'earth and boist theskies:  
The tumbling mountaines doe not rise and fall,  
Though ech of them another doth surprise;  
As do th'aspiring potentates with doubt,  
Toss'd through the wauing world on stormie thornes,  
That are as in a circle hurld about,  
Ascending and discending both at once.

Lo, some whose hope would by their birth haue seem'd  
Within the compasse of contempt confinde:  
Haue from the vulgar yoke themselues redeem'd,  
To doe farre more than such could haue design'd.

And some to whom the heauens mishaps will giue,  
Though on their breath the breath of thousands hings:  
Lo, whiles brought low, cannot haue leaue to liue,  
Made lesse then subiects, that were more than kings.

*Cass.* Thus some without appearance do procure,  
The most respected place where greatnes stayes:  
And some whose states seem'd once t'all eyes secure,  
Thrown from their fortunes height lose glorious bayes.

My father, lo, t'attaine th'imperiall place,  
March'd through impossibilities of late:

And

*Tragedie.*

And greater then the greatest, for a space,  
Was Monarch of the *Macedonian* state.

But I his sonne, that as some would suppose,  
Might keep with ease, that which he got with paine:  
Can by no means my restless thoughts repose,  
Such raging tyrants ouer my fancies raigne.

*Lisim.* And yet I thinke you haue an easie part,  
To whom your father did his state resigne:  
For it may make you smile that made him smart,  
Some presse the grape, and others drinke the wine.

*Cass.* Ile not beleue that euer any ill,  
Was bred for me within my fathers breast;  
Since children must suppose their parents will,  
(Though seeming bad) still purposde for the best.

And yet my fathers ghost must pardon me,  
Though when from vs he minded to remoue:  
I thinke the tenor of his last decree,  
Shew lacke of iudgement, or at least of loue.

For what base course had euer bin begun,  
To make me seeme vnworthy of his place,  
That he prefer'd a stranger to his sonne,  
And sought to obscure the glory of his race.

Thus since in such a sort he did neglect,  
The sonne that should his name from death exempt:  
As dis-regarded for some great defect,  
All other men may haue me in contempt.

But ere his age expirde th'expected date,  
He saw my browes with Laurell boughes arrai'd:  
And spi'd my skill in warre, and wit in state,  
Which grew as much as th'other mans decai'd.

Nor can my courage so be brought to bow,  
But *Polispercon* shall experience soone:  
That in my fathers will, I will allow,  
Not what he did, but what he should haue done.

And



*The Alexandrian*

And since by him high dignities were wonne,  
I mind to prosecute what he began :  
For such a fathers greatnesse from his sonne,  
Takes the securitie of a priuate man.

Lo, *Polispercon* by our powre repeld,  
From *Macedonie* hath retirde dismaide:  
And for the feare of vs hath bin compeld,  
T'engage his glory for anothers ayde.

Let him not thinke the shaddow of the kings,  
Can match my powre with these his borrow'd bands,  
For his faint flight that's fram'd with others wings,  
Will neuer beare him from *Cassanders* hands.

And though *Olimpias* countnanc'd once his cause,  
As from *Epirus* brought to ruine mee :  
Now of her owne mishap she most must pause,  
Since brought by vs of late t'a low degree.

*Lisim.* And yet *Olimpias* had a good successe,  
When first she touch'd the *Macedonian* bounds:  
Whilst *Polispercon* proudly did repress  
All those that durst resist with words, or wounds.

Though *Philip* and *Euridice* his Queene,  
T'encounter with their troupes in time arriu'de :  
Yet when the *Macedonians* had her scene,  
As their owne Queene to honor her they striu'de.

And haplesse *Philip* being constrainde to yield,  
There for a kings did take a captiues state:  
And his wretch'd mate (though flying from the field)  
Was follow'd by their forces, and her fate.

Then thus her husband and her selfe gaue place,  
Whose browes of late th'imperiall badge had borne:  
But then throwne downe in th'Ocean of disgrace,  
A prey t'a womans pride, the butt of scorne. (trap,

*Cass.* Those were the meanes that did them first en-  
But haue you heard how after they were thrall :

*Tragedie.*

To plague the world with horrou and mis-hap,  
Th'enragde *Olimpias* tyranizde ouer all.

*Lisi.* Some doubtfull rumours did frequent ech care,  
Such as rash fame confus'dly durst vnfold:  
But yet conceald, by fauor, or for feare,  
The certaintie to vs hath not bin tolde.

*Cass.* When thus the famish'd tygresse did surprise  
Those miserable soules, (as in a dreame)  
Her heart at first seemde scarce to trust her eyes,  
She surfetted her sight so with their shame.

But when she sawe by reason of her powre,  
That she might safely let her rage burst out:  
She causde about them both to build a towre,  
Within whose walles they scarce could turne about.

And in that dungeon as entomb'd they stood,  
With high disgrace t'asswage more high disdaines:  
Farre from all comfort whilst a litle foode  
Their life prolong'd, but to prolong their paines.

But Pittie for th'vnfortunate contendes,  
As Enuy still prosperitie controules:  
The *Macedonians* doubtfull of their ends,  
Would sometime murmure for those marterd soules.

The peoples grudge *Olimpias* did perceiue,  
And to preuent what fury might effect,  
She strait resolu'd lifes remnant to bereaue,  
From weakned powres that did no lesse expect.

And when some barbarous *Thracians* bent for blood,  
As she appointed in th'excesse of spight:  
Had mured *Philip* and his Queene imbrude,  
With purple streames that spoil'd her husbands spright.

She sent to her, whose soule in grieve did sinke,  
As messengers of death t'assault her breast:  
A sword, a cord, and an empoison'd drinke,  
A Tirants presents, yet a wretches best.



*The Alexandraan*

Those when the Queene perceiu'd, vn mou'd she spake  
As one that had imbrac'd some great reliefe:  
Fit gifts for her to giue, for me to take,  
Since she exceeds in hate, and I in griefe.

And tell the tirant that I gladly die,  
That th'irritated gods t'auenge my death,  
May thunder foorth that iudgement, which I spie  
With blood must choke that bloodie womans breath.

'Then looking on her Lord that there lay slaine,  
Once partner of his ioy, then of his woe:  
Whilst that his roses did her lillies slaine,  
She kist his wounds as taking leaue to goe.

And lest her resolution were betraide,  
Her snowie necke (not vsde with such a chaine)  
She binding with her belt, di'd vndismaide,  
And if she sighd, she sighd but for disdaine. (singing,

*Lisim.* This barbarous act my breast with griefe doth  
Can spight so much transport the meekest kinde:  
And yet in th'earth ther's no more cruell thing,  
Then mallice raging in a womans minde.

*Cass.* But yet this sacrifice could not asswage,  
The boiling thoughts of her vnbounded will:  
For entring thus she rioted in rage,  
(As dogges that once get blood would alwayes kill.)

Ech light occasion kindling still her wrath,  
The soueraigntie she shamefully abusde:  
And put my brother *Nicanor* to death,  
Though for no crime condemn'd; no, not accusde.

Yea more, her hate extended toward the dead,  
Whose crueltie no flood of blood confin'd,  
The monument that t'*Iolas* was made,  
She raz'd and rent his ashes with the wind.

To be *Cassanders* friend was such a crime,  
As none could scape that euer fauour'd me.

Thus



*Tragedie.*

Thus huge disorders did abound a time,  
Where nothing lawfull is, all things are free.

Then when I heard of this outrageous pride,  
That made my native soyle contemn'd to be:  
I those indignities could not abide,  
The shame whereof redounded most to me.

So that at last, mov'd by my countries care,  
As much as by particular respects:  
I with great speed an armie did prepare,  
To punish, or prevent the like effects.

But when I was to *Macedonie* comd  
To fortifie a towne she did dissigne:  
Which by my valour quickly was ore-comd,  
Whilst famine forcde the fortress to resigne.

Then pride vnto necessitie gaue place,  
Her lofty courage was constraind to bow:  
So that she rests depending on our grace,  
To be disposde as it shall please vs now.

*Lisim.* This chance the world to wonder may invite;  
Lo, there a Queene that had (though now distressde)  
The rarest fortune, and the greatest spirite,  
That euer anie of her sex possessd.

The widow'd Empresse that first warrde with th'*Indes*,  
Nor stout *Tomiris*, though most gallant scene:  
Nor all th'*Amazons* borne with martiall mindes,  
Had neuer stouter stomakes then this Queene.

Her liues first progresse did but prooue too sweet,  
Whom all th'earths treasures once concurr'd to blesse:  
But now sad soule, trod vnder fortunes feete,  
Her miserie no creature can expresse.

*Cass.* Those were but fortunes gifts that made her great  
All was without her-selfe that made her praisde:  
Her imperfections did but staine the state,  
To which anothers merits had her raisde.

*The Alexandrian*

For when she first with famous *Philip* match'd,  
Then her behavior was not free from blame:  
But euen though she with *Argos* eyes was watch'd,  
As t'was supposde she forfeited her fame.

At least, her husband fear'd for some disgrace,  
From her himselfe had publikly deuorc'd:  
And entertain'd another in her place,  
Which, for the time, to suffer she was forc'd.

Yet this in th'end did his destruction breede,  
For which her spightfull thoughts had labour'd long,  
She was acquainted with *Pausanias* deede,  
And spurr'd him to performe th'intended wrong.

She fought, that by such meanes t'ambitious will,  
Her husbands murder might enlarge the raines,  
Whilst with authoritie she did all th'ill,  
Of which too late th'afflicted realme complaines.

Long suffred for the greatnesse of her sonne,  
She plaid the tirant safely as she pleasde:  
But by the course that I haue else begunne,  
I hope those whom she plagu'd shall now b'appeasde.

*Lisim.* Yet of *Olimpius*, though abasde by you,  
The sight her sonne, and husband wil reuiue:  
And so may make the *Macedonians* now,  
For her reliefe strange courses to contriue.

Of those whose greatnesse doth regard extort,  
Th'afflictions must entender euerie minde:  
And still th'affections of the vulgar sort,  
Are head-long led, too cruell, or too kind.

*Cass.* O, but I can precipitate her fall,  
Euen by the meanes that might support her most:  
For pittie shall spoile pittie, whilst they all,  
Sigh for their friends that through her pride was lost.

*Lisim.* As those to whom all other things are free,  
Must haue their life, and raigne both of one date:



*Tragedie.*

So priuate men that passe their owne degree,  
Can hardly turne to take their former state.

Thus you commit your fortune to the fates,  
None can retire that enters in such things:  
For those that ought attempt against great states,  
Must die as traitors, or else liue as kings.

And though you would but some disorders stay,  
You deale with those that borne not to be thrall  
As torrents beare away what stoppes their way,  
And either must do nothing, or doe all.

No, keepe not such, to sigh when they are gone,  
That scorne to take the thing that they should giue;  
For all must die, that dare but touch a throne,  
Those that might take their life, they must not liue.

*Cas.* Since in this course that I can once but erre,  
I shall be sure ere she herselfe withdraw.

*Lis.* And yet what suretie can you haue of her?  
Can Lawes binde them that are about the Law?

It's hard t'establish concord twixt the two,  
Where th'one must hate, and th'other alwayes feare.

*Cas.* O but I minde to vse the matter so,  
That both from hence shall further strife forbear.

*Lis.* What can hir freedome and your peace procure?

*Cas.* Death both can make hir free, and make me sure.

*Lis.* And would you do such euill to shed her blood?

*Cas.* I, t'others euill, so that it do me good.

*Lis.* The *Macedonians* will abhorre this wrong.

*Cas.* And yet obey me if I be most strong.

*Lis.* But who shal haue the realme amidst those broils?

*Cas.* Who euer winnes the field must keep the spoils.

*Lis.* So to possesse the realme you haue no right.

*Cas.* But I haue more, so long as I haue might.

*Lis.* This state doth to it selfe an heire afford.

*Cas.* All kingdomes rights are pleaded by the sword.



*The Alexandrian*

*Lis.* The people all will grudge against your state.

*Cas.* But dare not stirre whilst feare exceeds their hate.

*Lis.* And in their hearts they will detest you too.

*Cas.* Think what they wil that haue not powre to do.

*Lis.* What though *Olympias* in a little space,  
May lose her powre, together with her breath?  
Yet there remains another of her race,  
That is by nature bound t'auenge her death.

*Cas.* Th'impetuous streames of a tempestuous flood,  
That drownes all th'olde, not yeeldes the yong reliefe?  
What foole that of his foes victorious stoode,  
Would spoyle an armie, and yet spare the chiefe?

No, since I must my selfe with murder staine,  
Ile by the rootes raze all the royall race,  
So that no powre shall spring from thence againe,  
T'oregrow my greatnesse, and my plants displace.

The strength hath left great *Alexanders* arme,  
Whose mothers fatall threed is now neere spunne;  
And I haue meanes to keepe my selfe from harme,  
Both of *Roxane*, and her tender sonne.

But since this course may serue our states t'aduance,  
By which a ground for great designs is layde;  
I must intreate you now what cuer chance,  
To lend your approbation, though not ayde.

*Lis.* Ile be your friend, yet wish you would refraine,  
From doing this; but ere you be vndone,  
Since that I by your guiltinesse may gaine,  
Ile suffer that which I would not haue done.

*Exeunt.*

*Olimpias alone.*

**C** An I be she whom all the world admird:  
As being the happiest Queene that raignd below:  
Whom

*Tragedie.*

Whom all the planets haue to plague conspird,  
Of fickle fortunes course th'effects to show.

No, 'tis not I, nought could my course controule,  
Nor force me thus t'attend anothers will:  
Since I despise this prison of my soule,  
Where it disdains t'abide in bondage still.

Ah, whilst I did on th'outward pomp rely,  
My state the powre of higher powres did tempt,  
My state that once bred reuerence and enuie:  
Though now it breede but pittie and contempt.

*Olimpias* once high as *Olimpius* stode,  
The wife of *Philip Alexanders* mother:  
That matcht *Alcides* and *Achilles* blood,  
T'ingender one more worth than both together.

Am I the woman whose maiestike state  
Seemde once so happy to deceiu'd conceits?  
I, I am she, and neuer yet more great,  
Than at this present, in despite of Fates.

A double bondage long did burden me,  
I to my selfe, my selfe to fortune thrall:  
But now captiuitie hath set me free,  
That could not rise till first I had a fall.

The sprite thats with prosperitie benum'd,  
Scarfe like it selfe can to the world appeare:  
When Vertue hath Aduersitie ore'com'd,  
Then shines true greatnes in her highest spheare.

Our glory now I see consists no more  
Without our selues in eie-betraying showes,  
But in the breasts inestimable store,  
That neither Time entombes, nor Powre orethrowes.

O neuer were my thoughts enlargde till now,  
To marke my selfe, and quintessence my mind,  
For long a prey to pride, I know not how,  
A mist of fancies made my iudgement blinde.

As



*The Alexandrian*

As those that dreame sweet dreames, awakt, at last  
Do finde their errour when their eies finde light,  
Freed from the slumbring of my fortune past,  
I now arise to iudge of all things right.

That cloud of pomp whose smoke me shadowd once,  
Loe now remoou'd vnmaskes my life too late:  
And now I see, that scepters, crownes, and thrones,  
Are burdnous badges of a dangerous state.

O happy woman, of true pleasure sure,  
That in the countrie leadst a guiltlesse life:  
From Fortunes reach retirde, obscure, secure,  
Though not a Queene, yet a contented wife.

Thy mate more deere to thee than is the light,  
Though lowe in state, loues in a high degree:  
And with his presence still to blesse thy sight,  
Doth scorne great courts whilst he liues courting thee.

And as thou woundst him not with hid disgrace,  
He with no iealous thought torments thy breast:  
Thus both lie downe to rest, and rise in peace,  
Then if they striue, they striue who should loue best.

But though thou haue not as the mightie ones,  
Thy necke furchargde with chaines (ah chaines indeed)  
Nor eares weighd downe with oriental stones,  
Nor robes, whose worth may admiration breed.

So wantst thou that which we haue euer had,  
Sad discontentments, iealousie, and spite:  
And though thy backe be not with purple clad,  
Thy thoughts are clad with innocencies quite.

As Birds, whose cage of golde the sight deceiues,  
Do seeme to sing whilst they but waile their state:  
So with the mighty matcht, made glorious slaues,  
We happy seeme whilst we but curse our fate.

That blisse whose shew in vs-vaine eies doe please,  
Makes thee indeede a true contentment breathe;

Thou



*Tragedie.*

Thou spendst thy youth in mirth, thy age in ease,  
And knowst not what it is to die till death.

Ah since I liu'd, I haue done nought but die,  
Still when I seemde most blest, then most accurst:  
Since on fraile greatnes first I did relie,  
How oft hath my swolne breast bin like to burst?

The Fates with Fortune from my birth conspirde,  
To make my life a patterne of their might:  
For both my parents from the world retirde,  
When I was scarcely com'd t'inioy the light.

The world may iudge how I was iustly grieu'd,  
Whilst angry *Philip* sought for my disgrace,  
(A thing which once I scarce could haue beleeu'd)  
And vnto *Cleopatra* gaue my place.

Then though I long as desprate of reliefe,  
For his offence afflicted had my minde:  
Yet did his sodaine death augment my grieffe,  
He was my husband, though he was vnkinde.

And when my sonnes rare trophees, and renowne,  
With wonder filld the world, and me with ioy:  
Those as himselfe that striu'd to throw his downe,  
Did to supplant my state their powres imploy.

Yet stode my courage when my fortune fell,  
And still I toilde distracted from repose:  
Those that had him betrayd from th'earth t'expell,,  
And with their blood to register my woes.

And my designs a time so prosperd too,  
That some of them did trie by torments strange,  
All what a womans iust disdaine could do,  
Whilst spurr'd by iealousie, spite and reuenge.

But this arch-traitor ruler of the rest,  
That thirsts to drinke the blood of all our race:  
Euen then when my designs succeded best,  
Did compasse me with ruine and disgrace.

*The Alexandrian*

Such was the tenor of my fortune past,  
Whose least mis-hap had made another burst:  
First orphan'd, widdow'd, and vnchilded last,  
A daughter, wife, and mother all accurst.

Heauens plague *Cassander*, let that base wretch trie,  
That *Ioue* his iudgement but a while deferres,  
And let his wife bewaile as well as I,  
I murderd for my sonne, and she by hers.

Euen as th'incestuous *Thebans* monstrous brood,  
So may thy sonnes contend with mutuall wounds:  
And neuer let thy house be free from blood,  
Till quite excluded from th'vsurped bounds.

Thus notwithstanding of my wonted powre,  
To me, saue wishes, nothing doth remaine:  
But though condemn'd to die, yet at this houre  
Should I beginne to curse, and to complaine?

No no, that custome best becomes poore soules,  
Whose resolution cannot climbe more hie:  
But I whose courage that base course controules,  
Must still triumph what euer state I trie.

Death is an open hauen t'each storme-tossed minde,  
Since th'end of labour, th'entrie vnto rest:  
Death hath the bounds of miserie confinde,  
Whose sanctuarie saues th'afflicted best.

To suffer whiles with a couragious heart,  
It merites farre more praise than deedes most knowne,  
For in our actions Fortune hath a part,  
But in our sufferings, all things are our owne.

Loe now I loathe the world and worldly things,  
Of which I haue both proou'd the best and worst:  
Yea th'apprehended death great comfort brings,  
And hath no crosse but that it should be forst.

O heare me now (deare sonne) if that thy ghost  
May leaue th'*Elysian* fields to looke on me:

*Tragedie.*

Of all things else this doth content me most,  
That from this time I may remaine with thee.

And blush not sonne to see thy mothers end,  
My death in glory with thy life shall strue:  
It Fortune as a captiue shall attend,  
That as thy fellow followd thee alieue. *Exit.*

*Chorus.*

**A** H, ah, though man since th' image of great Ioue,  
And th' only creature that giues Reason place,  
Made to make faith below of powres aboue,  
Should seeke his heauenlie progenie to proue,  
By still resembling most th' immortall kinde,  
Yet makes the world our better part so blinde,  
That we the cloudes of vanitie imbrace,  
And from our first excellencie decline.  
This doth extinguish that celestially grace,  
Which should make soules to burne with vertues loue,  
Whose fancies vice luxuriously now feastes,  
Vice is the Circe that inchaunts the minde,  
And doth transforme her followers all in swine:  
Whilst poisond pleasures so corrupt our tastes,  
That of halfe-gods we make our selues whole-beasts.  
And yet of ruthlesse Plutoes raging hoste,  
The vice that doth transport presumptuous hearts,  
And makes men from the gods to differ most.  
T'is crueltie, that to the sufferers cost  
And actors both, must oftentimes b' appeas'd.  
The gods delight to giue, and to forgiue,  
By pardoning more than by plaging please.  
And why should men excogitate strange artes,  
T' extend their tyrannie as those that strue



*The Alexandrian*

To feede on mischiefe still, though th' Author smart  
Oft for the deede of which himselfe did boast,  
Whilst whence the blow first come the grieve doth turne,  
For that by which the minde at first was easde,  
May it in end the greatest burden giue.  
Oft those whose crueltie makes many mourne,  
Do by the fires that they first kindled burne:  
Of th' other tyrants that extort the minde,  
With pleasure some delight it in such sort,  
That first the honnie, then the gall we finde;  
And others, though from Honours court declinde  
Some comfort yelde, though base by hope of gaine:  
And though some make vs to be loath'd of one,  
We by their meanes anothers loue obtaine.  
But crueltie, with which none can comort,  
Makes th' author hated when the deede is gone.  
Oft euen by those whom it did most support,  
As that which alienates men from kinde,  
And as humanitie the minde inchants,  
So sauage soules that from the same refraine,  
More fierce than fiercest beasts are lou'd of none.  
With barbarous beasts one with lesse danger hants,  
Than with the man whose mind all mercie wants;  
Yet though the mind of man, as strong, and rude,  
Be vanish'd, whiles with violent desire,  
And must, if fir'd with rage, be quencht with blood.  
How can this tender sex whose glorie stode  
In hauing hearts inclinde to pittie still,  
Delight it selfe by any barbarous deede?  
For Nature seemes in this t' haue vsde her skill,  
In making womens mindes, though weake, entire,  
That weakenesse might loue, and deuotion breede,  
To which their thoughts, if pure, might best aspire,  
As aptest for th' impression of all good:

### Tragedie.

But from the best to worst all things do weare,  
Since cruelties from feeble mindes proceed:  
In breasts where courage failes, spite, shame, and feare  
Make enuie, hate, and rigour rule to beare.  
Our Queene Olimpias, that was once so great,  
And did such monstrous cruelties commit:  
In plaging Philip, and his Ladie of late.  
Lo, now being brought to taste the like estate,  
Must take such entertainment as she gaue.  
And it's good reason that it should be so;  
Such measure as we giue we must receiue,  
Whilst on a throne she did superblie sit,  
And with disdainefull eyes look'd on her foe,  
As but being vanquish'd by her powre and wit.  
Not mindefull of th'inexorable fate.  
O, th'Immortalls that command aboue,  
Of euery state in hand the rudder haue:  
And as they lie, can make vs stay or goe:  
The griefe of others should vs greatly mooue,  
As those that sometime may like fortune prooue.  
But as experience with rare proofes hath showne,  
Do looke on others, we haue Linx-his eyes:  
Whilst we would haue their imperfections knowne,  
Yet like blinde Moles can neuer marke our owne.  
Such clouds of selfe-regarde doe dim our sight,  
Why should we be puff'd up by a' enemies fall?  
Since what the day doth on another light,  
The same the morrow may our state surprise.  
Those that on this inconstant constant ball,  
Do liue environ'd with th'all-circkling skies,  
Haue many meanes whereby to be ore-throwne,  
And why should dying wordlings swolne with wroth,  
So tyrranize ouer an afflicted wight?  
Since miseries are common vnto all,

*The Alexandrian*

*Let none be prowd that drawes a doubtfull breath;  
Good hap attends but few still till their death.*

ACT. V. SCENE I.

*Aristotle. Phocion.*

**L**ong haue I now inu'd th'eyes of my minde,  
On natures labors curiously to looke:  
And of all creatures finding foorth the kinde,  
Strange wonders read in th'vniuersall booke.

I marke the world by contraries maintaine,  
Whose harmonie doth most subsist by strife:  
Whilst of all things within the same containde,  
The death of one still giues another life.

But as all things are subiect vnto change,  
That partners are of th'elementall powres:  
So rould about with reuolutions strange,  
The state of man rests constant but few howres,  
For what doth fame more frequently report,  
Then of our sodaine rising; and our falls?  
I thinke the world is but a tennis-court,  
Where men are toss'd by fortune as her balls.

*Phoc.* And neuer any age shewde more than this,  
The wauering state of soule-ennobled wights;  
That soare too high to seaze on th'ayrie blisse,  
Whilst lowest falles attend the highest flights.

The matchlesse Monarch that was borne it seem'd,  
To shew how high mortalitie attaines:  
Hath not from death the adored flesh redeem'd,  
But paine hath made an end of all his paines.

And these braue bands that furnisht fame with breath,  
Whilst all the world their valorous deedes did spie:

Rest



*Tragedie.*

Rest now confounded (since their soueraignes death)  
Like *Poliphemus* hauing lost his eye:

And they are like that teeth-ingendred brood,  
That tooke their life out of a monster dead:  
Whiles ech of them pursues for others blood,  
Since the great Drag ons death that was their head.

*Ari.* So change all things that subiect are t'our sight;  
Disorder order breeds, and order it,  
Next night comes darknes, and next darknesse light.  
This neuer changing change transcends our wit.

Thus pouertie and riches, sicknesse, health:  
Both honour and dishonor, life and death,  
Do so depend on other, that by stealth,  
All goe and come as th'accidents of breath.

T'ech worldly state the heauens a height appoint,  
Where when it once arriues it must descend:  
And all perfections haue a fatall point,  
At which excellencie it selfe must end.

But as all those that walke on th'earth are crosse  
With alterations, happning oft and strange:  
The greatest states with greatest stormes are toss'd,  
And sought of many must make many a change.

Nor speake I this by speculation now,  
As gathring credit out of ancient scroules:  
No, I haue liu'd at court and I know how, (soules.  
Ther's nought on th'earth more vex'd, then great mens

Thral'd to the tirant honor, whilst they mone  
Their plaints to subiects eares asham'd t'empart:  
They must beare all the weight of woes alone,  
Where others of their grieve lend friends a part.

Their rising vs aboue to such a height,  
Which seems their best is worst, whilst since being lords:  
They neuer heare the truth that comes to light,  
When franke societie speaks naked words.

Whilst

*The Alexandrian*

Whilst sadnesse, whiles seemes maiestie, time tells  
How deere they buy their pompe with losse of rest:  
Some faine three furies but in all the hells,  
And ther's three thousand in one great mans breast.

*Phoc.* I thinke all monarchies are like the Moone,  
Which whiles eclipsd, whiles vnder cloud, whiles cleare,  
Growes by degrees, and is when full, vndone;  
Yet *Æson* like renew'd doth re-appeare.

For so the first, but smal, begin to shine,  
And when they once their spherick forme obtaine,  
Do then begin to languish and decline;  
Yet false in other realmes, doe rise againe.

Th' *Assyrians* once made many a nation bow;  
Then next, all powre was in the *Persians* hand:  
And lo, the *Macedonians* monarchs now  
Amongst themselves diuided cannot stand.

*Arist.* A secret fate, alternantly all things  
Doth in this circle circularly leade:  
Still generation from corruption springs,  
To th'end that some may liue, some must be dead.

Each Element anothers strength deuours;  
Th'ayre to the fire succumbes, the fire to raine:  
The water striues to drowne all th'earth with showres,  
Which it by vapours vomites out againe.

Thus with a gordian knot together bound,  
All things are made, vn-made, and made againe:  
Whilst ruine founds, perfection doth confound,  
And nothing in one state doth long remaine.

But nought in th'earth more dangerously standes  
Than soueraigntie, that's rated at such worth,  
Which like the stormie deities blustering bandes,  
Doth flie from East to West, from South to North.

*Ph.* A long exeperience now makes this noght strange,  
Though mightie states whose reines one onely leades;

Be



*Tragedie.*

Be whiles distracted and constrain'd to change,  
As too great bodies for so little heads,  
Since euery Common-wealth where all mens witts  
Do ioyne in one, t<sup>r</sup>increase the publike ease,  
Is subiect oft to feauers, and to fits,  
Which Phisicke whiles, whiles poison must appease.

For (ah) the multitude more rash then wise,  
A *Hydra*-headed beast whilst nought it binds,  
Doth passionately praise, or else despise,  
As some prepostrous fancies moue their mindes.

Oft vice and vertue haue like danger bred,  
Whilst enuie th'one procur'd, and th'other hate:  
By ieaiousie, or emulation dred,  
Those ruin'd are by it that raise the state.

*Arist.* Whilst some their betters, others equals scorne,  
The gouernment that's popular decaies :  
And when it dies the Monarchie is borne,  
Whose violence disorders broiles alaies.

It from corruption doth continu cleane,  
As freest from infirmities we finde:  
Still whilst it humbly high, doth hold a meane,  
Twixt tyrannie, and too remisse a minde.

But though th'one-headed state may flourish long,  
Whilst th'one knowes to command, the rest t<sup>r</sup>obey:  
Whilst guerdon followes goodnesse, vengeance wrong,  
That vertue cherisht is, vice made decay.

Yet (if nought else) time doth great states orecome,  
Heauens haue confinde all by some fatall howre :  
And there may many misaduentures come  
To dissipate the most vnited powre.

For huge mishaps a monarchie may marre,  
When once prosperitie beginnes t<sup>r</sup>expire:  
To further which, whiles strangers must make warre,  
And whiles seditious subjects may conspire.



*The Alexandrian*

As iealousie, or else ambition moues,  
All Princes would suppress aspirers still:  
And then a subjects course most dangerous proues,  
When either feare or hope transports his will.

But though to the beginning, and to th'end  
Great states are guided by a secret fate:  
Yet their design'd destruction doth depend,  
Still, either on contempt, or else on hate;

Of those the first kings lacke of courage breeds,  
Which makes th'ambitious minds t'attempt more bold:  
And th'other doth attend tyrannike deedes,  
By violence t'haue violence controld.

*Phoc.* Yet neuer did so many Monarks fall,  
By forraigne battells, nor intestine broiles,  
As by themselues, that seeming free, were thrall,  
Whilst smooth-tong'd minions gloried of their spoiles.

Those that haue raig'n'd by choise, by birth, or worth,  
Or yet through others errours, or their crime,  
Oft suffer ougly vices to burst forth,  
Which vertues colours gilted till that time.

Men are descipherd best then whilst they rest  
Most high aduanc'd being free from hope or feare:  
That which is eminent is marked best,  
And highest fortunes hardest are to beare.

Low fortunes cloake the faults that some commit,  
Whilst imperfections th'earth perfections deemes,  
Stupiditie seemes patience, feare seemes wit,  
Will constancie, and softnesse goodnesse seemes.

But when in the worlds theatre one must stand,  
A publike actor plac'd in all mens sight:  
And swaies the signe of powre, and in his hand  
Doth hold the ballance both of wrong and right;

Then he for euery action that is his,  
The censure of a thousand tongues must haue,

Not

Tragedie.

Not onely damn'd for doing of things amisse,  
But for not doing of all that all men craue.

O, he but vndermines the soueraigne state,  
That cares not who be weake so he be strong:  
More studious for himselfe then for the state,  
Or if for it that he may hold it long.

For where *Ioue* him for all mens good ordaines,  
He thinks both them and theirs made him to please,  
As if a charge of weight, a place of paines,  
Were but a bed of rest, a haven of ease.

The worlds great weight that *Atlas* shoulders beare,  
Is not so weightie all to weigh one downe,  
As that which on his head a king doth weare.  
There is no burthen heauier than a crowne.

The *Aegean* waues more easie are t'appease,  
Then are their thoughts whose minde for state prepares:  
Can they haue rest that toile for all mens ease?  
The purple euer must be lin'd with cares.

*Arist.* Good kings are like the fire, which flaming bright  
Doth waste it selfe, to serue anothers turne:  
And soueraigntie is like fires glancing light,  
Which if but view'd, delights, if touch'd, doth burne.

I like for warmnesse to stand *Vulcan* by,  
More than to burne amidst the Lemnian flame:  
And rather in the Cedars shadow lie,  
Than on the top to stand the wind-gods game.

All th'eie-attracting pompe, and splendrous shoves  
Do merit scorne, though they amazement breed:  
The world them pittie more then enuie owes,  
That to seeme happy would be wrech'd indeed.

For alterations strange attend a throne;  
As if the spheare of fortune were a crowne,  
The great still tosse, like *Sisiphus* his stone,  
Whilst highest vp, rest readiest to fall downe.



*The Alexandrian*

Of this what greater prooffe can Fame afford,  
Then mightie *Philips* memorable fall:  
That daunted had the *Grecians* by the sword,  
Though not till then t'a stranger being made thrall:  
He, he, then whilst he solemniz'd with state,  
His daughters marriage, suddenly was lost:  
So that it seem'd that Monarchs dayes to date,  
That *Hymens* torch gaue light to *Plutoes* post.

Then when that I conceiue with grieve of heart  
The miseries that proper were to court:  
I thought them happie that retir'd apart,  
Could neuer know such things, but by report.

I might haue liu'd with *Alexander* still,  
To vertuous men, whose fauours were not scarce:  
Yet rather chose, though hauing both at will,  
To obey with *Pallas*, then command with *Mars*.

And whilst he toy'd ouer others Lord to be,  
I labor'd ouer my selfe to be made Lord:  
Yet made as great a conquest too as hee:  
My pen shall be as famous as his sword.

*Phoc.* And had I willingly engag'd my rest,  
The way to trace, that to vaine-glory tends:  
I might haue liu'd respected with the best,  
As one of *Alexanders* chiefeft friendes.

For though of him that I did merit nought,  
He entertainde my friendship till his death:  
And when he once our cities ore-throw fought,  
At my request he pacified his wrath.

Then once to me a masse of gold he sent,  
And offred too a stately *Asian* towne  
Which I refusde, please more with my poore rent,  
Than he with all the treasures of a crowne.

I tolde, that such a summe but seru'd, to make  
Him a corrupter, me corrupted thought:

And



*Tragedie.*

And foule for him to giue, for me to take,  
If vsde, shamde both, vnusde, did serue for nought.

But all those baites I neuer daign'd to touch,  
Lest I that all my life had liude so free  
Might be posselt too much, possessing much,  
If taking riches, it had taken me.

No, I would rather learne to liue on lesse,  
Then for superfluous furniture to striue:  
Who seekes out substance t'entertaine excessse,  
Doth liue t'vse it, not it that he may liue.

My fortune doth afford sufficient meanes,  
That may preferue all Natures powres in force:  
And he that on a golden scepter leanes,  
Can not haue more, but may wel vse it worse.

Ah, since aboundance but abuses brings,  
Why seeke men more then serues t'haue Nature easde?  
And why should men toile for so many things,  
Since Nature with alittle can be pleasde? (exceeds,

*Arist.* Lo how the heauens, whose loue towards man  
Haue made his bodie strong, his minde diuine:  
And haue made th'earth to furnish all his needes,  
Lest downe-weigh'd cares might make his thoughts de-

So that he hath a meanes to raise his flight, (cline.  
If wing'd with Vertue, and may mounting hie,  
Aspire t'approach to the celestially light,  
And deifie himselfe before he die.

Yet doth he strait forgoe that glorious way,  
To toile for things that th'earth vnforc'd affords:  
The which his wants first fram'd were to defray,  
But by himselfe are of his life made Lords.

O how vnworthie of the worth of man,  
Are many labors that delight him most,  
Since that corruption boldly first began,  
To make men nourish vice at vertues cost.

*The Alexandrian*

And now what hath great *Alexander* gain'd  
By endlesse labours, and excessiue cares?  
Of whom loe now it's onely said he raign'd,  
But death vnto himselfe, worse to his heires.

Lo, for the guiltlesse blood that he hath spill'd,  
The partners of his conquests doe beginne  
To die by the same swords by which they kill'd,  
And all his of-spring expiates his sinne.

*Pho.* Such is the reuolution of all things,  
The wheele of Fortune still must slippery proue,  
And chiefly when it burdend is with kings,  
Whose states as weightiest most must make it moue.

Yet *Alexander* I must say was blest,  
That ouer the worlde a victor alwaies rang'd:  
And hauing ended all his warres, in rest  
Did die in time before his fortune chang'd.

And for his fauour which I oft did trie,  
Whilst earnestly he labord me t'aduaunce:  
I'm sorie that himselfe so soone did die,  
And that his of-spring hath so hard a chance.

His successours haue set all *Greece* on fire,  
Of which I feare to perish by some sparke:  
For *Polipercon* doth my death conspire,  
And who can scape thats made a great mans marke?

But for my countries cause Ile giue my blood,  
Whilst safely praisde all follow vertue can:  
But when with danger threatned to doe good,  
Thats onelie worthy of a worthy man.

Nor do I tender so this puffe of breath,  
But I could be contented it t'expell:  
A minde that is resolu'd triumphs ouer death,  
He hath liu'd long enough that hath liu'd well.

*Exeunt.*



Tragedie.

ACT. V. SCENE II.

*Cassander, Lyfimachus, Ptolomie, Seleucus.*

I Doubt not now (great heroes) but ye all  
What euer discontentment ye pretend  
Doe rest well pleasde, since those by me made thrall,  
That might haue made you end, haue made an end.

Loathe not the meanes, if yee allow th'effect,  
For though by this I haue a realme obtain'd:  
It yeelds you more, whose course none can suspect,  
I'm onely guiltie, and ye all haue gain'd.

Yet to pursue my life they first beganne,  
For my defence this last refuge I prou'd:  
Nought than himselfe is neerer vnto man,  
All men with their owne dangers are most mou'd.

And had not prowd *Olimpias* dide in time,  
By offering vp her bloud to worke my peace:  
Then mine had beene the harme, and hers the crime,  
I but preuented her a little space.

And if her of-spring had suruiu'd her death,  
Whose rising could not but procure our fall:  
Ye, now that nought but soueraignty do breathe,  
Had breath'd obedience, or not breath'd at all.

*Lis.* You from a dangerous yoke haue vs relieu'd,  
Which I suspect we had experienc'd soone:  
And why then should we labour to seeme grieu'd  
At that thing done, which we wish not vndone?

No, since that all for soueraignty doe stricke,  
And haue once tasted what it is to raigne:  
Theres none of vs but rather die, than liue  
T'embrace a subjects seruile state againe.

And



*The Alexandrian*

And though perchance with *Alexanders* sonne,  
If heire both of his fathers worth and state:  
We might haue most respected places wonne,  
As speciall pillars of the Princes seate.

Yet though more great than others, as before,  
It would haue grieu'd vs, lesse then one to fall:  
The fall from first to second grieues one more,  
Then from the second to the last of all.

Our old renowne to vs had ruine brought,  
And would haue made vs odious to remaine:  
It's dangerous for a subiect to be thought,  
One that desires, or yet deserues to raigne.

When any tempest threatned had his throne,  
He would haue sought assurance at our cost:  
For when that iealousie hath seizd on one,  
The greatest vertues are suspected most.

Yea though we could to quite our state consent,  
Vs from suspition nought but death could purge:  
Still greatnesse must turmoile, or then torment,  
If borne, a burden, if laide downe, a scourge.

*Ptol.* But when we haue within our bosome weigh'd  
The ruine of all *Alexanders* race;  
Whom without blushing we might haue obey'd,  
By right succeeding in our soueraignes place.

How can our soules but highly be asham'd,  
That one inferiour both to them and vs,  
Doth seeke by wrong that which by right they claim'd,  
And by their orethrow would b'exalted thus?

Nor neede I more as in suspence remaine,  
To maske my meaning with ambiguous wordes:  
No, no, our words may as his deedes be plaine,  
Which fame, (and without whispring) now records  
Ye heare how that *Antigonus* of late,

Whose thoughts wing'd with ambition soare too high:  
Doth

*Tragedie.*

Doth striue aboue vs all t'aduaunce his state,  
And on his former fortune doth relie.

Since to his hands *Eumenes* was betraide,  
Loe, quite transported by preposstrous pride,  
As if in nought addicted now t'our aide,  
He hath laide all regarde of vs aside.

*Lis.* Thus Time the truth of all things doth proclame,  
Man is a craftie creature, hard to know,  
That can a face for euery fortune frame,  
No trust in mortalles, nor no faith below.

Whiles as our owne particulars doe moue,  
We what we wish for most, seeme to mislike:  
And oft of others doe the course disproue,  
Whilst we want nought but meanes to doe the like.

Then whilst *Perdiccas* did attempt before  
To make the rest that were his equalls thrall,  
Who than *Antigonus* detested more,  
Th'ambitious minde of one that would haue all:

But since *Perdiccas* and his faction fell,  
Whom he as traitours to the state persude:  
He in his place succeeding to rebell,  
Hath what he seemde t'vndo againe renude.

And yet I many a time haue musde of this,  
How from the world he did *Eumenes* send.

*Sel.* How? But by treason as his custome is,  
False at the first, and cruell at the end.

*Lys.* I know, that after diuers doubtful fights,  
He hath orethrowne *Eumenes* at the last:  
But by what stratagems or treacherous flights,  
I would be glad to heare how all hath past

*Sel.* *Antigonus* was at the first afraide,  
To match *Eumenes* by plaine force in fight:  
And the refuge that feare affordes assaide,  
For valour franke bent t'vse some wary sleight.



*The Alexandrian*

Amongst *Eumenes* troupes, their mindes to proue  
He scattred letters with allurements stor'd:  
By promise treasures, and protested loue,  
To moue some one that might betray his Lord.

But he being wise, his troupes in time aduise,  
To cleare their vertue by their enemies vice:  
And gaue them thanks that would not be entise,  
To sell their faith at such a bloodie price.

Then saide, that th' Author of those scroules was he,  
That when they spide such practises againe,  
They still would take them alwayes but to be,  
Their Captaines triall, not their enemies traine.

Thus by the means that should haue him entrap'd,  
His aduersarie did deluded stay:  
For both he from the present danger scap'd,  
And to preuent the like preparte a way.

Then when this traiterous pollicie had fail'd,  
And that there had some doubtfull conflicts past:  
*Antigonus* that had at one preuail'd,  
As hauing had some vantage at the last:

He with *Eumenes* did procure to speake,  
And as t'one vanquish'd offred him good-will:  
But he whole minde could not be brought to breake,  
Would neuer talke but as t'his euall still.

For when a band betweene them made, did beare  
That he t' *Antigonus* should help impart,  
He did reforme that forme, and would first sweare,  
With *Alexanders* of-spring to take part.

Thus where they his submission did attend,  
Imperiously conditions he imposde:  
So that thereafter to procure his end,  
Still th'other by all meanes his mind disposde.

And thortly of his bands a vaine debate,  
For his confusion fit occasion brought:



*Tragedie.*

Still, as small things by concord doe growe great.  
By discord great things are reduc'd to nought,  
T' *Eumenes* whilst he fortunately liu'd,  
That th' haughtie *Agiraspides* gaue place,  
With him for state two of their captaines striu'd.  
And would not his authoritie embrace.

Such was that spite of theirs to haue him spoild,  
That though of valour he rare wonders prou'd,  
And oft by force *Antigonus* had foild,  
Yet from their minde it could not be remou'd:

For being by them allurde all th' other bandes,  
To get some baggage that they lost againe,  
Did giue their captaine bound to th' enemies handes,  
So darkening all their glorie by one staine.

And though *Eumenes* trusting to new hopes,  
By flying labour'd a reliefe t' haue found,  
He was preuented by his traitrous troupes.  
And like to some base fugitiue was bound,

Scarfe could his stormie stomacke bent to breake,  
Daigne then t' entreate those that had him betraide,  
Yet hauing hardly purchas'd leaue to speake,  
He stretcht them forth his fetterd hands and saide;

Loe heere th' apparrell that your Generall weares,  
Since with your faith his libertie was lost:  
Yet he those bands not giuen by th' enemy beares,  
But by his owne in whom he trusted most.

And must he thus be led that should you leade?  
Is this the triumph that I should receiue,  
For all my victories thus to be made,  
Of captaine, captiue, of a conquerour, slaue?

How oft (my souldiers) haue ye all of late,  
To me by solemne oathes sworne to be true?  
But it becomes not one in a' abiect state,  
With losie wordes his Maisters to pursue.

*The Alexandrians*

Nor craue I further fauour at this howre,  
Then strait to bathe your weapons in my breast;  
Let not my life be in mine enemies powre,  
Let all that your commaunder doth request.

I know *Antigonus* doth take no care,  
Who get my body, so he get my head:  
And he regards not, neither when, nor where,  
Nor in what fort I die, so I be dead.

But if through horror of so vile a deede,  
Your eies looke downe, your haire erected stands,  
Which in your mindes this much remorse doth breede,  
That with your hearts ye will not staine your handes:

Then as your captaine, since not force I may,  
Ile as your friend entreate, that now in time  
I may but haue a sword, my selfe to slay,  
So you t'excuse whilst partner of your crime.

But when he sawe that words could not assuage  
Their barb'rous thoughts, that nothing could controule:  
Then hauing turn'd his courage all in rage,  
He thus flam'd forth the furie of his soule.

O damned ratcalls, that haue lost all faith,  
Whom neither duetic nor yet merite bindes:  
How oft was *Alexander* mou'd to wrath  
By those your mutinous and malicious mindes?

And, O what could I at those hands attend,  
That yet were smoaking with *Perdiccas* bloud;  
Of those that by like treason did intend,  
With old *Antipaters* t'haue beene imbrude?

Heauen thunder on you from th'ætheriall rounds,  
And make you liue a'abominable band;  
Base vagabonds, barr'd from your natiue bounds,  
Then die detested in a barbarous land.

And as ye haue the world with murder filld,  
So may your bloud by the same swords be shed:

*Tragedie.*

By which ye haue moe of your captaines kill'd  
Than of your foes, from whom like beasts yee fled.

But neither courteous, nor outrageous wordes  
Could change his souldiers from their first intent,  
That forward led their captaine chain'd with cordes,  
A sacrifice prepar'd for th' enemies tent;

Where being arride, to th' end he soone might end,  
He ask'd what stayd *Antigonus* to go,  
By setting of him free to winne a friend,  
Or by his death to rid him of a foe.

And straight *Antigonus* did haste his fall,  
By this great magnanimitie, not moou'd:  
And th' *Agiraspides* disperide ouer all,  
As murderers murder from the world remou'd.

Thus oft haue traitors bin dispatchde by time,  
By thole whom their vpbraiding looks dismay:  
For the remembrance thus of th' Authors crime,  
Can but by th' Actors death be wip'd away.

Now claimes *Antigonus* when fame doth feast,  
In ranke aboue his soueraignes selfe to sit:  
For *Alexander* did subdue all th' east,  
And he hath conquerd them that conquer'd it.

*Cass.* No doubt, since he that great aduantage wan,  
He hath within himselfe high things designde:  
For whilst prosperitie transports a man,  
Nought seemes difficult to th' ambitious mind.

*Seleuc.* Of those in whom he did suspect a spirit,  
Whose courage seru'd his courses to resist,  
He hath himselfe by diuers meanes made quite,  
In others wreakes his fastie doth consist.

Thus martiall *Pithon* that no danger sparde,  
Whom *Alexander* held in high account:  
Did at the last receive a hard reward,  
For helping him *Eumenes* to surmount.



*The Alexandrian*

His spirit attempt and powre fit to performe.

Made ieaiousie *Antigonus* torment:

And yet he fain'd to loue him for the forme,

Till that his court he moou'de him to frequent:

Where whilst he did mistrusting nought abide,  
He publikely in all the peoples sight:

(Though seeming iustly) damn'd iniustly di'de,

No viler wrong then wrong that lookes like right.

Thus diuers gouernours within short space,

Their gouernment, or then their life haue lost:

And others are preferd vnto their place,

That did depend vpon his fauour most.

Oft likewise me, he labour'd to surprise,

And pollicie was vsde, t'haue me ore-throwne:

But I, whom *Pithons* danger had made wise,

Learn'd by his ruine to preuent mine owne.

To saue my life abandon'd is my state,

And I haue fled with danger as ye see,

That you may know, how that man doth grow great,

Whose pride may plague you all, as well as me.

*Cass.* Then let vs be resolu'd, what course t'intend;  
Lest out of time being wise we rue too late.

*Lisim.* It's better to pursue then to defend.

*Ptol.* It's good to quench a fire ere it grow great.

*Cass.* Then let vs send t' *Antigonus* in haste,  
To redemand th'vsurped bounds againe;  
Since in this warre we did our treasures waste,  
We should be likewise partners of the gaine.

But if against our sute his cares he barre,  
And do with scornfull words contemne our claime,  
Then may our Messenger denounce the warre,  
And we shall shortly intimate the same.

*Ptol.* A mutuall band must made amongst vs be,  
To make one fortune common to vs all:

And

*Tragedie.*

And from hence-forth we must all fowre agree,  
To stand together, or together fall.

And since the princely buds for which we car'd,  
How euer dead, are dead; what ere we doe  
T'engender so towards vs the more regard,  
We with the state must take the title too.

And we must both be crown'd, and knowne for kings,  
The Diadem is greatnesse strongest towre:  
All vulgar iudgements leane on th'outward things,  
And reuerence state, where they obey but powre.

*Exeunt.*

*Nuntius, Philastrus.*

*Chorus.*

**I**S there a heauen? and are their heauenly powers,  
To whose decree terrestriall things are thrall?  
Or striues the tirant that begets the howers,  
To triumph ouer eternitie and all?

Lo, nature trauels now, being big with change,  
Since mortalls all humanitie haue lost;  
And in th'old *Chaos*, or some masse more strange  
To re-entombe their essence all things lost.

Can reasonable soules from reason barr'd,  
Euen striue which most in cruelty exceeds?  
What eye hath seene, or yet what eare hath heard  
Such monstrous accidents, prodigious deeds?

Th' *Arabian* robbers, nor the *Scythians* wild,  
That with the sauage beasts (as barbarous) haunt,  
With such foule facts haue not themselues defil'd,  
As those that of ciuilitie do vaunt.

Since *Grecians* are growne barbarous as we finde,  
Where can faith haue a corner free from spot? (minde?  
O carelesse heauens, wretch'd earth *Cho.* What loads thy  
*Nun.* A multitude of murders. *Cho.* What? *Nu.* What not.  
*We*



*The Alexandrian*

*Cho.* We know that since our soueraigne left to breath,  
Th'earth hath been bathde with many a scarlet flood,  
*Perdiccas* did procure *Meleagers* death,  
And his owne souldiers drown'd his breath with blood.

Th' *Athenians* prey, *Leonatus* did remaine,  
And by *Eumenes* subiltie dismayde,  
*Craterus* and *Neoptolemus* were flaine,  
Then by his owne *Eumenes* dide betraid.

*Phil.* Man with his skill against his knowledge strives,  
Where death his way attends, that way he tends,  
And t' *Atropos* the fatall rasor giues,  
To cut the threed on which his life depends.

When th' *Asian* victour after all his warres,  
To visit *Babylon* had bent his mind:  
Both I, and others, studious of the starres,  
Did shew that there his ruine was design'd.

To his successours too we oft haue showne,  
The meanes by which their fate might be controld;  
Yet was our skill contemnde, and they ore-thrown,  
As we fore-told, and as they now haue told.

*Nun.* They haue told much, and yet I must tell more;  
Their newes were euill, yet were they not the worst.

*Cho.* And haue the heau'ns reseru'd mo plagues in store,  
As if we yet were not enough accurst? (abounds,

*Nun.* As th'earth in pride, the heauens in plagues  
Our highest hopes haue perisht but of late.

*Cho.* Then wound our cares by hearing others wounds,  
That pittie now may tread the steppes of hate.

*Nun.* Our Queene *Olimpias* rauisht by reuenge,  
All *Macedony* did with murders fill;  
Which from her part the people did estrange,  
Whilst nought but rigour limited her will.

So that when fierce *Cassander* sought her wreake,  
She did mistrust the *Macedonians* mindes:

And



*Tragedie.*

And for the time the neereſt ſtrength did take,  
There till the ſtorme was paſt r'attend faire windes.

But ſoone *Caffander* did the towne encloſe,  
And as ſhe held him out, did hold her in,  
That like a captiue guarded by her foes,  
She knew not by what way a way to winne.

And when their lifes prouiſion did decay,  
Then did bare walles but ſmall refuge afford:  
She *Scilla* ſcap'd to be *Charibdis* prey,  
That fell on famine flying from the ſword.

Strait like pale Ghoſts faint ſouldiers did remaine,  
Whoſe bowels hunger like a Harpie teares:  
And with courageous words, the Queene in vaine  
Did raiſe their ſpirit; (the belly hath no eares.)

All then began to languish, and to fade,  
As if being tir'de to beare themſelues about;  
Legges fail'd the bodie, and the necke the head,  
Then whilſt the fleſh fell in, bones burſted out:

And when that th'ordinarie meates were ſpent,  
Then horſes, dogs, cats, rats, all ſeru'd for food;  
Of which no horror th'eater did torment,  
For all that was not poiſon, then ſeen'd good.

Some mouthes accuſtom'd once with daintie meates  
Wiſh'd what they oft had loath'd, ile crums, foule floods  
And Ladyes that had liu'd in pompous ſtates,  
Fed, as brought vp with wolues amidſt the woods:

Yea, nurſt by thoſe whom they themſelues had nurſt,  
Oft then by th'of-ſprings death th'engender liu'd;  
And which was worſt, whilſt breſts were like to burſt  
None comfort could, for all themſelues were grieu'd.

Such was their ſtate, no friend bewaild his friend,  
No wife her husband, nor no Syre his ſonne;  
For apprehending their approaching end,  
All with compaſſion of them ſelues were wonne.

*The Alexandrian*

The dead mens smell empoison'd them that liu'd,  
Whilst first made faint by a defrauded wombe:  
Heapes were of breath and buriall both depriu'd,  
That all the towne in end was but a tombe.

*Cho.* Life is the subiect of distresse and griefe  
That still ministers matters to bemone;  
And onely but by death can haue reliefe,  
To liue and to be wretch'd are both but one.

Yet foolish worldlings tosse with endlesse care,  
Though at too deare a rate would still buy breath;  
And following after feathers thrown through th'aire,  
Like life (though wretch'd) more then a happie death.

*Nun.* When thus the world *Olimpias* plagu'd did spie,  
All sought *Cassander*, though for seuerall ends.

*Cho.* As from a pest all from th'vnhappy flie,  
Th'eclipse of *Fortune* threatens losse of friends.

*Nun.* And she considering that she could not long  
Hold out the siege, since vittales were growne scant,  
Did send (as weake) for peace t'intreat the strong.

*Cho.* What cannot time and trauell sometime daunt?

*Nun.* Then did *Cassander* know that need constrain'd  
Her so to bow as strangely being diseasde:  
And though he her request not quite disdain'd,  
Th'agreement was appointed as he pleasde.

For all the fauour that she could procure,  
Was leaue to liue a priuate person still;  
And yet of that she could not be made sure,  
Which did depend vpon her enemies will.

Then whilst *Cassander* fought his enemies ends,  
There wanted not strange troupes with him t'abide;  
Yet might haue many followers, and few friends:  
Friends by the touchstone of distresse are try'd.

*Nun.* But though the Queene was rendred in this sort,  
With protestation t'haue her life preseru'd.



*Tragedie.*

The tyrant with her spirit could not comport,  
But from his faith for her confusion sweru'd.

The *Macedonians* were together brought,  
There to consult what did concerne their Queene;  
But when of them a number deeply thought,  
Both what she was, and what she once had beene;

Euen as *Cassander* had subborn'd them all,  
Their parents came whom she had damn'd to death,  
And did her rigour to remembrance call,  
By which the multitude was mou'd to wrath.

Whilst from their brasen breasts all ruth was barr'd,  
They did conclude, their Queen behou'd to die. (heard)

*Cho.* Durst subiects damne their soueraigne, and not  
So still may cloudes obscure the worlds bright eye.

*Nun.* Yet did *Cassander* put (all sleights t'assay)  
A maske of pittie on a cruell minde,  
And offred her a ship to flye away,  
As if to death against his will assign'de.

Nor was this course for her deliuerance fram'd,  
But onely as by chance that she might drowne:  
So for her death that he might not be blam'd,  
But onely *Neptune*, that had throwne her downe.

Yet she a princeesse of a mightie spright,  
Whose loftie courage nothing could ore-come,  
Said, ere she scap'd by such a shamefull flight,  
That she would heare the *Macedonians* doome.

But when *Cassanders* counsel was contem'd,  
Lest that the multitude had chang'd their mind,  
When they remembred whom they had condemn'd,  
And warily weigh'd what rashly they design'd.

To rid her soone from paine, and him from feare,  
He sent some bands from pittie most estrang'd;  
Yet she gainst fortune did a banner beare,  
And not her heart, no, not her count'nance chang'd.



*The Alexandrian*

She constant still, though mon'd, would neuer mone,  
Whose stately gesture scorn'd their foule attempt:  
And did vnite her vertues all in one,  
To grace disgrace, and glorifie contempt.

She on two Ladies shoulders lean'd her armes,  
And with a Maiestie did march towards death:  
Like *Alexander* once amidst th'alarmes,  
As if in triumph bent t'abandon breath.

The height of vertue admiration brings,  
At this great magnanimitie amaz'd:  
As spying th'Image of their auncient kings,  
Or then some goddesse; all the souldiers gaz'd.

But ah, some boasted by the tirant striu'd  
To spoile (vnnaturall) natures fairest frame;  
And th'Alabaster balles betweene they driu'd  
Th'vnwilling swords, that strait grew red for shame.

Then she in worth, that would her selfe excell,  
Would neither word, nor teare, nor sigh forth send;  
But spread her garments ouer her whilst she fell,  
As icalous of her honour still to th'end.

*Cho.* O strange barbaritie, most monstrous deed,  
Could men a woman, subiects kill their Queene?  
And could her fortune past no pitie breed?  
Who euer gaue the wound hath not her seene.

The ougly Authors of those odious euils,  
Fear'd for deserued plagues must still be sad,  
His breast t'a hell, his thoughts all turn'd to deuils,  
Through horror of himself must make him mad.

*Nun.* And yet the plague of these detested times,  
Hath wrought more mischief t'aggrauate our grones.

*Ch.* No end in sinne, crimes are maintain'd by crimes  
Who fall in th'Ocean touch the bottome once,  
The path of honor hath but narrow bounds,  
On which who steps attentiuely must remaine.

*Tragedie.*

It's raisde so hie aboue the vulgar grounds,  
That who thence fall can neuer rise againe.

*Nu.* Thus now *Cassander* since he cannot winne  
True reputation, but liues tainted stil,  
Imbarkt in mischiefe failes the depths of sinne,  
So, if not lou'd as good, yet feard as ill.

Though by his meanes his ruthlesse eies haue seene,  
Fates (as it were from Fortunes bosome) rend  
His King by poison, by the sword his Queene;  
In wickednes t'exceede himselfe in th'end:

He prospring in impietie, grew prowd,  
And mured both his maisters sonne and wife:  
Thus he that all the world by birthright ow'd,  
Could hold no part of it, no not his life.

Yet could *Roxanes* death not ease his minde,  
Nor heryong sonne too soone made *Plutoes* guest:  
But bent t'vndoe all *Alexanders* kinde,  
That to reuenge the rest there might none rest.

By treason he (as all his deedes are done,)  
Causde *Hercules* his brothers steppes to trace:  
That was great *Alexanders* bastard sonne,  
And th'onelie remnant of that great mans race.

Lo thus *Cassander* th'enemie to all good,  
Whose soule so much for *Macedonie* longs:  
Hath to the Scepter swind through seas of blood,  
Yet, O weake right thats builded but on wrongs!

*Chor.* O how ambition doth abuse the great,  
That with enough not pleasde still striue for more:  
Loe how our Soueraigne seemde to raise his state,  
Yet made it but to fall whilst staru'd with store.

And since his trophees reard in feuerall fieldes,  
Both him and his haue to confusion brought:  
Then what is all the good that greatnes yielde,  
Which makes it selfe seeme much to be made nought?



*The Alexandrian*

Thus though the mountaines make a mighty show,  
They are but barren heapes borne vp aloft,  
Where plaines are pleasant still, though they lie lowe,  
And are most fertile too, though trod on oft.

Greatnesse is like a cloude in th'ayrie bounds,  
Which th'earths base vapours haue congeald aboue:  
It brawles with *Vulcan*, thundring forth huge sounds,  
Yet melts, and falls there whence it first did moue. (feare,

*Phi.* Since that worlds conq'ror then whilst free from  
Weigh'd with his greatnes downe so soone was dead,  
What makes each of his captaines striue to beare,  
The diademe that crusht so strong a head?

O when my minde is ravisht through the starres,  
To search the secret secrets of the fates:  
What treasons, murders, mutinies and warres,  
Are threatning once t'orethrow th'vsurped seates.

And false *Cassander* that betraid his Lord,  
And spoild the princely race in mischief chiefe:  
A traitor, both of heauen and earth abhorrd,  
Shall liue but with disgrace, and die with grieve.

His sonnes, in wickednes himselfe t'exceede,  
Shall make the woman die that made them liue:  
Then when being drunk with bloud, to death shal bleed  
And none of theirs their funeralls shall suruiue.

Then when ambition should be coold by age,  
*Lysimachus* shall by *Seleucus* die:  
Nor shall *Seleucus* long enioy the stage,  
But by like violence shall breathlesse lie.

And subtil *Ptolomies* degenerd race,  
Long onely famous for infamous things:  
Shall end, and once to th'enemies pride giue place,  
Whilst a lasciuious Queene confusion brings.

*Antigonus* shall be in battell kild,  
His sonne a captiue perish with disgrace:

And



*Tragedie.*

And after that it *Greece* with blood hath filld,  
In end, destruction doth attend that race.

The last in powre, though of their line not bred,  
A niggard and a dastard beaten downe:  
Shall through a strangers towne a captiue led,  
Bound of the *Macedonians* th'old renowne.

*Chorus.*

**W**Hat damned furies thus trosse mortals minds  
With such a violent desire to raigne?  
That neither honor, friendship, dutie, blood,  
Nor yet no band so sacred is as bindes  
Th'ambitious thoughts that would a kingdome gaine:  
But all is buried in blacke Læthes flood,  
That may the course of soueraigntie restrain,  
Which from the breast doth all respects repell:  
And like a torrent cannot be gainstooode:  
Yea many would a Scepter so obtaine,  
In spite of all the world, and Ioues owne wrath,  
March through the lowest dungeons of the helles:  
And underneath a diademe would breathe,  
Though euery moment threatned them with death.  
Yet though such restlesse mindes attaine in th'end  
The height to which their haughty hearts aspired,  
They neuer can imbrace th'imagin'd blisse,  
Which their deluded thoughts did apprehend,  
Though by the multitude they be admirde,  
That still to powre do shew themselues submisse;  
Yet by the soule still further is requirde,  
That should seale up th'accomplishment of ioy:  
Thus doth a partiall iudgement aime amisse,  
At things that stand without our reach retir'd:

*Which*

*The Alexandrian*

Which whilst not ours as treasures we define,  
But not the same whilst we the same enjoy.  
Some things as farre doe like the Glow-worme shine,  
That looke to neere haue of that light no signe.  
No charge on th'earth more weighty to discharge,  
Than that which of a kingdome doth dispose.  
O those that manage must the reines of state,  
Till that their ghost b'imbarkt in Charons barge,  
Doe neuer neede t'attend a true repose.  
How hard is it to please each mans conceit?  
When giuing one they must another lose.  
Thus hardly kings themselves can euently beare,  
Whom if seuer, as cruell subjects hate,  
Contempt dare to the milde it selfe oppose.  
In time who spare as niggards are despise,  
Men from too franke a minde exactions feare.  
Though in all shapes as Proteus being a wise,  
Kings by some scandall alwayes are surprisde,  
Yet one might well with euery thing comfort,  
That on th'opinion onely doth depend,  
If further danger follow'd not by deedes.  
But euery monarke loe in many a sort,  
Death doth disquise in diuers shapes attend,  
Of some by mutinous swords the life fourth bleedes,  
By vn suspected poison others end,  
Which whilst they alwayes labour to preuent,  
A thousand death within their breasts life breeds.  
Loe, this is all for which the great contend.  
Who (whilst their pride hemselfes and others spoiles)  
With their dominions doe their cares augment.  
And O vaine man, that toyles t'abound in toiles;  
Though still the victorie the victor foiles.  
Thus Alexander still himselfe disasde,  
Whilst he t'undoe his state did waite prepare,

*Which*

### Tragedie.

*Which when made most, diminisht most remaind,  
Where with his fathers bounds had he bin pleasde,  
He might haue left our crowne in peace t'his heire;  
That by his conquest nought but death hath gaind:  
Yet for no paines a number now doth spare,  
To worke for that by which his wreake was wrought,  
Which (though from it they rage to be restraind:)  
Would (if possesst) their pleasures but impaire:  
Yet they by harme of others seeke the thing,  
That by their harme of others will be sought;  
To him and his, each of them death would bring,  
That it might once be saide he was a King.  
We may securely sitting on the shore,  
To see the great (as tossd on th'Ocean) grone,  
Learne by their toiles t'esteeme much of our rest,  
For this doth thousands with affliction store.  
That as th'unhappiest in the world do mone,  
If they but chaunce to view some few more blest,  
Where if they would but marke how many a one  
More wretch'd than they in miserie doth liue;  
It would strait calme the most vnquiet breast.  
The cottage whiles is happier than the throne,  
To thinke our owne state good, and others ill,  
It could not but a great contentment giue:  
There much consistes in the conceit and will,  
Since t'vs all things are as we thinke them still.*

FINIS.





THE  
TRAGEDIE  
OF  
IULIVS CÆSAR.

By *William Alexander*, Gentleman  
of the Princes priuie  
Chamber.

*Carminē dū superi placantur, carminē manes.*



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1607.

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London





## The Argument.



*T*hat time when the Romans travelled with an unsatiable ambition to subdue all Nations, by whose overthrow they could conceave any expectation, either of glory, or profit: Caius Iulius Cæsar, a man of a loftie minde, and giuen to attempt great things, ascending by severall degrees to the Consullship, procured a power to warre against the Gaules: amongst whom, after a number of admirable battels and victories (by the approbation of all the world; having purchased a singular reputation, both for his courage and skill in Armes) he being long accustomed to command, was so drunken with a delight of soueraigntie, that disdainig the simplicitie of a private life, he was so farre from denuding himselfe of the authoritie that he had, that altogether transported with a desire of more; hee sent to the Senate, to haue his gouernment of the Gaules, prorogated for five years: which sute being repugnant to the Lawes, (as direct'y tending to tyrranie) was by the people publikely repelled. By which occasion, and some others, rising from an emulation betwene him and Pompey the great, pretending a high indignation, hee incontinent crossed the Alpes, with such forces (though few) as he had in readinesse, and with a great celeritie came to Rome, which hee found abandoned by Pompey, in whom the Senate had reposed their trust, whom shortly after, by a memorable battell in the fields of Pharsalia he discomfited: and having by the overthrow of Scipio, death of Cato, and flight of Pompeys sonnes,

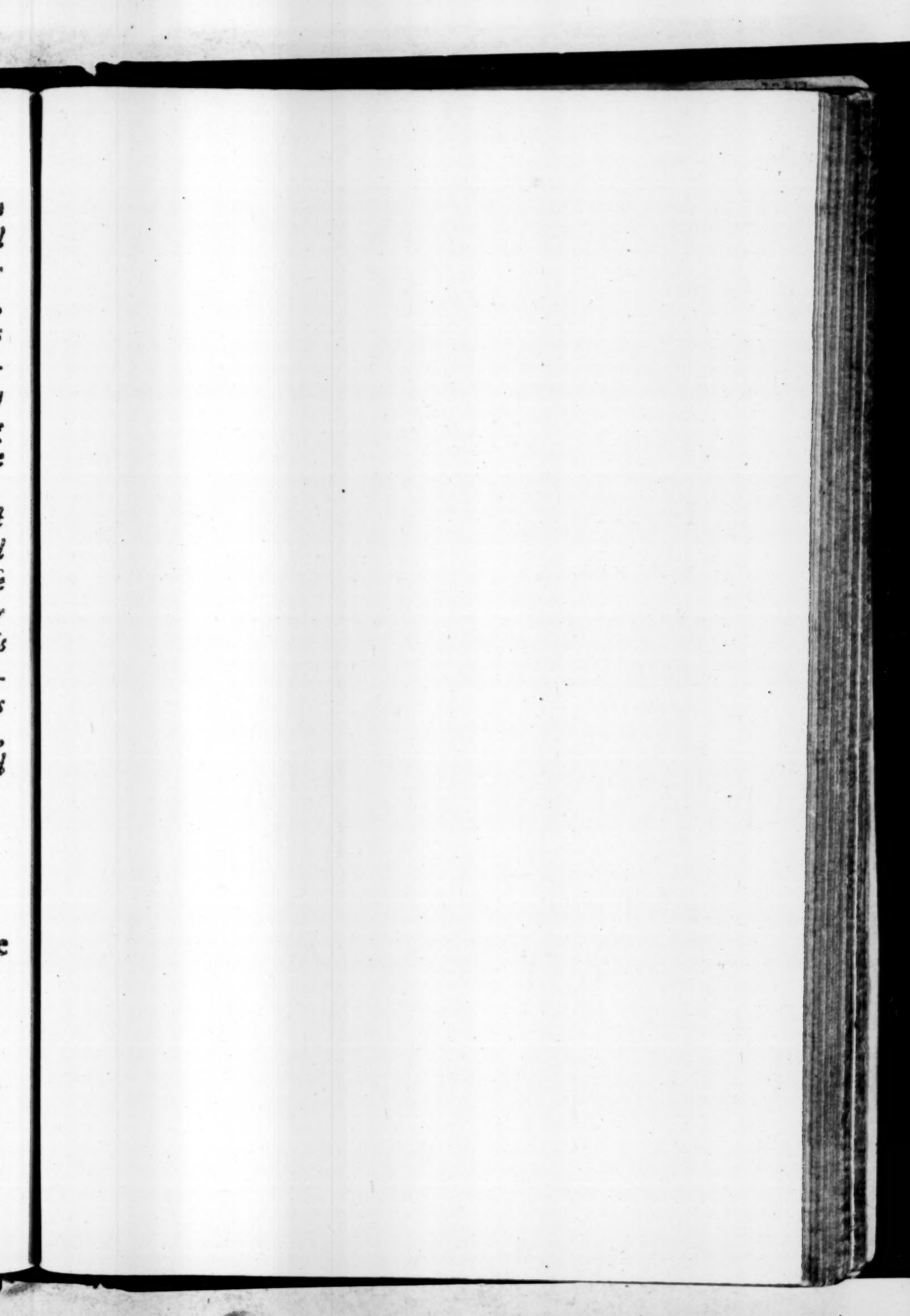
## The Argument.

*as it were, rooted out all the contrary faction, hee returned to Rome, and indirectly by the meanes of Antonius, laboured to be proclaimed king: which hauing rendred him altogether odious; Caius Cassius, Marcus Brutus, Decius Brutus, Publius Calca, and diuers others (Noble men) conspired his death, and appoynted a day for the same: at which time, notwithstanding that Cæsar was dissuaded from going forth, by many monstrous apparitions, and ominous presages; yet being perswaded by Decius Brutus Albinus, hee went towards the fatall place, where the Senate was assembled.*

*The Conspirators in like maner, had many terrors amongst others, Portia the wife of Marcus Brutus, a'though she had insinuated her selfe in her husbands secret, by a notable prooffe of extraordinary magnanimitie, yet on the day dedicated for the execution of their designe, through the apprehension of his danger she fainted diuers times, wh reof Brutus was aduertised, yet shrunked not, but went forward with his confederats to the appointed place, where they accomplished their purpose, euery one of them giuing Cæsar a wound, and me a ground wherevpon to build this present Tragedie.*

The







## The Actors Names.

IVNO.

CAESAR.

ANTONIUS.

CICERO.

DECIVS BRVTVS.

CAIVS CASSIVS.

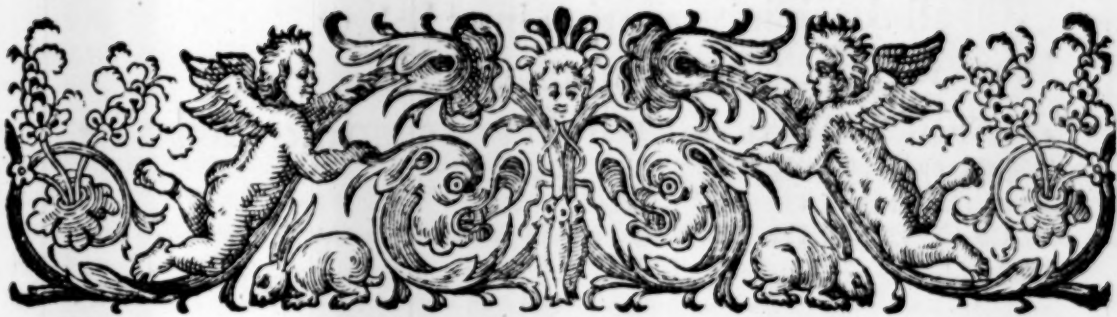
MARCVS BRVTVS.

PORTIA.

CALPHVRNIA.

NVNTIVS.

THE



# THE

## Tragedie of *Cæsar*.

ACT. I.

*Iuno.*

**T**Hough I a goddesse glance through th'azure round,  
Whilst the cie-feather'd birds my coach do moue:  
And am with radiant starres heauens Empresse crown'd,  
The sister, and the wife of thundring *Ioue*.

And though I banquet in th'Ætheriall bowres,  
Where *Ambrosie* and *Nectar* serues for meate:  
And at the meeting of th'immortall powres,  
Am still aduanc'd vnto the highest seate:

Yet by those glorious shewes of boundlesse blisse,  
My martred minde can no way be relieu'd,  
Since immortalitie affords but this,  
That I may euer liue being euer grieu'd.

In vaine, vaine mortals seeke for helpe at me,  
With Sacred odours on my Altars throwne:  
What expectation can they haue to see,  
One venge their wrongs, that cannot venge her owne?

Might *Pallas* once drowne thousands in the seas.  
And metamorphose *Diomedes* mates?  
And must mine enemies alwayes liue in ease,  
As me to spight, appointed by the fates?

### *The Tragedie*

Of all the dying race that liues below,  
With such indignities none could comport,  
As wound my breast, whom gods and men do know  
To be abus'd by *Ioue* in many a sort.

Though knowne to me, from others if concealde,  
His faults might breed me griefe, but yet not shame:  
Where so, now both through heauen & earth reuealde,  
Each slanderous Theater doth his scorne proclame.

It heauenly soules diuinely liu'd aloft,  
Th' inferior world would imitate them then:  
But humaniz'd by hanting mortals oft,  
Where men should grow like gods, gods grow like men.

My painted *Iris* in her beauties pride,  
Smiles not on *Phæbus* with so many hues:  
As *Ioue* in diuers shapes himfelfe can hide,  
When he poore maides by *Cupid* spurr'd pursues.

He *Danae* in a golden showre deceiude,  
And did a Swanne in *Ledaes* bosome light,  
Then being a Bull *Agénors* daughter reau'd,  
And *Iō* made a Cow to mocke my fight.

But would to god that with such wanton dames,  
He still to sport would as with me remaine,  
Not able then t'imbrace celestiall flames,  
All like the drunkards mother might be flaine.

Then such a troupe as *Rhea* bosome stores,  
Would not hold him and me at endlesse iarres:  
The heauens are pestred with my husbands whores,  
Whose lights impure, do taint the purest starres.

All iniuries are heauie to digest,  
Yet th'actors greatnesse doth some griefe remoue:  
Of whom to suffer wrong it shames one least;  
If I were wrongde, I would be wrongde by *Ioue*.

But (ah) this long hath tirraniz'd my breast,  
A man, a boy, a shepheard, yea and worse,



of *Julius Caesar*.

The *Phrygian* fire-brand, the adúltrous guest,  
That first wrought wrong by fraud and then by force.

He, he, was he whole verdict mou'd me most,  
Whilst it on *Ida* wrong'd my beauties right;  
No wonder too though one all iudgement lost,  
That had three naked goddes in sight.

And yet I know were not his wandring eyes,  
The *Ciprian* bribe by some lasciuious smiles,  
My pompous birds in triumph through the skies,  
Had borne the golde that oft her nimphe beguiles.

Am not I she whose greatnesse is admird,  
Whom *Ioue* for wife, whom thousands court for loue?  
Whom haughtie *Ixion* once t'imbrace desire,  
Yet with a clowde deluded did remooue.

What needed me a matter to submit,  
Where my authoritie might haue auailde?  
Whilst though I promise wealth, and *Pallas* wit,  
Yet with a yong man *Venus* gift preuaild.

But how durst he t'ones pleasure thus giue place,  
Where two contemnd their honour would repaire?  
Is not our Sexe impatient of disgrace?  
Of which there's none, but loues to be thought faire.

T'auenge my selfe no kinde of paine I sparde,  
And made his greatest gaine his greatest losse:  
As *Venus* gaue him *Helen* for reward,  
I gaue him *Helen* for his greatest crosse.

Nor did he long her loue with ioy enioy,  
Whose faithlesse flames his countrey did confound:  
Whilst armies arm'd, for her did *Troy* destroy,  
And leuel'd *Neptunus* labours with the ground.

Whilst *Simois* seem'd to be a buriall field,  
Whose streames as streetes were with dead bodies pau'd  
All *Xanthus* plaine as turnde t'a sea did yeeld  
A flood of blood, from *Heroes* wounds receiu'd

### *The Tragedie*

By brauing thousands once though much esteem'd,  
By dust and blood deform'd, of *Hector* slaine  
(Not like *Patroclus* by the sword redeem'd)  
The bodie basely was bought backe againe.

Then by the same mans sonne that kild his sonne,  
Th' old *Priamus* surpriz'd sigh'd forth his breath:  
And being most harm'd where he for helpe had runne,  
Whilst taking th' Altar, taken was by death;

Though wrestling long t'auoide the heauens decree,  
By th' enemies sword being parted from the light,  
He that I lou'd *Helen*, and was loath'd by me,  
Did as a sacrifice appease my spight.

Last hauing liu'd (if miserie be a life)  
T'entombe all hers, that high mishaps had tride  
Though once being both, nor mother then, nor wife,  
The fertile *Hecub'*, as being barren dide.

Thus by those meanes it would haue seem'd to some,  
That my scornde beautie had bin highly vengde:  
But whilst they were ore-com'd they did ore-come,  
Since they for better states their states haue changde.

I in one part, that people did confound,  
But did enlarge their power in euery place:  
Al warlike nations through the world renownd,  
Now from the *Phrygian* ruines raise their race.

And yet two traitors that betraide the rest,  
(O heauens, that treason thus should prosper whiles)  
Of the *Dardanian* race did chance the best,  
More happie then at home in their exiles.

Did not *Antenor* stealing through his foes,  
Neere to the *Euganian* mountaines build a towne,  
Of which some nurslings once shall seeke repose  
Amidst the waues, and in the depths sit downe?

Their citie spousing *Neptune*, shall arise  
The rarest common-wealth that euer was.

Whose

*of Iulius Caesar.*

Whose people, if as stowt, as rich and wise,  
Might boast to bring miraculous things to passe.

Then false *Aeneas* (though but borne to obey)  
Did of a fugitive become a King:

And some of his neere *Tibers* streames that stay,  
Would all the world to their obedience bring.

Their ravenous Eagles soaring over all lands,  
By violence th'imperiall prey have wonne:  
That bastard broode of *Mars* with martiall bands,  
Have conquerd both the mansions of the Sunne.

Their course by mountaines could not be controlde,  
No, *Neptune* could not keepe his bosome free.  
Th'antartike heate, nor yet the artike colde,  
No limites to their legions could decree.

O of that cittie there could come no good,  
Whose rising walles with more than barbarous rage,  
The builder first bath'd with his brothers blood,  
Which their prodigious conquests did presage.

That towne hath oft my soule with anguish filld,  
Whose new-borne state oft triumpht over my wrath:  
Like my olde foe that in his cradle killd,  
The serpents that I sent to giue him death.

By *Sabins*, *Albans*, *Tuscans* oft assailde,  
Euen in her infancie I tossde *Romes* state:  
Yet stil *Laomedons* false race preuailde,  
And angry *Iuno* could doe nought but hate.

Then when the gallant *Gaules* had vanquisht *Rome*,  
That basely bought her libertie with golde:  
A banisht man *Camillus* chauncde to come,  
And her imballanc'd state redeemde of olde.

Great *Hanniball* our common caule pursue,  
And made his bands within their bounds remaine,  
With Consuls and with Prætors bloods imbrude,  
At *Thrasimene* and at *Cannes* slaine.



*The Tragedie*

In *Romans* mindes strange thoughts did feare infuse  
That did attend the taking of their towne:  
But he that vanquish could, not victory vse,  
Was by their brazen destinie throwne downe.

O what a torrent of Barbarians once,  
Inunding ouer the *Alpes* their walles did host,  
Whilst *Teutons* and the *Cimbers* bigge of bones,  
Like giants marcht a more than monstrous hoste.

But though from vnknowne partes to ruine *Rome*,  
I led those troopes that all the world admirde,  
Yet did the tyrant *Marius* them orecome,  
And I in vaine to venge olde wrongs aspirde.

By baser meanes I likewise sought her harmes,  
Whilst *Ianus* church imported neuer peace,  
I raisde vp abiect *Spartacus* in aimes,  
That neere eclipsde *Romes* glorie with disgrace.

Though I that all the world for help haue sought,  
From *Europe*, *Affrike*, and from *Asia* thus:  
*Ganles*, *Carthaginians*, and *Cimbers* brought,  
Yet did the damage still redound to vs.

Of heauen and earth I all the powres haue prou'd,  
And for their wracke haue each aduantage watcht:  
But they by forraine force could not be mou'd,  
By *Romans*, *Romans* onely may be matcht.

And I at last haue kindled ciuill warre,  
That from their thoughts which now no reason bounds,  
Not only lawes, but Natures lawes doth barre,  
The sonne the fire, the brother brother wounds.

Whilst th'Eagles are opposde to th'Eagles so,  
O what contentment doth my mind containe:  
No wound is wrong bestow'd, each killes a foe,  
What euer side doth lose I alwayes gaine.

But this my soule exceedingly annoyes,  
All are not subiect to the like mis-hap:

*of Iulius Caesar.*

The warre helps some as others it destroyes,  
And those that hate me most, haue still best hap.

Whilst with their blood their glory thousands spend,  
Ah, ones aduancement aggrauates my woe:  
That vaunts himselfe from *Venus* to descend,  
As if he claimed by kinde to be my foe.

I meane the man whose thoughts nought can appease  
Whilst them too high a blinde ambition bends,  
Whom as her minion Fortune bent to please,  
Her rarest treasures prodigally spends.

Not onely hath he daunted by the sword,  
The *Gaules*, the *Germans*, and th' *Egyptians* now,  
But of all lordes pretends to be made lord,  
That who commaund the world to him may bow.

Thus dispossessing princes of their thrones,  
Whilst his ambition nothing can assuage:  
That the subiected world in bondage grones,  
The prey of pride, the sacrifice of rage.

Men raile on *Ioue*, and sigh for *Saturnes* time,  
And to the present still th' Age past preferre:  
Then burden would the gods with euery crime,  
And damne the heauens where only th' earth doth erre.

Though *Ioue* as stupid still with *Cupid* sportes,  
And not the humor of prowd *Caesar* spies:  
That may (if forcing thus the worlds chiefe forts)  
More powrefull than the *Titans* scale the skies.

Yet lest hee thrall him too that none free leaues,  
We from the bounds aboue must him repell:  
To brawle with *Pluto* in th' vmbragious caues,  
There since he will be first made first in hell.

What? with that tyrant I will strait be euen,  
And send his soule to the *Tartarian* groue:  
For though *Ioue* be not iealous of his heauen,  
Yet *Iuno* must be iealous of her *Ioue*;

And

*The Tragedie*

And though none in the heavens would do him ill,  
He raise vp some in th'earth to haste his death;  
Yea though both heauen and earth neglect my will,  
Hell can afford me ministers of wrath.

He crosse *Cocytus* and the smoaking lakes,  
To borrow all my brothers damned bandes:  
The Furies arm'd with firebrands and with snakes,  
Shall plant their hell where *Rome* so stately stands.

Whilst by my furie Furies furious made,  
Do spare the dead to haue the liuing pin'd:  
O with what ioy will I that armie leade?  
Nought than reuenge more sweet t'a wronged minde.

He once make this a memorable age,  
By this high vengeance that I haue conceiu'd:  
But what though thousands die t'appease my rage?  
So *Cesar* perish, let no soule be sau'd. *Exit.*

*Chorus.*

**W**E should be grieu'd t'offend the gods,  
That holde vs in a ballance still;  
And as they will,  
May weigh vs up or downe,  
Those that by follie ingender pride,  
And doe deride  
The terrour of th'eternalls roddes,  
In seas of sinne their soules doe drowne.  
And others but abhorre them as vniust,  
Those that religion want deserue no trust.  
How dare fraile flesh presume to rise?  
Whilst it deserues heauens wrath to prone,  
On th'earth to moue,  
Lest that it op'ning straight,



*of Iulius Caesar.*

*Giue death and buriall both at once:  
How dare such ones  
Looke vp vnto the skies,  
For feare to feele the thunders weight?  
All th'elements th'immortalls will attend,  
And are as prompt to plague as men t' offend.  
None scapes some plague that gods displease:  
Then whilst he Bacchus rites did scorne,  
Was Pentheus torne:  
The Delians high disdain  
Made Niobe though turnd t' a stone,  
With teares still mone,  
And Pallas spite t' appease,  
Arrachne weaues loathd webbes in vaine.  
Heauen hath preparte or euer they beginne,  
A fall for pride, a punishment for sinne.  
Loe Iuno yet doth still retaine,  
That indignation once conceiu'd,  
For wrong receiu'd,  
From Paris as we finde,  
And for his cause, bent to disgrace  
The Trojan race,  
Doth hold a high disdain,  
Long laide vp in a loftie minde,  
We should abstaine from irritating those,  
Whose thoughts (if wrongd) not till reuengde repose:  
Thus those for Paris fond desire,  
That of his pleasures had no part,  
For them must smart,  
Such be the frutes of lust.  
Can beauenly breasts so long time lodge,  
A secret grudge,  
Like mortalls thrall to ire,  
Till Iustice whiles doth seeme vniust?*

*The Tragedie*

*Of all the furies that afflict the soule,  
Lust and reuenge are hardest to controule:  
The gods giue them but rarely rest,  
That do against their will contend,  
And plagues doe spend  
That fortunate in nought  
Their sprites being parted from repose,  
May still expose  
Th'upbraiding troubled breast,  
A prey to each tyrannicke thought:  
All selfe-accusing soules no rest can finde,  
VVhat greater torment than a troubled minde:  
Let vs adore th'immortall powres,  
On whose decree, of euery thing  
The State doth hing,  
That farre from barbarous broiles,  
VVe of our life this little space  
May spend in peace,  
Free from afflictions showres,  
Or at the least from guiltie toiles,  
Let vs of rest the treasure strue t'attaine,  
VVithout the which nought can be had but paine.*

*ACT. II. SCENE I.*

*Iulius Caesar, Marcus Antonius.*

**N**OW haue my hopes attain'd th'exspect'd hauen,  
In spite of partiall enuies poisonous blasts:  
My fortune with my courage hath proou'd euen,  
No monument of discontentment lasts.  
Those that corriualld me, by me orethrowne,  
Did by their falles giue feathers to my flight:

*of Iulius Caesar.*

I rather in some corner liue vnknowne,  
Than shine in glorie, and not shine most bright,  
What common is to two, rests no more rare,  
No Phænix is in all the world saue one:  
Grieu'd of my deedes that any claimes a share,  
Would God that I had acted all alone.

And yet at last I neede to mourne no more,  
For enuie of the *Macedonians* praise;  
Since I haue equalld all that went before,  
My deedes in number doe excede my dayes.

Some earst, (whose deedes rest registred by fame,)  
Did from their conquests glorious titles bring:  
But greatnes to be great must haue my name,  
It's more to be a *Caesar* than a King.

*Ant.* Those warlike nations that did nations spoile,  
Are by thy legions now, t'our laws made thrall;  
What can not vertue doe by time and toile,  
True magnanimitie triumphs ouer all. (swarmes,

*Caesar.* Th'outragious *Gaules* that in most monstrous  
Went wasting *Asia*, thundring downe all things;  
And marching over the *Macedonians* armes,  
Did insolently make and vnmake kings.

Those *Gaules* that hauing the worlds conq'rors foild,  
As if the world might not haue matcht them then,  
Would sacrilegiously haue *Delphos* spoild:

And warrd against the gods, contemning men,  
Yea those whose auncestors our cittie burn'd.

The people that the *Romans* onely fear'd:  
By me *Romes* nurfling matcht and orematcht murn'd,  
So what they first eclipsd againe they clear'd.

Then as to subiects hauing giuen decrees,  
I left the *Gaules* their rash attempts to rue:  
And wounding *Neptunes* bosome with wing'd trees,  
The world-diuided *Britaines* did subdue.



*The Tragedie*

The *Germans* from their birth inurde to warre,  
Whose martiall minds still haughty thoughts haue bred,  
Whilst neither men nor walls my course could barre,  
Mask'd with my banners saw their *Rhene* runnered,

And th'orientall realmes amidst of late,  
My comming and orecomming was but one:  
With little paine so *Pompey* was calld great,  
That warrd with those whose glorious daies were gone:

But what though thousands set ones praises forth,  
For fields which shadowes and not swords obtaind;  
Yet th'easie rate but vilifies the worth,  
No glorie without labour can be gain'd.

From dangers past my comfort now proceedes,  
Since all difficulties I did orecome:

And in few wordes to comprehend my deedes,  
*Rome* conquerd all the world, and *Cesar* *Rome*.

*Anto.* Loe, those that striu'de your vertue to suppressse,  
And were opposde to all your actions still:  
Whilst labouring but too much to make you lesse,  
Haue made you to grow great against your will.

Great *Pompeys* pomp is past, his glorie gone,  
And austere *Cato* by himselfe lies killd:  
Than dastard *Cicero* more you honors none,  
Thus all your foes are with confusion filld.

The Senatours whose wrath could not b'asswag'd,  
Long to your preiudice their powre abuse,  
Till at their great ingratitude enrag'd,  
I saide our swordes would graunt what they refusde.

When hauing scap'd, endanger'd, and despisde,  
That *Curio* and I did to your campe resort,  
In olde bare gownes like some base slaues disguisde,  
All sigh'd to see vs wrongd in such a sort.

*Cesar* Th'inhabitants of heauen that know all harts,  
They know my thoughts as pure as are their starres:

And

*of Iulius Caesar.*

And that constrainde I came from forraigne parts,  
To seeme vnciuill in the ciuill warres.

I mooude that warre which all the world bemones,  
Being vrgde by force to free my selfe from feares:  
Still when my hand gaue wounds, my heart gaue grones,  
No *Romans* blood was shed, but I shed teares.

But how could any eleuated spright,  
That had for honor hazarded his blood;  
Yet yeeld by froward foes outragious spight,  
To be defrauded of th'expected good.

When as a multitude of battels wonne,  
Had made *Romes* Empire, and my glory great;  
And that the *Gaules* (oft vanquishde) had begunne  
T'embrace the yoke that they disdaine of late.

Then pompous *Pompey*, my prowd sonne in law,  
And *Cato*, that still crosse what I designde,  
From fauouring me the people did withdraw,  
And vnto me a successour assignde.

Not that he should succeed in dangerous broyles,  
But euen through enuie, as thay had ordain'd,  
That he might so triumph of all my toyles,  
And rob the glory that I dearly gain'd.

Could one with such indignities comport,  
That values honor deerer then the light?  
No, (whilst my soule rests soueraigne of this fort)  
None shall haue power to rob me of my right.

And yet by *Ioue*, that all the world commands,  
T' vse any violence I did mislike:  
And offred oft t' abandon all my bandes,  
If that my enemies would haue done the like.

But the tumultuous multitude that still  
As waues with windes are carried with conceits,  
With nought but my disgrace would bound their will,  
And I committed all vnto the fates.



*The Tragedie*

Yet when at *Rubicon* I stood perplex'd,  
And weigh'd the horreur of my high attempt,  
My soule was with a thousand fancies vex'd,  
Which resolution buried in contempt.

*Ant.* Nought in a captaine more confounds his foes,  
Then sodaine resolutions swift effects;  
For so surpriz'd ere they their thoughts dispose,  
All good aduice prodigious care neglects.

Though when you march'd towards *Rome*, your power  
The sodaine newes so thundred in each eare: (was small,  
That (as if heauen had falne vpon them all,)  
They bred amazement, and th'amazement feare,

Some secret destinie as then appear'd,  
Doth guide mens actions and their iudgements bounds,  
Them whom huge armies could not once haue fearde:  
A shadow or a rumour whiles confounds.

Ist that th'encroaching danger dulses their sprits.  
And doth preuent their resolutions power,  
Or that some destinie distracts their wits,  
When heuens determin'd haue their fatall houre?

*Pompey* the great that was growne ag'd in armes,  
And had triumph'd ouer all the worlds three parts  
(Being quite discourag'd with imagin'd harmes)  
Fled *Rome*, though without reach of th'enemies darts.

Then as t'a torrent all gaue place to you,  
*Rome* whom she cal'd a rebell made her Lord:  
Your successour *Domitius* forc'd to bow,  
Did trust your fauour more than feare your sword.

When in th'*Iberian* bounds you did arriue,  
There th'aduersarie that did vainely vaunt,  
Had all th'aduantage that the ground could giue,  
And wealth of vittails that with vs were scant.

Yet the celeritie that you had vsde  
Did so discourage their disordered band,

That



*of Iulius Caesar.*

That (as *Ioue* in their breasts had feare infusde,) They had no strength against our strokes to stand.

And when *Romes* generall with braue Legions storde Seem'd to possesse all that his soule requirde, Whilst vs t'ouerthrow both famine and the sword, The sea, the land, and all in one conspirde;

Then for your offices they did contend, As those that of the victorie were sure: And where they might th'affaires of state attend In *Rome*, for lodgings fondly did procure.

Yet memorable now that day remaines, When all the world was in two armies rang'd: That *Mars* went raging through th'*Aemathian* plaines, And to dispaire high expectations chang'd.

That famous field when the *Pompeyans* lost, (As Lyons doe their prey) you did pursue The scattred remnant of that ruin'd hoste, On which new heads still like to *Hydra* grew.

Though victorie in *Affricke* fatall seem'de To any armie that a *Scipio* led; Yet you shew'd there, for worth in warre esteem'd That *Rome* a better then a *Scipio* bred:

And all our enemies were confounded thus, That vs in number euer did surmount; But *Caesar* and his fortune were with vs, Which we did more than many thousands count.

*Ces.* The sweetest comfort that my conquests gaue, It was the meane how to do many good; For euery day some *Romans* life I saue, That in the field to fight against me stood.

Thus may my minde be iudg'd by the euent, That (euen when by my greatest foes assailde) To win the battell neuer was more bent, Then prompt to pardon when I had preuailde.

Not

*The Tragedie*

Not couetous of blood of spoyles nor harmes,  
I (though being victor) did insult ouer none,  
But laid aside all hatred with my armes,  
A foe in fight, a friend when it was gone.

I like the praise of clemencie, more then  
Of force, that with affliction th'emie lodes,  
For force prooues oft the worst thing that's in men,  
And clemencie the best thing in the gods.

Sterne *Cato*, but by *Cato* that would die,  
And either death or life, if giuen disdain'd;  
O, I enuie thy death that didst enuie,  
The glory that I sauing thee had gaind'.

Yet I to rents and dignities restore  
Euen those that my destruction had designde:  
And O, it doth delight my minde farre more  
By benefits then by constraint to binde.

*Ant.* I would haue all my foes brought to their endes.

*Cæs.* I rather haue my foes all made my friends.

*Ant.* Their blood whom I suspect'd should quench  
all strife.

*Cæs.* So might one doe that lik'd of nought but life.

*An.* Still life would be redeemde from dangers forth,

*Cæs.* Not with a ransome then it selfe more worth.

*An.* Than life to man, what thing more deere succeeds?

*Cæs.* The great contentment that true glory breeds.

*An.* Men by all meanes this blast of breath prolong.

*Cæs.* Men should striue to liue well, not to liue long.

And I would spend this momentarie breath,  
To liue by fame for euer after death.

For I aspire in spite of fates to liue.

*Ant.* I feare that some too soone your death contriue.

*Cæs.* Who dare but lodge such thoughts within their  
minde.

*Ant.* Those that the shadow of your greatnes blindes.

*Cæs.*



*of Iulius Caesar.*

*Cas.* The best are bound to me by gifts in store.

*Ant.* But to their countrey they are bound far more.

*Cas.* Then loath they me as th'enemie of the state?

*Ant.* You as th'vsurper of the same they hate.

*Cas.* I by huge battels haue enlarg'd their bounds.

*An.* By that they think your powre to much abounds.

*Cas.* Yet I from doing wrong refraine my will.

*Ant.* They feare your powre, because it may do ill.

*Cas.* The present state still discontentment brings  
To factious mindes affecting matters strange,  
That burdens to themselues irke of all things;  
And so they change, regard not what they change:

In populous townes where many make repaire,  
(Whose confluence by conference all things touch)  
They further than their bounds extend their care,  
The idle that doe nothing, must thinke much.

Lo, *Rome* (though wasted all with ciuill warres,  
Whilst priuate grudge pretended publike good;  
And that equalitie engendring iarres,  
Did proue too prodigall of *Roman* blood;)

Yet hauing through huge toyles attain'd to rest,  
That it by yeelding t'one may banish teares:  
It if constrain'd disdaines t'imbrace the best,  
This word necessitie so woundes the eares.

And th'insolent with vile seditious words,  
That trembled whilst they heard the trumpets sound:  
Stirre now their tongues, as we did then our swords,  
And what *Mars* sparde, make *Mercurie* confound.

The people thus in time of peace agree,  
T'abase the greatest still, euen in that forme  
As in calme dayes they doe disbranch the tree,  
That shrowded them of late against a storme.

But now I look'd for libertie to boast,  
That once my deeds triumph'd had ouer enuie:



*The Tragedie*

As all darke shadowes doe evanish most,  
Then when the Sunne shines highest in the skie:  
And though their hatred deeply they disguise,  
Yet they conceale not so their soules desires:  
But that their spight rest sparkling through their eies,  
And bosts to burst out once in open fires.

*Ant.* Since first (great *Cæsar*) I discern'd thy worth,  
On all thy actions I did still attend:  
And therefore what some whisper, Ile speake foorth,  
T'admonish freely it becomes a friend.

Since first men did suspect that you aspire  
T'a Monarchie, the gouvernement to change;  
They in their soules your ruine do conspire,  
And their affections farre from you estrange.

Since chaste *Lucretia* by prowd *Tarquin* stain'd,  
Wash'd with her blood the violated bed,  
Whilst by his power supream *Rome* was constrain'd  
All things t'o obey, that his curst braine had bred.

This gouvernement which some tyrranick call,  
It sounds so odious in the peoples eares,  
As Tyrants vild, that they detest them all  
Whose greatnesse giues them any cause of feares.

*Cæs.* I not affect the title of a king,  
For loue of glory, or desire of gaine,  
Nor for respect of any priuate thing,  
But that the state may by my trauels gaine.

You know *Sibillæ's* bookes that neuer faile,  
In many mindes haue an opinion bred:  
That ouer the *Parthians* *Rome* cannot preuaile,  
Till by a soueraigne prince her bands be led.

For as confusion is the fruit we finde  
Of those affaires that diuers thoughts dispose;  
So soueraigntie match'd with a gallant mind,  
Breeds reuerence in ones owne, feare in his foes.

And

*of Iulius Caesar.*

And, O it grieues me that these steps of ours,  
Haue trod so oft on many a millions neckes,  
Whilst yet the *Parthian* vilipends our powres,  
And all our victories vnuanquish'd checkes.

Ah, should a Generall of the *Romane* race  
Be by *Barbarians* killd, and not reueng'd?  
And should his ensignes, signes of our disgrace,  
Rest in the ranke of conquer'd relikes rang'd?

No, no, wretch'd *Crassus*, now thy selfe content,  
Ile pacifie thy ghost with *Parthians* spoiles :  
For still my boyling fancies haue bin bent (foiles  
T'ore-match th'vnmarch'd, and daunt th'vndaunted

*Ant.* With victories being cloyd, will you not then  
Your fastie once, more then new warres respect?

*Cas.* No, though I haue surmounted other men,  
My fancies yet do greater things affect:

In emulation of my selfe at last,  
Euen enuiouslie I looke on mine owne deedes;  
And bent to make the new surpasse things past,  
Now to my mind old praise no pleasure breeds. (good,

*Ant.* The world hath seene thee (great man) for *Romes*  
In danger oft of many a dangerous shelve:  
Whilst for her glory thou engag'd thy blood,  
Of others carefull, carelesse of thy selfe.

*Cas.* Though whilst in th'April of my blooming age,  
I from the vulgar rate redeemd my name,  
Some with my deeds did burden youths hot rage,  
And an ambitious appetite of fame.

Yet since the coldnesse of declining yeares  
Bosts to congeale the blood that boild of late,  
Whilst else my life the sunne of glory cleares,  
That now of all the world remaine most great.

I cannot couet that thing which I haue,  
I haue all honour that can be requirde.



*The Tragedie*

And now (as th'only wanted thing) would craue,  
To taste the pleasures of a life retyrde.

But onely now t'aduaunce the state I striue,  
For, O neglecting th'ecchoes of renowne  
I could content my selfe vnknowne to liue  
A priuate man, with a *Plebeian* gowne.

Since (*Anthonie*) thus for the state I care,  
And all delights that nature loues disdaine:  
Go, and in time the peoples mindes prepare,  
That as the rest, I may the title gaine.

Yet indirectly at the first, assay  
To what their doubtfull mindes do most incline:  
But as without my knowledge, that they may  
All marke your minde, and yet not thinke of mine.

*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

*Cicero. Decius Brutus.*

**D**Id I suruiue th'impetuous *Sillaes* rage,  
And in a torrent of destruction stood:  
Whilst tyrants did make *Rome* a tragicke stage,  
Through a voluptuous appetite of blood?

Scap'd I confusion in a time so bad,  
Of libertie and honour once to taste,  
That bondage now might make my soule more sad,  
By the remembrance of my fortunes past?

What though I once (when first by fame made known)  
From *Catilines* strange treason did preserue  
This town, that's still endangerd by her owne,  
Since first the world from equitie did swarue?

A sparke of that conspiracie remaines,  
Not yet extinguish'd t'haue our state imbroyld;

That



*of Iulius Caesar.*

That now on *Rome* flames of confusion raines,  
Thus one was sparde that we might all be spoild.

O worthy *Cato*, in whose wondrous minde,  
Three rarely matcht things Nature did reueale:  
Wit, honestie, and courage which designde  
A cittizen for *Platoes* common-weale.

Whilst curteous *Pompey* did things as a friend,  
Thou as a wiseman spake, and still foretold,  
To what all *Caesars* deedes would turne in th'end,  
If that his pride were not in time controlde.

And had we him as wisely thou aduise,  
Giuen to the *Germans* whom he had iniur'd:  
We had not now bin thus like slaues despise,  
To see *Romes* glorie, and our owne obscur'd.

But yet I may disbending former cares,  
A space comport with that prowd tyrants powres;  
Age giues assurance by my witherd haire,  
That death will seale my suretie in few howres.

Yet ye whose youth and sprite might haue attained  
Those dignities that *Caesar* hath vndone:  
O ye haue lost as much as he hath gaind,  
Whose rising hopes must be retrench'd so soone.

*Dec.* Though innouations at the first seeme strange,  
Yet oft experience approbation brings:  
And if with vpright thoughts we weigh this change,  
On it the safetie of our cittie hinges.

As in the depths dasht with redoubling waues,  
A ship by different mindes rests more imbroilde,  
So was our cittie plag'd with diuerse lawes,  
By th'all-confounding multitude turmoilde.

As whilst t'one sickenesse diuerse drugges are vsde,  
Whose powres repugnant in digestion iarre:  
Th'impatient patients fancies rest confusde,  
So did we long distressd with ciuill warre.

*The Tragedie*

But now great *Cæsar* from tempestuous windes,  
*Romes* scattred ruines recollects of late:  
A Pilote meete to calme tumultuous mindes,  
A doctor fit for a distemperd state.

*Ci.* The state from storms secure by drowning proues,  
Now whilst despaire doth doubtful feares appease:  
He with the life th'infirmities remoues,  
Thus is the physicke worse than the disease.

This commonweale (as whiles the world did spie)  
Though some prowd sprites in ciuill warres inuolu'd,  
Yet like blacke cloudes that would obscure the skie,  
Their tumid humours sodainely dissolu'd.

And no disgrace t'our gouernement redounds,  
But to th'ambitious that had it abusde:  
Who (had their powre like *Cæsars* wanted bounds)  
Had whilst they rulde a greater rigor vsde.

There in all partes are people of all kindes,  
And as aduancde some bad men did abide,  
Of powre their equalls, and of better mindes,  
Some alwayes vertuous were to curbe their pride.

But since that sacred libertie was lost,  
The publike powre t'a priuate vse one turnes:  
And as his lawlesse wayes did alwayes boist,  
The common weale by violence ore-turnes.

*Dec.* Though what you burden *Cæsar* with were true,  
Him of all crime Necessitie hath clear'd:

That was foes force t'eschew, forcde to pursue,  
Whilst by contempt t'attempt gret things being cheerd:

To th'enemies enuie more oblig'd he rests,  
Then t'his owne wit that no such courses scand,  
Till by being barrd from vsing of requests,  
Not lookt for meanes were offred to command.

All to mount high his haughtie thoughts did tempt,  
True worth disdaines to suffer open wrong:

And



*of Iulius Caesar.*

And a great courage kindled by contempt,  
Must by reuenge be quencht whilst rage makes strong.

*Cic.* O *Decius*, now a wrong accompt you cast,  
Th'intent, and not th'euent defines the minde:  
Treade backe the steppes of all his actions past,  
And at the marke he hit all aym'd we finde.

As by some sprite inspirde prowde *Scilla* saide,  
That there in *Caesar* many *Marians* were:  
And *Rome* was warn'd in time to be afraide  
Of the euill-girded youth, with smoothe-comb'd haire.

Then when (as still to quietnesse a foe, )  
The memorie of *Marius* he renewd:  
By re-erecting tyrants statues so,  
His thoughts all bent to tyranny were viewd.

That people-pleaser might haue bin perceiu'd,  
By curteous complements beneath his ranke;  
That lauishng forth gifts the world deceiu'd,  
And to gaine more than his, of his proou'd franke.

Though nought at all indulgent to his wife,  
By prostrated pudicitie disgracde:  
Yet did he saue th'adultrous *Clodius* life,  
To soothe the multitude whose steppes he tracde.

*Dec.* These be the means by which ambition mounts,  
Without most humble, when most high within:  
And as it fled from that thing which it hunts,  
Still wasting most, when most it mindes to winne.

*Cic.* And he that still striu'd tyrannie t'embrace,  
Was thought conioynd with *Catilin* to bee;  
And had wise *Catoes* counsell taken place,  
Had with the rest receiu'd his death by me.

Yet hauing suncke himselfe in some mens soules,  
He with his partiall faction suting oft:  
Did get the consulship which nought controules,  
And matching pride with powre did looke aloft.

To



*The Tragedie*

To flatter them that now must flatter him,  
His powre t'aduaunce vnlawfull lawes preuaild:  
And those to crosse that scornd he so should clime,  
He furnisht was with Force, where Reason faild.

But yet because he could not well b'assur'd,  
T'act all alone according to his will;  
To gouerne *Fraunce* he craftily procurde,  
So to be strengthned with an armie still;

As *Rome* first warr'd at home till being made strong,  
She thought her selfe of powre the world t'orecome:  
So *Cesar* warr'd against strange nations long,  
Till that he thought his might might conquer *Rome*.

Then hauing all that force or fate assignes,  
He cause of discontentment did pretend;  
So to dissemble fore-conceiu'd designes,  
One soone may finde a fault that seekes t'offend.

But when he first in a prodigious dreame  
His mother seemde incestuously to vse:  
It might haue shewne to his eternall shame,  
How he the bounds that bare him went t'abuse.

*Dec.* And yet I thinke auoyding threatned harmes,  
He was constraind t'imbarke in ciuill broiles:  
Did he not couenant to quit his armes,  
As not desirous of his countries spoiles?

*Cic.* Durst he with those that had his charge confind,  
Stand to prescribe conditions as their mate;  
Where t'haue attended and obeyd their minde,  
It was his duetie, and their due of late.

What? what? durst he, whom borne t'obey the law,  
The people all did willingly promote;  
The sword which they had giuen, against them draw,  
When it was sharpned first to cut their throat?

That had not com'd which all our anguish breeds,  
If he vnforcde, when as his charge expirde,

*of Iulius Caesar.*

Till that the Senate censurde had his deedes,  
Had from his prouince peaceably retirde.

No, he hath but betraid his native towne,  
Those bands by which she did him first preferre;  
T'extend her borders, and his owne renowne,  
Those hath he vsde to tyrannize ouer her.

My passions (ah transported as you see,  
With an excessiue loue to my deere soile,)   
Haue made my tongue of my hearts store too free,  
By flaming forth what in my breast doth boile.

*Dec.* That *Casars* part might iustly be exculde,  
Loe, with the cause allcadgd his course accords:  
Of which th'humanitie that he hath vsde,  
A testimonie to the world affords.

Though forcde to fight, he alwayes had great care,  
To saue our Cittizens as each man knowes;  
And bade his captaines still all *Romans* spare,  
But on *Barbarians* bodies spend their blowes.

Of th'aduersaries after bloudie strife,  
When of the might haue made some captiues smart:  
Not onelie was he liberall of their life,  
But pardond them still to take *Pompeys* part.

Euen at th'infortunate *Pharsalian* field,  
When he securely might haue vsde the sword:  
He both did spare all th'enemies that would yeeld,  
And them to rents and dignities restord.

Then when th'*Ægyptians* so t'obtaine reliefe,  
Brought to his sight pale *Pompeys* bloodlesse head;  
He testified with teares his inward grieve,  
And gracde his statues after he was dead.

Those his proceedings might appeare t'approue,  
That he against his will maintain'd this warre;  
And to his countrie beares a tender loue,  
That could comport to reine his rage so farre.



*The Tragedie*

*Cie.* Those counterfeited fauors which he shew,  
According to ones custome that aspires,  
Were spent on many as the world might view,  
T'insinuate himselfe in their desires.

But where he thus spar'd some, he spoild' whole hosts  
And the *Barbarians* all to *Rome* not wrought  
Such harme as he that of his goodnes boasts,  
Yet her best men hath to confusion brought.

The great man that of no mishap could pause,  
But still preuaild, whilst warring without right,  
Armd for the common weale in a good cause,  
With *Cæsar* did vnfortunately fight.

From *Lesbos* fled with his afflicted wife,  
Three base-born grooms (can fortune change so soone)  
Stoode to consult vpon great *Pompeys* life,  
And did what thousands durst not once haue done.

Then he whose knees had oft beene kissd by kings,  
(Most highly happy, had he dide in time)  
By one of his owne slaues with abiect things,  
Had his last funeralls framde (O monstrous crime)

T'entombe *Romes* greatest captaine all alone,  
The Roman that arriu'd with reason said,  
The fatall glory was too great for one,  
And to haue part of that last honour staid.

The teares bestowd by *Cæsar* on his head,  
Forth from a guiltie minde remorse had throwne,  
Or else he wept to see his enemy dead,  
By any others hands than by his owne.

Then constant *Cato* that euen death did scorne,  
The rare arch-tipe of an accomplisht man,  
That liu'd as not t'himselfe but t'all men borne,  
Mou'd by his tyranny to ruine ranne.

He iustly whilst more iust, himselfe more strong  
Then *Cæsar* thought, that for no Iustice carde,

And



*of Iulius Caesar.*

And since discovering what he cloakd so long,  
Said right, that *Caesar* and not he was snarde.

Thus *Caesar* conquerd all but *Catoes* minde,  
That would not by a tyrants tollerance breathe:  
But in such sort his famous course confinde,  
Than *Caesars* life more glorious was his death.

Those great men thus brought to disastrous ends,  
The authour of their death make me despise,  
That whilst t'vsurpe th'authoritie he tendes,  
By treading downe all good men striues to rise.

Now made most great by lessening all the great,  
He prowdly doth triumph in *Rome*, ouer *Rome*.  
And we must seeme t'applaud the present state,  
Whose doubtfull breath depends vpon his doome.

Yet had I not enlargde my griefes so long,  
To you whom *Caesar* doth pretend to loue;  
Wer't not I know touch'd with the common wrong,  
A iust disdain all generous mindes must moue.

*Dec.* Had *Caesar* willingly resign'd his armes,  
And rendred *Rome* her libertie at last,  
When as from foes he feard no further harmes,  
But had repaired his iust displeasures past.

More then for all the loue thats shewd to me,  
He should haue had an Altar in my breast:  
As worthy for his vertuous deedes to be  
Feard by the bad, and honourd by the best.

But since though conq'ring all the world by might,  
He to himselfe a slaue would make *Rome* thrall;  
His benefits are loathsome in my sight,  
And I am grieu'd that he deserues to fall.

My fancies moue not in so lowe a spheare,  
But I disdain that one ouer *Rome* impies;  
Yet it is best, that with the time we beare,  
And with our powre proportion our desires.

*The Tragedie*

Though I dissembled first your minde to trie,  
And tolde what Fame to *Casars* praise relates;  
Yet was I pleasde that moe were grieu'd than I,  
All mis-contented men are glad of mates.

*Cic.* Since tyrannie all libertie exiles,  
We must our selues no more our selues disguise;  
Then learne to maske a mourning minde with smiles,  
And seeme t'extoll that which we most despise.

Yet all our deedes not *Casars* humor please,  
That (since mistrusted once) esteemes vs still  
When dumbe disdaineiful, flatterers when we praise,  
If plaine, presumptuous, and in all things ill.

Yea we, whose freedome *Cesar* now restraines,  
As his attenders all his steppes must trace;  
And know, yet not acknowledge his disdaines,  
But still pretend t'haue interest in his grace.

Though all my thoughts detest him as a foe,  
To honour him a thousand meanes I moue;  
Yet But to saue my selfe, and plague him so,  
No hate more harmes than it that looks like loue.

His pride that through prepostrous honour swels,  
Hath by the better sort, made him abhorrd;  
The gods are iealous, and men enuious els,  
To see a mortall man so much adord.

*Dec.* Well, *Cicero* let all meanes be entertaind,  
That may imbarke vs in his bosomes depths,  
Till either willingly or then constrain'd,  
He iustly quite what he vniustly keeps. *Exeunt.*

*Chorus.*

**T**His life of ours is like a Rose,  
Which whilst it beauties rare array,

*Doth*

*of Iulius Caesar.*

Doth then enioy the least repose  
When virgin-like it blush we see:  
Then is't of euery hand the prey,  
And by each wind is blowne away:  
Yea though from violence scap'd free,  
(Whilst time triumphs, it leads all thralls)  
Yet doth it languish and decay.  
O Whilst the courage hottest boiles,  
And that our life seemes best to be,  
It is with dangers compass still,  
Whilst it each little change appalles,  
The body force withoutwhiles foiles,  
It th'owne distemprature whiles spoiles:  
Of which, though none it chance to kill:  
As nature failes the bodie falles,  
Of which, saue death, nought bounds the toyles.  
What is this moouing tower in which we trust?  
A little winde closd in a cloud of dust.  
And yet some spirits though here being pent,  
In this fraile prisons narrow bounds,  
With what might suffice not content,  
Do alwayes bend their thoughts too hie,  
And aime at all the peopled grounds,  
Then whilst their breasts ambition wounds,  
Though feeding as bent straight to die.  
They build as they might alwayes line,  
Being famishd for fames emptie sounds:  
Of such no end the trauels ends,  
But a beginning giues whereby  
They may b'imbroild worse then before,  
For whilst they still new hopes contriue,  
Th'expected good more anguish sends  
Then the possessde contentment lends,  
Like beasts that taste not, but deuoure.



## The Tragedie

They swallow much, and for more strive,  
Whilst still their hope new hap attends :  
And how can such but still themselves annoy,  
That know to conquer, but not how to enjoy?  
Since as a ship amidst the depths,  
Or as an Eagle through the aire,  
Of which their way no impression keeps,  
Most swift when seeming least to move:  
This breath of which we take such care,  
Doth toss the bodie euery where,  
That it may hence with haste remove:  
Life slippes and sleepes alwayes away,  
Then whence, and as it came goes bare,  
Whose steps behinde no trace doth leaue.  
Why should heauen-banish'd soules thus loue  
The cause, and bounds of their exile,  
Where they as restlesse strangers stray,  
And with such pain why should they reauce  
That which they haue no right to haue:  
Which with themselves within short while,  
As sommers beauties must decay,  
And can giue nought except the graue,  
Though all things doe to harme him what they can,  
No greater enemy then himselfe to man:  
Whilst oft environ'd with his foes  
That threatned death on euery side,  
Great Cæsar parted from repose,  
As Atlas vnderneath the starres  
Did of a world the weight abide.  
But since a prey to excessiue pride,  
More then by all the former warres,  
He now by it doth harme remaine  
And of his fortune doth decide  
Made rich by many a Nations wrack,

*of Iulius Caesar.*

*He breaking through the liquid barres,  
In Neptunes armes his minion forc'd,  
Yet still pursude new hopes in vaine.  
Ah, would th'ambitious looking backe,  
Of their inferiours knowledge take,  
They from huge cares might be deuorc'd,  
Whilst veiwing few more wealth attaine,  
And many more than they to lacke.  
Lo, th'only plague from men that rest doth reauē,  
Is valuing what they want, not what they haue.  
Since thus the great themselves inuolue  
In such a laborinth of cares,  
Whence none to scape can well resolue,  
But by degrees is forward led  
Through waues of hopes, rockes of dispaire:  
Let vs anoyd ambitions snares,  
And farre from stormes by enuie bred,  
Still seeke securely a humble rest,  
With mindes where no proude thought repaires,  
That in vaine shadowes doth delight:  
Thus may our fancies still be fed  
With that which Nature freely giues.  
Let vs iniquitie detest,  
And hold but what we owe of right,  
Th'eyes treasure is th'al-circling light:  
Not that vaine pompe for which th'earth striuēs,  
Whose glory but a poysonous pest,  
T'orethrow the soule delights the sight,  
Ease comes with ease, where all by paine buy paine:  
Rest we in peace, by warre let others raigne.*

*The Tragedie*

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

*Caius Cassius. Marcus Brutus.*

NOW, *Brutus* now, we need no more to doubt,  
Nor with blind hopes our iudgement to suspend:  
Lo, all our expectations are worne out,  
For now it's time t'attempt, and not t'attend.

Th'imperious people that did th'earth appall,  
Ah vanquish'd by their victories at last,  
Are by their too much libertie made thrall,  
Since all their strength but serues themselves to cast.

And we that once seem'd borne t'aime at great things,  
Of the worlds mistresse mightie minions once,  
That might haue labor'd to giue lawes to kings,  
Lawes from a king, must looke for now with grones.

For such of *Cesar* is the monstrous pride,  
That though he domineers else at this houre,  
And to his clients kingdoms doth diuide,  
With an vnlimitd tyrranicke power.

Yet of *Dictator* he disdaines the name,  
And seekes a tyrants title with the place:  
Not for his honour, no, but for our shame,  
As onely bent to bragge of our disgrace.

*Marc. Brut.* I thought to see that man (as others are)  
Walke reapparrel'd with a priuate gowne,  
As one that had vnwillingly made warre  
T'hold vp himselfe, not to cast others downe.

So *Silla*, though more inhumane then he,  
Whilst hauing all to what his heart aspirde,  
The foueraightie resign'd, and set *Rome* free  
When all such expectation was expirde.



*of Iulius Caesar.*

By *Caesars* worth we must thinke that he too,  
Will libertie restore t'our troubled state:  
When first the world hath viewd what he might doe,  
His thoughts are generous as his minde is great.

And though some insolencies scape him whiles,  
His dying furie sparkles but a space:  
Nought th'inspirations quite of *Mars* exiles,  
Till one be vſide with th'innocencie of peace.

Those that by violence did t'all things tend,  
Scarſe can themſelues t'a quiet courſe conforme:  
Their ſtately cariage and franke words offend,  
Whilſt peace cannot comport with warres rude forme.

I hope that *Caſar* ſetting ciuill broyles,  
When diſaccuſtomde is intetiue rage:  
Will ſtrive to mitigate his countreyes toyles,  
Bent all thoſe flames that burn'd his breaſt t'aſſwage.

*Ca Caſſ.* Thus of his courſe you by your own conceiu'd  
As if like thoughts of both did bound the will:  
Ah, honeſt mindes are with leaſt paine deceiu'd:  
Thoſe that themſelues are good dreame not of ill.

But of bad mindes to ſound th'vnſound deuice,  
Their inclination muſt your iudgement ſway:  
The ſquare of vertue cannot meaſure vice,  
Nor yet a line that's ſtraight a crooked way.

So *Caſar* may preuaile t'vſurpe the ſtate,  
He cares not by what violence nor ſleight:  
O, one may ſoone deceiue men and grow great,  
That leaues religion, honeſtie and right,

When as the *Senatours* (no more their owne)  
Came to that Tyrant whom ambition blinds,  
And ſhowde him by what honors they had ſhowne,  
To gratifie his greatneſſe gratefull mindes.

He in a chaire imperiouſly being plac'd,  
Not daign'd to riſe nor bow in any ſort:

*The Tragedie*

As both of them had but their due imbrac'd,  
When he a hautie, they an humble port.

But if he thus, ere we be throughly thrall'd  
Dare so disdainfully such great men vse:  
When in a regall throne by vs install'd  
Then will he breake that which he now doth bruse.

Was he not first that euer yet began,  
To violate the sacred *Tribuns* place;  
And punish'd them for punishing a man,  
That had transgress'd the lawes in time of peace?

The lawes that doe of death all guiltie hold,  
Whose actions seeme to tirranie inclinde:  
So earnest were our ancestours of old,  
To quench the light of tyrants ere it shinde:

And shall our Nephews (heires of bondage) blame  
Vs dastard parents that their hopes deceiu'd,  
That saw, that suffred, that suruiu'd such shame,  
Not leauing dead, what we being borne receiu'd?

By *Cæsars* friendes to an assembly brought,  
The *Senators* intend to call him king.)

*Brut.* Ile not be there. *Cass.* But what if we be sought  
T'affist as *Prætors* such a publike thing?

*Brut.* Then ile resist that violent decree;  
None of *Romes* crowne shall long securely boast,  
For ere that I liue thrall'd, ile first die free:  
What can be kept when libertie is lost?

*Cass.* O with what ioy I swallow vp those wordes,  
Words worthy of thy worth, and of thy name:  
But *Brutus* be not fearde, this cause affords  
Thee many mates in danger, few in fame.

When *Anthony* prowde *Cæsars* Image crown'd  
The people by a silent sorrow told,  
In what a depth of woes their thoughts were drown'd  
That Comet of confusion to behold.

What

*of Iulius Caesar.*

What do those scroules throwne in thy chaire import,  
Which what thou art to thy remembrance brings?  
Be those the fancies of th'inferiour sort?

No, none but noble mindes dreame of great things.

Of other Pretors people looke for shoves,  
And distributions whose remembrance dyes:  
Whilst bloody fencers fall with mutuall blowes,  
And *Affricks* monsters made t'amaze their eyes.

But from thy hands they libertie attend,  
A glory hereditarie to thy race,  
And following thee their blood will frankly spend,  
So thou succeed in thy great parents place;

That *Romes* redeemer once did *Tarquin* foile,  
Though from his birth obeyd, and without strife,  
Where thou shouldst but th'aspiring tirant spoile,  
That would t'extinguish'd tyrrany giue life.

*Brut.* I weigh thy words, with an afflicted heart,  
That for compassion of my countrey bleedes,  
And would to God that I might onely smart,  
So that all others scap'd th'euill that succeeds.

Then neuer man himselfe from death did free  
With a more quiet and contented minde,  
Then I would perish, if I both could be  
To *Caesar* thankfull, and t'our countrey kinde. (largde

But though that great mans grace towards mee en-  
May challenge right in my affections store:  
Yet must the greatest debt be first dischargde,  
I ow him much, but to my countrey more.

This in my breast hath great dissention bred;  
I *Caesar* loue, but yet *Romes* enemie hate:  
And as *Ioue* liues, I could be mou'd to shed  
My blood for *Caesar*, *Caesars* for the state.

I for my fathers death loathde *Pompey* long,  
Whilst iust dildaine did boyle within my breast,



*The Tragedie*

Yet when he warr'd to venge the common wrong,  
I ioynde with him because his cause was best.

A minde t'vsurpe if *Cesar* now reueale.  
I will in time precipitate his end  
Thus being still bent t'aduanee the Common-weale,  
I help'd a foe, and now must hurt a friend.

*Cass.* Least of his fauour thou the poyson proue,  
From swallowing of such baites (deere friend) beware:  
No tyrant (trust me) can intirely loue,  
Nor none that for himselfe doth only care.

He by such curtesies doth but intend  
T'imbase thy vertues, vndermine thy minde,  
And thy suspected courage to disbend,  
Yea (though with silken bonds he would thee binde.)

This of all tyrants is the common tread,  
To wreake all those in whom most worth he findes:  
Or (whilst that terrors tosse his iealous head,)  
T'vse subtilties t'amuse the greatest mindes:

As when we for the Pretorship did strue,  
Then both were held in hope that so deceiu'd  
We others harmes might studie to contriue,  
Through emulation and disdain conceiu'd.

Thus subtile *Cesar* by such sleights hath toyld  
To sow dissention, that we both may pause  
Of priuate wrongs; and by such means imbroid'd,  
Still courting him, neglect the common cause.

But nought from others must our thoughts estrange,  
That must in time the tyrants course restraine:  
Let other men lament, we must reuenge,  
Is come to beare a sword and to complaine.

*Brut.* Though *Cesar* (now) I must conspire thy fall,  
My heart towards thee, yet neuer harbor'd hate:  
But (pardon me) who euer make it thrall,  
From bondage *Brutus* must redeeme the state,

*of Iulius Caesar.*

Of this my course what euer others iudge,  
Heere I protest it is for good design'd;  
My thoughts are guiltie of no priuate grudge,  
For reason, and not furie moues my minde.

Nor is't ambition that inflames my breast,  
With a prodigious appetite to raigne,  
That when I haue made *Caesar* *Platoes* guest,  
I in his rowme a monarch may remaine.

No, if that glorie did my fancies charme,  
To which blind-folded tyrants doe aspire;  
I needed not to do, nor suffer harme,  
But with lesse paine might compasse my desire.

For if I would but temporize a space,  
Till Time, or Death diminish *Caesars* might.  
He thinks that I deserue t'enioy his place,  
And I could make my day succcede his night.

Yet doe I not endeere my selfe so much,  
That Ile seeke honor by my countries shame,  
But O, I would (my zeale to it is such)  
To saue it from reproch seeme worthy of blame.

Yea so, that I may free with honourd wounds,  
My soile than is my soule more deere to me:  
I care not strait to be barr'd from the bounds,  
That at so deere a rate I would set free.

*Caß.* What man doth breath of *Mars* his martiall race,  
But will with *Brutus* sacrifice his blood,  
And chargde with armes ere tyranie take place,  
Dare venture all things for his countries good?

Can any iudgement be deceiu'd so farre,  
But that it else most cleerely may beholde,  
How that this change *Romes* greatnes strait will marre,  
And raze the trophees that she rear'd of olde.

Of olde in *Rome* all those that once had worne  
The peace-importing gowne, or warrelike shield,



*The Tragedie*

Of dignities as capable being borne,  
Durst aime at all that libertie could yeeld.

Those in affaires to deale that would set forth,  
Were not discourag'd by their birth, though base,  
And pouertie could not holde backe true worth,  
From hauing honour both by warre and peace.

Then emulation violently driu'd  
All gallant mindes t'attempt great actions still;  
That in the loue of vertue riuals liu'd,  
Whilst Glorie in their bosomes balme did still.

*Fabricius* first was from the plow aduauncde,  
The rudder of the commonwealth to hold;  
Yet by no meanes his priuate wealth enhauncde,  
As rich in vertue still, as poore in golde.

Rude *Marius* too, to match red *Mars* in fame  
Forth from the vulgar drosse his race remou'd,  
And loe, of *Cicero* the ridiculous name,  
As famous as the *Fabians* now hath prou'd.

Each abiect mind disdaind to be obscure,  
When still preferrement followd loftie cares,  
And that one might by dangers past procure,  
Fame to himselfe, and honour to his heires.

But since that state by *Cesar* is oreturn'd,  
Whilst all our liues depend vpon ones lips;  
Of breasts that once with loue of glorie burn'd,  
From soaring thoughts this course the feathers clips.

Aduancement now attends not on desert,  
But on th'opinion of a flattred minde;  
That to th'applauding hireling doth impart,  
High honours that true worth can hardly finde.

To these all tyrants most addicted proue,  
Whom without reason they haue raisde too hie,  
As thinking those that stand but by their loue,  
To entertaine the same all meanes must trie.

Where



*of Iulius Caesar.*

Where they whose vertue reapes a due reward,  
Not building onely on th'aduauncers grace,  
Doe by deserts not gaine so great regarde,  
Whilst they maintaine, as they obtaine their place.

And if a worthie man to worke great things,  
Wing'd with th'vsurpers fauors raise his flight.  
The highest course to him most harme still brings,  
That till he fall, can not haue leaue to light.

Those that by force would haue th'affection mou'd,  
When willingly men hold such gallants deare.  
They rage that any should be freely lou'd,  
Whole vertue makes their vice more vile appeare.

The man that now to be preferrd aspires,  
Must with effronted flatteries seruile forme,  
Still soothing *Caesar*, seale all his desires,  
And in some shadow lurke t'auoyde a storme,

A number else of that prowd rebells foes,  
Grieu'd to behold th'occasion of their grieve.  
Striue in obscuritie t'entombe their woes,  
So waiting, and not working for reliefe.

But we whose lofty mindes disdain to lowre,  
As those that seeke but their owne safetie thus;  
When shall we spend an indignations powre,  
Thats worthy of true Romans, and of vs;

Since no indignitie resolu'd t'indure,  
I see our mindes doe sympathize in this,  
Should we by suffering seeke to liue secure,  
Whose action must amend what is amisse?

No, no such abiect thought must staine our breast,  
To cure calamitie but by discourse,  
Whilst but like beasts, affecting foode and rest,  
Where men by reason should direct their course.

Like those of other parts secure from strife,  
If *Caesar* had bin borne, or chusde our Prince,

Then

*The Tragedie*

Then those that durst attempt to take his life,  
The world of treason iustly might conuince.

For still the states that flourish for the time,  
By subiects should b'inuiolable thought;  
And those no doubt commit a monstrous crime,  
That lawfull foueraignty prophane in ought.

And we must thinke (though now being brought to  
The Senate king, a subiect *Caesar* is, (bow,  
Th'authoritie that violating now,  
The world must damne as hauing done amisse.

We will (deare *Cassius*) for our countries sake,  
Our selues expose to danger, or to death;  
And let vs now aduise what course to take,  
Whilst nought but th'aire can beare away our breath.

*Cass.* I thinke this matter needes not many wordes,  
Since but one deede can bound the common shame;  
In *Caesars* bodie we must sheathe our swordes,  
And by his death our libertie reclame.

But since his fortune did confound them all,  
That in the fields to match him did beginne;  
Whilst he by thousands made their bands to fall,  
With hoarie legions alwayes vsde to winne.

As *Pompeys*, *Scipioes*, and *Petreius* ghosts,  
In lightlesse shades may by experience tell,  
That after th'ouerthrow of their numbrous hosts,  
All famous (though infortunately) fell,

And since provided for the *Parthian* warre,  
His armie in armes attends on his decree,  
Where we sequestred from such forces farre,  
Would, if suspected, strait preuented be;

With some few friends, whom all things now t'assay,  
A loue to vs, or to their countrie bindes,  
We to his wracke must walke another way,  
Whilst ere our tongues, our handes doe tell our mindes.

Now

*of Iulius Caesar.*

Now when'most high, and therefore hated most,  
Th'assembled Senate seekes to make him king;  
We must goe giue the blow before we boast,  
And him to death, *Rome* out of bondage bring.

*Brut.* In all this course I onely one thing blame,  
That we should steale, what we may iustly take,  
By clothing honour with a cloake of shame,  
Which may our cause (thogh good) more odious make.

O, I could wish, with honourable wounds  
T'affront *Romes* enemy in the battells dust;  
No sweeter musicke than the Trumpets sounds,  
When Right and Valour keepe a consort iust.

Then free if quicke, else dead for nought being feard,  
I alwayes once contented might remaine;  
What tombe t'a man more glorious can be rear'd,  
Than mountaines made of them that he hath slaine?

But how are my transported thoughts growne such,  
That they disdaine a measure now t'admit?  
As bent not what to doe, but to do much,  
I on the throne of Glorie stru'd to sit.

No, to the state me from my selfe I giue,  
Free from particular respects, t'expose  
My life and all for it, and whilst I liue,  
So that it gaine, I care not what I lose.

He neuer rest till he for euer rest,  
That giues my country such a cause of grieve;  
And that t'effect no forme I will detest,  
Nor for my fame endanger *Romes* reliefe.

But (worthy *Cassius*) ere we further doe,  
Let vs the mindes of our familiars feele,  
Of which I hope to haue assistance too,  
Who will not hazard for his countries weale.

*Cass.* Now whilst my soule rests raiisht in a traunce,  
I thinke I see great *Rome* her courage raise,



*The Tragedie*

Bent to beat th'aire with songs, th'earth with a daunce,  
And crowne thy vertues with deserued praise.

A C T. III. S C E N E II.

*Marcus Brutus, Portia.*

**M**Y dearest halfe, my comfort, my delight,  
That onely seru'st to sweeten all my sowres,  
Thou in my bosome vsde t'vncharge thy spright,  
And in my presence sparde afflictions powres.  
Still when domestike broiles disturbe thy rest,  
Whilst by thy selfe thou labord for reliefe,  
Thou with calme wordes disguisde a stormie breast,  
Lest I had bin infected with thy griefe:

For such of me was thy respectiue care,  
No cause of discontentment was made knowne,  
But with affections colors painted faire,  
All that might make me glad, was gladly showne.

What makes thee then thy courage thus to lose,  
That thou can looke so sad, and in my sight?  
Lend me (deere loue) a portion of thy woes,  
A burden being diuided doth grow light.

I see the Roses fading in thy face,  
The Lillies languish, Violets take their place.

*Port.* Thou hast (deere Lord) preuented my designe,  
Which was to aske of thee, what makes me pale;

If *Phæbus* had no light, could *Phæbe* shine?  
No, with the cause of force th'effect must faile.

The mirror but giues backe as it receiues,  
A iust resemblance of th'obietted forme:  
And such impression as th'engrauer leaues,  
The wax retaines still to the stampe conforme.

*of Iulius Caesar.*

O I'm the mirrour that reflects thy minde,  
According to the influence of thine eies,  
I take the state in which thy state I finde,  
Such is my colour as thy countenance dies.

Then how can I reioyce whilst thou art sad,  
Whose breast of all thy crosses is the scroule?  
I am still as thou art, if grieu'd, or glad,  
Thy bodies shadow, th' essence of thy soule.

On that great planet that diuides the yeares,  
As th' increase of th' inferiour fields depends;  
And as it doth euanish, or appeares,  
In th' earths cold bosome life beginnes, or ends:

Sunne of my soule, so I subsist by thee,  
Whose course rests to thy secret motions thrall,  
For when thou art from cloudie fortunes free,  
I rise in ioyes, but if thou faint, I fall.

*Brn.* This countenance with my custome but accords,  
That as you know yet neuer from my birth,  
Light gestures vsde ioynd with lasciuious words,  
Nor yet ridiculous fashions that mooue mirth.

My melancholious nature feedes on cares,  
Whilst smotherd sorrow by a habite smokes,  
A thoughtfull breast thats burdend with affaires,  
Doth make a silent mouth, and speaking looks.

As for my palenesse it imports but good,  
Th' abasing of the bodie mounts the mind:  
Where fatnesse com'd from food, but serues for food,  
In fattest bodies leanest sprites we finde.

Ah, since I saw th' abhorr'd *Thessalian* bounds  
All drench'd with blood of Senators and kings:  
(As if my soule yet smarted in their wounds,)  
A secret sorrow oftentimes me stings.

But since thy famous father with strange blowes,  
In the most hideous form affronted death,

*The Tragedie*

To him my minde a sad remembrance owes,  
Which sorrow shall exact still whilst I breath.

Yet a n I grieu'd t'haue giuen thee cause of grieffe,  
That thought some new mis-hap did me dismay;  
To such olde soares it's worst to giue reliefe,  
But time in end may weare my woes away. (ceale?

*Par.* Why shouldst thou so from me thy thoghts con-  
From thine owne soule that in thy bosome sleepest,  
To whom, though shewne, thou dost them not reueale,  
But in thy selfe more inwardly them keepst?

And thou canst hardly hide thy selfe from me,  
That straight in thee each alteration spie,  
I can comment on all that comes from thee,  
True loue still lookes with a suspitious eye.

Rests not within our bosome euery thought,  
Tun'd by a simpathy of mutuall loue?  
Thou marrst the musicke if thou change in ought,  
Which straight by my distemperature I proue.

Soule of my soule, vnfold what is anisse,  
My minde some great disaster doth diuine,  
And euen excuse my couriousnesse in this,  
Since it concernes thy state, and therefore mine.

*Brut.* I wonder that thou dost thy frailtie shew,  
All women are by nature curious still;  
And yet till now thou neuer crau'd to know,  
More then I pleasde t'impart of my free will.

Nought saue the wife a man within the walles,  
Nor nought saue him without fits her t'embrace:  
And it's vnseemely though it sometime falles,  
When any sexe vsurpes anothers place.

Deere, to their wounted course thy cares inure;  
I may haue matters that import the state,  
Whose opning vp might my disgrace procure,  
Whose weight would for thy weaknesse be too great.

*Port.*



*of Iulius Caesar.*

*Port.* I was not (*Brutus*) match'd with thee, to bee  
A partner only of thy boorde and bed,

Each seruile whore in those might equall me,  
That did her selfe to nought but pleasure wed;

No, *Portia* spoufde thee with a minde t'abide  
Thy fellow in all fortunes, good, or ill.

With chaines of mutuall loue together tyde, (will.  
As those that haue two breasts, one heart, two soules, one

With sacred bands whom holy *Hymen* bindes,  
They tweene them should communicate all things;  
Yea both the bodies labors, and the mindes,  
Whence either pleasure or displeasure springs.

If thus thou seeke thy sorrowes to conceale  
Through a disdaine, or a mistrust of me;  
Then to the world what way can I reueale,  
How great a matter I would doe for thee.

And though our sexe too talkatiue be deem'd,  
As those whose tongues import our greatest powres,  
For secrets still bad treasurers esteem'd  
Of others greedy, prodigall of ours;

Good education may reforme defects,  
And I this vantage haue t'a vertuous life,  
Which other mindes do want, and mine respects:  
I'm *Catoes* daughter, and I'm *Brutus* wife;

Yet would I not repose my trust in ought,  
Still thinking that thy crosse was great to beare,  
Till that my courage was t'a triall brought,  
Which suffring for thy cause can nothing feare.

For first t'experience how I could comport,  
With sterne afflictions spirit-enfeebling blowes,  
Ere I would seeke t'assault thee in this sort,  
To whom my soule a duteous reuerence owes.

Loe, heere a wound, which makes me not to smart,  
Though by my selfe being made, to make me knowne,

*The Tragedie*

Since thy distresse strikes deeper in my heart,  
Thy grieve (lifes ioy) makes me neglect mine owne.

*Brut.* Thou must (deare loue) that which thou sought  
Thy heart so high a saile t'a tempest beares, (rece iue,  
That thy great courage doth deserue to haue  
Our enterprife entrusted to thine eares.

Thy magnanimitie preuailes so farre,  
That it my resolution must controule:  
And of my bosome doth the depths vnbarre,  
To lodge thee in the centre of my soule.

Thou seest in what a state the state now stands,  
Of whose strong pillars *Cesar* spoil'd the best:  
Whilst by his owne preuenting others handes,  
Our famous father fell amongst the rest.

That insolent vsurper doth presume  
To re-erect detested *Tarquines* throne,  
Thus the worlds mistresse all-commanding *Rome*,  
Must entertaine no minion now but one.

Th'old blood of *Mars* that marks to what he tends,  
Swells with disdain, their cuntryes scorne to see,  
And I'm one of the number that intends  
By his death, or mine owne, to be made free.

*Pert.* And without me can thou resolute so soone  
T'assay the dangers of a doubtfull strife?  
As if despair'd and alwayes to b'vndone,  
Being tyr'd of me, yea tyr'd of thy life.

Yet since thou thus thy rash designe hath showne,  
Leaue *Pertias* portion, venter not her part:  
Endanger nought but that which is thine owne,  
Go where thou lik'st, I will hold still thy heart.

But lest by holding of thy best part backe,  
That th'other perish t'aggrauate my grones,  
That would be so thought guiltie of thy wrack,  
Take all thy treasure to the Seas at once.

Like

*of Iulius Caesar.*

Like th' *Asian* Monarks wife that with short haire,  
(Sad signes of bondage) past still where he past,  
To weare away, or beare away thy cares,  
Ile folow thee, and of thy fortune taste.

These hands that were with my owne blood imbru'd,  
To strike another may more strength afford:  
Atleast when thou by th'emie art pursu'de,  
Ile set my selfe betwixt thee and his sword.

But if too great a priuiledge I claime,  
Whose actions all should be disposde by thee:  
Ah, pardon me (deare *Brutus*,) do but blame  
These my excessiue sorrowes, and not mee. (deare mate,

*Brut.* Thou ask'st what thou shouldst giue, forgiue  
This ventrous course of mine, which must haue place,  
Though it make fortune tyrant of our state,  
Whole fickle foot-steps vertue grieues to trace.

And wonder not, though this towards thee I proue,  
Since priuate passions now all powre haue left;  
For I regard not glory, profit, loue,  
Nor no respect that doth import me most:

So to the land of which I hold my life,  
I may performe the worke that I intend,  
Let me be call'd vnkind vnto my wife:  
Yea worst of all, ingrate vnto my friend:

But as th'instinct of nature makes vs know,  
There are degrees of dutie to be past:  
Of which the first we to th'immortalls owe,  
The nextt'our Countrey, andt'our friends the last.

Prowd tyrants from his natiue bounds to driue,  
Did th'author of my race with ardent zeale,  
Make those to die whom he had made to liue,  
And spoild himselfe to aduance the commonweale:

To raise the state which *Caesar* now ore-throwes,  
That bred so many braue men whilst it stood,

He



*The Tragedie*

He with the Tyrant interchanging blowes,  
Most gloriously did offer vp his blood.

And did that man t'opprelle the common fo,  
Then damne his sonnes to death: and with drie eyes:  
And is his successor degenerd so,  
That he in abiect bondage basely lyes?

No, his posteritie his name not staines,  
That t'imitate his steps doth yet draw neere;  
Yet of his spirit in vs some sparke remaines,  
That more then life our libertie hold deare.

*Port.* Then prosecute thy course, for I protest,  
Though with some griefe, my soule the same approues:  
This resolution doth become thy breast,  
Where in the spheare of honor vertue moues.

And doe this interprise no more deferre,  
What thee contents, to me contentment brings;  
I to my life thy fastie doe preferre,  
But hold thy honor deare aboue all things.

It would but let the world my weaknesse see,  
If I sought my delights, not thy desires:  
Though it giue griefe, and threaten death to me,  
Goe follow forth that which thy fame requires.

Though nature, sexe, and education breed  
No power in me, that's with my purpose euen;  
Ile lend assistance to th'intended deed,  
If vowes and prayers may penetrate the heauen:

But difficulties huge my fancie findes,  
Saue the successe nought can defray my feare:  
Ah, *Fortune* alwayes frownes on worthy mindes,  
As hating all that trust in ought saue her.

Yet I dispaire not but thou may preuaile,  
And by this course t'appease my present grones,  
I this aduantage haue which cannot faile,  
Ile be a freemans wife, or else be nones.

*of Iulius Caesar.*

For if all prosper not as we pretend,  
And that the heauens *Romes* bondage do decree,  
Straight with thy libertie my life shall end,  
Who haue no comfort but what comes from thee.

My father hath me taught what way to die,  
By which if I be barr'd t' encounter death,  
Another meanes (though farre more strange) Ile trie,  
For after *Brutus* none shall see me breathe.

*Brut.* Thou for my cause abandon'd others else,  
But now forsakst thy selfe t' adhere to me,  
That of thy passions thus the powre repells,  
And with thy minde discords with mine t' agree.

Ile since by thee approou'd securely goe,  
And vilipend the dangers of this life,  
Heauens make my enterprise to prosper so,  
That I prooue worthy of so worthy a wife.

But ah! of all thy words those grieue me most,  
That boist me with th'abridgement of thy dayes;  
What? though I in so good a cause were lost,  
None flies th'appointed fate that for him staies.

Do not defraud the world of thy rare worth,  
But of thy *Brutus* the remembrance loue,  
And from so faire a prison breake not forth,  
Till first the fates haue forcde thee to remoue.

*Port.* I feare the heauens haue our confusion sworne,  
Since this ill age can with no good accord;  
Thou and my father (ah) should haue bin borne,  
When Vertue was aduuncde, and Vice abhorrd.

Then ere the light of vertue was decline,  
Your worth had reuerencde bin, not throwne away,  
Where now ye both haue but in darkenes shinde,  
As starres by night, that had bin sunnes by day.

*Brut.* My treasure, striue to pacifie thy breast,  
Lest sorrowes but sinistrously presage,

Y

That

*The Tragedie*

That which thou would not wish, and hope the best,  
Though vertue now must act on Fortunes stage. *Exeunt.*

*Chorus.*

**T**Han libertie of earthly things  
What more delights a generous breast?  
That doth receiue,  
And can conceiue,  
The matchlesse treasure that it brings;  
It making men securely rest,  
As all perceiue,  
Doth none deceiue,  
Whilst weigh'd with doubts none ballanc'd hings,  
But feard for nought, doth what seemes best:  
Then men are men when they are all their owne,  
Not but by others badges when made knowne.  
Yet should we not mis-spending houres,  
A freedome seeke, as oft it falles,  
With an intent,  
But to content  
These vaine delights and appetites of ours,  
For then but being made greater thralls,  
We might repent,  
Our not being pent  
In stricter bounds by others powres,  
Whilst feare licentious thoughts appalles:  
Of all the tyrants that the world affords,  
Ones owne affections are the fiercest Lords.  
As Libertines those onely liue,  
That from the bands of vice set free,  
Vile thoughts cancell,  
And seeke to excell  
In all that doth true glorie giue,



*of Iulius Caesar.*

*From which when as no tyrants be,  
Them to repell,  
And to compell  
They deedes against their thoughts to strive,  
They blestare in a high degree,  
For such of fame the scroules can hardly fill,  
Whose wit is bounded by anothers will.  
Our auncesters of olde such prou'd,  
That Rome from Tarquins yoke redeemde,  
Who first obtaind,  
And then maintaind  
Their libertie so deerely lou'd;  
They from all things that odious seemd,  
Though not constraind,  
Themselues restraind,  
And willingly all good approu'd,  
Bent to be much, yet wel esteemd;  
And how could such but aime at some great end,  
Whom libertie did leade, and glory attend?  
They leading valorous legions foorth,  
Though wanting kings, triumph'd ouer kings,  
And still aspir'd,  
By Mars inspir'd  
To conquer all from South to North;  
Then lending Fame their Eagles wings,  
They all acquir'd,  
That was requir'd,  
To make them rare for rarest things,  
The world being witnesse of their Worth:  
Thus those great minds that domineer'd ouer all.  
Did make themselues first free, then others thrall:  
But we that hold nought but their name,  
From that to which they in times gone,  
Did high ascend,*

*The Tragedie*

*Must low discend,  
And bound their glory with our shame.  
Whilst on an abiection tyrants throne  
We basely attend,  
And doe intend,  
Vs for our fortune still to frame,  
Not it for vs, and all for one:  
As libertie a courage doth impart,  
So bondage doth disband, els breake the heart.  
Yet O who knowes but Rome to grace,  
Another Brutus may arise,  
That may effect  
What we affect:  
And Tarquins steppes make Cæsar trace,  
Though seeming dangers to dispise,  
He doth suspect,  
What we expect,  
Which from his breast hath banish'd peace,  
Though fairely he his feares disguise:  
Of tyrants th'iniurie reuenge affords,  
All feare but theirs, and they feare all mens swords.*

ACT. IIII. SCENE. I.

*Decius Brutus Albinus, Marcus Brutus.  
Caius Cassius.*

**D**Eare cosin, *Cassius* did acquaint mine eares,  
With a designe that tosse'd my minde a space,  
For when strange newes a strangers breath first beares,  
Then should not trust each rash report giue place.  
I would not then discouer what I thought:  
Lest he t'entrap my tongue a snare had fram'd,

Till

*of Iulius Caesar.*

Till I with thee t'a conference first was brought,  
Whom he for patron of his purpose namde.

One should beware to whom his minde he leaues,  
In dangerous times when tales by walles are tolde,  
Men make themselues most miserably flaues,  
Of those to whom their secrets they vnfolde.

*M. Bru.* As *Caßius* tolde thee pittying *Romes* distresse,  
That t'our disgrace in bondage doth remaine,  
We straight intend what euer we professe,  
With *Caßars* blood to wash away this staine.

Though for this end a few sufficient are,  
To whom their vertue courage doth impart,  
Yet were wee loath to wrong thy worth so farre,  
As of such glorie to giue thee no part.

Since both this cause, and that thy name thee binde,  
In this aduentrous band to be comprisde,  
There needes no rhetoricke to raise thy minde,  
That t'execute which thou should haue deuise.

*D. Bru.* I thought no creature shuld my purpose know  
But he whose intrest promise mutuall cares,  
Of those to whom one would his secrets show,  
No greater pledge of trust than to know theirs.

As when two meet being mask'd (though whiles neare  
With them as strangers no respect takes place, (friends)  
But when that friendship one of them pretends,  
Then th'other likewise doth vncloude his face:

So as thou first, Ile now at last be bold  
My breast with the same birth long great hath gone,  
Yet I t'another durst it not vnfolde,  
Nor yet attempt to compasse it alone.

But since this course, of which I long did pause,  
On such great pillars now so strongly stands,  
Whose countnaunce may giue credite t'any cause,  
It hath my heart, and it shall haue my hands.



*The Tragedie*

*C. Caß.* T'our enterprife propitious signes are sent,  
So that the gods would giue vs courage thus,  
For all that euer heard of our intent,

Would willingly engage themſelues with vs,

Let other men diſcourſe of vertuous rites,  
Ours but by th'action only ſhould be ſhowne,  
Bare ſpeculation is but for ſuch ſprites,

As want of powre or courage keepes vnknowne,

In thoſe that Vertue view when crown'd with deeds,  
Whoſe beauties through the glaſſe of glory ſhinde,  
Sh'a violent deſire t'imbrace her breedes,  
As th'adamant to th'yrne being to the minde.

What though a number now in darkeneſſe lies,  
That are too weake for matters of ſuch weight,  
We that are eminent in all mens eies,

Let vs ſtill hold the height of honour ſtraight. (thus

*M. Br.* Whiſt that our faction might be ſtrengthned  
I labord much to purchaſe all their powres,  
Whom hate towards *Cæſar*, loue to *Rome*, or t'vs,  
Might moue t'imbarke in thoſe great hopes of ours.

By ſickeneſſe being imprison'd in his bed,  
Whiſt I *Ligarius* ſpide whom paines did pricke,  
When I had ſaid with words that anguiſh bred,  
In what a time *Ligarius* art thou ſicke.

He answerd ſtraight as I had phiſicke brought,  
Or that he had imagin'd my deſigne,  
If worthy of thy ſelfe thou wouldſt do ought,  
Then *Brutus* I am whole, and wholie thine.

Since *Cæſar* cauſde him be accuſde of late,  
For taking *Pompeys* part, yet at this houre,  
He (though abſolu'd) doth ſtill the tyrant hate,  
For being endangerd by his lawleſſe powre.

Whiſt it exaſprates thus ſuch great ſprites ſpites,  
Heauen of our courſe the progreſſe doth direct,

of *Iulius Caesar*.

One inspiration all our soules incites,  
That haue aduisedly sworne this fact t'effect.

*D.Br.* So I with *Cicero* did conferre at length,  
Who I perceiue the present state detests,  
And though that age deminisht haue his strength,  
In him a will t'auenge his country rests. (shind,

*M.Br.* That man whose loue stil towards his country  
Would willingly the commonwealth restore,  
Then he I know, though he conceales his minde,  
None *Caesar* more dislikes, nor likes vs more.

Yet to his custodie Ile not commit,  
The secrets of our enterprise so soone,  
Men may themselues be oftentimes not fit,  
To doe the things that they would wish were done,  
He still being timorous, and by age growne worse,  
Might chance to lay our honor in the dust,  
All cowards must inconstant be of force,  
With bold designs none fearefull breasts can trust.

Then some of ours would holde their hands still pure,  
That ere they be suspected, for a space  
Amidst the tumult may remaine secure,  
And with the people mediate our peace.

But who than *Tullius* fitter for that turne,  
Whose eloquence is vsde t'enchante their eares?  
His banishment they in blacke gownes did mourne,  
Whose age and merites each one reuerence beares.

*C.Cas.* Those studious wits that haue through dangers  
Would still be out, ere that they enter in; (gone,  
Who muse of many things, resolute of none,  
And thinking of the end, cannot beginne.

The mind that looks no further than the eie,  
And more to Nature trusts, than vnto Art,  
Such doubtfull fortunes fitt it is to trie,  
A furious actor for a desprate parte.

We



*The Tragedie*

We haue enow, and of the best degree,  
Whose hands are to their hearts, their hearts t'vs true,  
And if that we seeke moe, I feare we be  
T'act close too many, if disclosde, too few.

Let vs aduise with an industrious care,  
Now ere the tyrant intercept our mindes;  
The time, the place, the manner, when, and where,  
That we should trust our treasure to the windes.

And since our fortunes in the ballance hing,  
Let euery point be circumspectly weigh'd,  
A circumstance, or an indifferent thing,  
May whiles marre all for not being well conueigh'd.

*M.Br.* As for the time, none could be wish'd more fit,  
Than this thats present to performe our vow,  
Since all the people must allow of it,  
Mou'd by a recent discontentment now.

When represented in his triumph past,  
Great *Catoes* mangled entrailles made them weepe,  
And desprate *Scipio* whilst he leap'd at last,  
To seeke a Sanctuarie amidst the depth.

Then all those great men that in seuerall partes,  
Bent for *Romes* freedome *Cesar* did ouerthrow,  
Did by their pictures pierce the peoples harts,  
And made a pitteous (though a pompous) show.

So that they did conceiue a iust disdain,  
To be vpbraided in so strange a sort,  
Whilst he that onely by their losse did gaine,  
Of their calamitie but made a sport.

But yet his purpose grieues them most of all,  
Since that he striues to be proclaimd a King,  
And not contents himselfe to make vs thrall,  
But to perpetuall bondage would vs bring.

Thus whilst the people are with him displeasde,  
We best may doe that which t'our part belongs;

For



of *Iulius Caesar*.

For after this they may be best appeas'd,  
If whilst their wrath doth last we venge their wrongs.

And since we nought intend but what is right,  
Whilst from our countrey we remooue disgrace:

Let all be acted in the Senates sight,  
A common cause, and in a common place. (deeds

Let those whose guiltie thoughts doe damne their  
In corners like *Mineruaes* birds abide:

That which t'our countrey good, t'vs glory breeds,  
May by the lights of heauen and earth be tryde:

The Senatours by our ensample mou'd,  
Pleasde with this action that imports them too,  
To haue the yoke of tyrranie remou'd,  
May at the least authorize what we doe.

So all the Senatours were said of old,  
To haue king *Romulus* amongst them torne:  
That than to tyrranize was growne to bold,  
And from his first humanitie had worne.

*D. Brut.* Yea, what though *Caesar* were immortall made  
As *Romulus*, whose deitie him reuiues?  
It's easier as a God t'adore him dead,  
Then as a king t'obey him whilst he liues.

*C. Cass.* That place indeed, most for our glory makes,  
A Theater worthy of so great an act:  
Where in their sight from whom most power he takes,  
We of the tyrant vengeance may exact.

But I must recommend vnto your minde,  
A course (though strict) of which we must allowe,  
Least it ore-throw all that we haue design'd,  
Being past recouerie, if neglected now,

There is *Antonius Caesar's* greatest friend,  
A man whose nature tyrranie affects,  
Whom all the souldiors doe delight t'attend,  
As one that nought but to command respects.

*The Tragedie*

I feare that he when we haue *Cesar* slaine,  
To th'other faction furnish still a head :  
So when we ende, we must beginne againe,  
Against one living worse then he that's dead.

And in my iudgement, I would thinke it best,  
When sacrific'd the prowd vsurper lyes,  
That that seditious enemy of rest,  
Should fall with him with whom he first did rise,

Thus of our libertie we now may lay,  
A solid ground that can be shak'd by none:  
Those of their purpose that a part delay  
Two labours haue, that might haue had but one.

*M. Brut.* I cannot *Cassius* condescend to kill  
(Thus from the path of Iustice to decline)  
One faultlesse yet, lest after he prooue ill,  
So to preuent his guiltinesse by mine.

No, no, that neither honest were, nor iust,  
Which rigorous forme would but the worlde affright:  
Men by this meane our meaning might mistrust,  
And for a little wrong damne all that's right;  
If we but only kill the common foe,  
Our zeale t'our countrey must acquire due praise:  
But if like Tyrants tyrannizing so,  
We will be thought that which we raze to raise.

And where we but intend t'aduance the state,  
Though by endangering what we hold most deare;  
If slaying him as arm'd e by priuate hate,  
We to the world still partiall will appeare.

Ah, ah, we must but too much murder see,  
That without doing euill cannot do good:  
And would the gods that *Rome* could be made free,  
Without th'effusion of one droppe of blood.

Then their is hope that *Anthony* in ende,  
When first our vertue doth direct the way:

of *Iulius Caesar*.

Will leagu'd with vs the libertie defend,  
And being brought backe will blush for going astray.

*C.Cass.* Well *Brutus*, I protest against my will,  
From this blacke clowd, what euer tempest fall,  
That mercie but most cruellie doth kill.

Which thus saues one, that once may plague vs all.

*D.Brut.* When *Caesar* with the Senators sits downe,  
In this your iudgements generally accord;  
That for affecting wrongfully the crowne,  
He lawfully may perish by the sword.

No greater harme t'our purpose can be brought,  
Then by protracting of th'appointed time,  
Least that which acted would b'a vertue thought,  
Be(if preuented) consterd as a crime.

Can one thing long in many mindes be pent?  
No, purposes would neuer be delaid  
That are interpreted but by th'euent,  
If prospering reason, treason if betraid.

There may amongst our selues some man remaine,  
Whom if afraid, his pardon to procure,  
Or if being greedie for the hope of gaine,  
Time to disclose his consorts may allure.

Then ruine for our recompence we reape,  
If ought our course by being abortiue marre,  
For if discover'd once, we cannot scape,  
As Tyrants eares heare much, their hands reach farre.

*C.Cass.* The breast in which so deepe a secret dwelles,  
Would not be long chargde with so weightie cares,  
For I coniecture by appearance else,  
Mo priuie are t'our minds then we to theirs:

Euen but of late one *Casca* came to see,  
That curious was to haue our purpose knowne,  
And said to him that which thou hidst from me,  
To me by *Brutus* hath at length bin shoven.



### *The Tragedie*

Then by some things that he had learn'd before,  
He of our course deepe in discourse did fall,  
Till *Casca* thinking that he had knowne more,  
Scarfe kept his tongue from staggering out with all.

Then *Lena* to vs once came in like fort,  
And wish'd that our designe might prosper well;  
Yet vs to haste did earnestly exhort,  
Since others told what we refusde to tell:

Whilst strangers rest familiar with our minde,  
And ere t'our knowledge thus t'our counsell rise,  
Make forward fast, or we will come behind.  
Fame wing'd with breath most violently flies.

*M. Brut.* Their words but from vncertainties burst forth,  
For whilst considering of their bondage thus:  
Of *Cesars* tyrannie, and of our worth,  
They thinke this should be done, and done by vs:

Such coniurations to confirme of olde,  
Some drinking others bloods; swore on their swords,  
And cursing those that did their course vnfold,  
Vfde imprecations, execrable words.

And yet then this though voluntarily vow'd,  
Free from all bonds, saue that which vertue bindes,  
More constantly no course was still allow'd.  
Till now that th'end must manifest our minds.

And since so many frankly keepe their faith,  
Still what they first design'd t'accomplish bent:  
No doubt in spight of fickle fortunes wrath,  
But the successe shall yeeld our soules content.

Might some few *Thebans* from the *Spartans* pride,  
By diuers tyrants deaths redeeme their towne?  
And one *Athenian* that his vertue tryde,  
By thirtie Tyrants ruins win renowne?

And to the *Greekes* are we inferiour growne,  
That where they haue so many tyrants spoild,

There

*of Iulius Caesar.*

There cannot one be by vs all orethrowne,  
Whose state yet brangling may be soone imbroyld:

O I'm resolu'd, and with my thoughts decree,  
What euer fortune either sweet or fowre,  
I shall my soyle from tyrannie fet free,  
Or then my selfe free from the tyrants powre.

*D.Br.* By *Lepidus* inuited this last night,  
Whilst *Caesar* went to suppe, and I with him,  
Of all deaths shapes to talke we tooke delight,  
So at the table to beguile the time.

And whilst our iudgements all about were tride,  
Straight *Caesar* (as transported) to the rest  
With a most sodaine exclamation cride,  
O, of all deaths vnlookt for death is best.

For from our selues it steales our selues so fast,  
That euen the mind no fearefull forme can see,  
Then is the paine ere apprehended past,  
All fowres ere tasted would disgested be.

The threatned destinie thus he diuinde,  
It would appeare diuinely being inspirde,  
For now I hope that he shall shortly finde,  
That forme of death which he himselfe desirde.

*C. Cass.* Whilst of our band the fury flames most hot,  
And that their will t'atchiue this worke is such,  
Lest *Caesars* absence disappoint the plot,  
Which would of some abate the courage much,

It (*Decius*) were exceedingly well done,  
That to his lodging you addressd your way,  
Him by some meanes to further forward soone,  
Lest by some sodaine chaunce allur'd to stay.

*D.Br.* There where the Senate minds this day to fit,  
Stand all prepar'd t'approach where danger dwells,  
And for the sacrifice when all is fit,  
Ile bring an offering consecrated else.

*Exeunt*

Z 3

ACT.



*The Tragedie*

ACT. IIII. SCENE II.

*Cesar, Calphurnia, Decius Brutus.*

**L**ong-lookt for time that should the glory yeeld,  
Which I through *Neptunes* trustlesse raigne haue  
fought,

And through the dust of many a bloodie field,  
As by all dangers worthy to be bought.

Thy comming now those lowring shadowes cleares,  
That did th'horizon of my hopes ore-cast,  
This day defrayes the toyles of many yeares,  
And brings the haru'ft of all my labors past.

The Senators a messenger haue sent,  
Most earnestly entreating me to come,  
And heare my selfe discernd by their consent,  
To weare a crowne ouer all excepting *Rome*.

Thus they deuise conditions at this houre,  
For him, of whom *Mars* hath made them the prey;  
As subiects limite could their soueraignes powre,  
That must haue minde of nought but to obey.

But hauing pacified those present things,  
I minde to leade my valorous legions forth,  
To th'orientall realmes, adoring kings  
That can exhibite honors due to worth.

Than swimme my thoughts in th'Ocean of delight,  
Whilst on the pillow of soft praise repose,  
Those eies to gaze vpon my glories light,  
That enuy op'ned, admiration closde.

*Cal.* Ah, though your fancies great contentment find,  
Whilst thus the world your vertue doth aduance,  
Yet a prepostrous terrour stings my minde,

And



of *Julius Caesar*.

And boasts me with I know not what mischance,  
My wauering hopes oreballanc'd are with feares,  
That to my soule sinistrous signes impart,  
And ominous rumours so assault mine eares,  
That they almost make breaches in my heart.

*Caesar* What, doe debattel'd *Pompeys* followers strue  
To recollect their ruines from the dust?  
Dare they that only by my tollerance liue,  
More to their strength than to my fauour trust?

Or dost thou feare his sonnes deiected state,  
That steales infamous flying through those floods,  
Which his great father, Admiral of late,  
Did plant with ships til all their waues seemd woods?

Then makes his brothers death his courage more,  
Since by them straited in a bloodie strife,  
I, that in all the battels giuen before,  
Did fight for victorie, then fought for life.

Or whilst to march toward *Parthia* I prepare,  
Doth a suspition thus afflict thy sprite,  
For *Crassus* fortune feard that perisht there,  
Th'opprobrious prey of the Barbarians spight?

To those same bands that *Cassius* thence broght back,  
A place amongst my legions Ile allow,  
Whose foes shall find whilst they auenge th'olde wracke  
Though the same sheep, another shepheard now.

Do not imagine matters to bemone,  
For whilst there stands a world, can *Caesar* fall?  
Though thousand thousands were coniurd in one,  
I, and my fortune might confound them all.

*Cal.* No, none of those my minde doth discontent,  
That vndisguisde still like themselues remaine,  
Vnlookt for harmes are hardest to preuent,  
There is no guard against concealde disdain,  
But in whom further can your trust repose,

Whom

*The Tragedie*

Whom danger now ouer all, by all attends,  
Where priuate men but onely feare their foes,  
Oft kings haue greatest cause to feare their friends.

For since being trusted fittest to betray,  
Those vnto whom ones fauour force affords,  
May for his life the worst ambushments lay,  
Whilst falsest hearts are hid with fairest words.

And some report (though priuately) yet plaine,  
That *Dolabella* and *Antonius* now,  
By your destruction do pretend t'obtaine,  
That which you keepe by making all men bow.

*Cæsar* No corpulent sanguinians make me feare,  
That with more paine their beards than th'enimies strike  
And doe themselues like th'epicurians beare,  
To *Bacchus*, *Mars*, and *Venus* borne alike.

Their hearts do alwayes in their mouthes remaine,  
As streams, whose murmuring shews the course not deep  
Then still they loue to sport, though grosse and plaine,  
And neuer dreame of ought but when they sleep.

But those high sprites that hold their bodies downe,  
Whose visage leane their restless thoughts records,  
Whilst they their cares depth in their bosoms drowne,  
Their silence feares me more than th'others words.

Thus *Cæsius* now and *Brutus* seeme to hold  
Some great thing in their mind, whose fire whiles smokes  
What *Brutus* would, he vehemently would,  
Thinke what they like, I like not their pale looks.

Yet with their worth this cannot well agree,  
In whom of vertue th'image seemes to shine,  
Can those that haue receiu'd their liues from me,  
Prooue so ingrate againe as to take mine?

Dare *Cæsius* me pursue new hopes to haue,  
At th'*Hellespont* that fortune feard to trie,  
And like a dastard did his Gallies leaue,



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*Of Iulius Caesar.*

In all (saue corage) though more strong than I?

Shall I suspect that *Brutus* seekes my blood,  
Whose safetie still I tendred with such care,  
Who when the heauens from mortalls me seclude,  
Is only worthy to be *Caesars* heire?

*Cal.* The corners of the heart are hard to know,  
Though of those two the world the best doth deeme,  
Yet do not trust too much th'externall show,  
For men may differ much from what they secme.

None oft more fierce than those that look most mild,  
Impietie sometime appeares deuout,  
And that the world the more may be beguilde,  
Whiles Vice can clothe it selfe with Vertues cote.

Though that they haue long since laid hatred downe,  
By benefits bestow'd, you might attend,  
There's no respect can counterpoise a crowne,  
Ambition hath no bounds, nor greed no end.

Through vindicatiue hate, and emulous pride,  
Since some your person, some your place pursue,  
All threatned dangers to prevent prouide,  
Being wise in time, lest out of time you rue.

*Cæs.* No armor is that can hold treason out.

*Cal.* T'affright your foes with bands be backt about.

*Cæs.* So dastard tyrants striue themselues to beare.

*Cal.* It better is to giue, than to take feare.

*Cæs.* No stronger guard than is the peoples loue.

*Calp.* But nought in th'earth dooth more inconstant  
proue.

*Cæs.* Guardes shewing feare t'inuade me men might  
tempt.

*Cal.* Guardes would put them from hope, you from  
contempt.

*Cæs.* My breast from terror hath bin alwayes cleare.

*Cal.* When one feares least, oft daunger lurkes most  
neare.

A a

*Cæs.* Its



*The Tragedie*

*Cæs.* It's better once to die, than still feare death.

*Cal.* But worst of all to fall by th'enemies wrath.

*Cæs.* Ile not dis-taste my present pleasures so,  
By apprehending what may chaunce to come,  
This world affords but too much time for woe,  
Whilst crosses come contentment to orecome.

By ioyes in time we must imbrace reliefe,  
That when they end, we in some measure may,  
By their remembrance mitigate the grieve,  
Which still attends all those on th'earth that stay.

I thinke the Senate is assembled now,  
And for my comming doth beginne to gaze,  
Ile goe condignely once t'adorne my brow,  
And feast mine eares by drinking in due praise.

*Cal.* Stay, stay (deere Lord) retire thy steps againe,  
And spare one day to prorogate whole yeares,  
Let not this ominous day beginne thy raigne,  
That fatall and vnfortunate appears.

An Astrologian through the world renownde,  
Thy horoscopes iust calculation layes,  
And doth affirme as he by signes hath found,  
That th'Ides of March doe boast to bound thy dayes.

Walke not this day where harmes may be receiu'd,  
Since by no great necessity being forcde,  
For though his iudgement may be farre deceiu'd,  
In things that touch thy life, suspect the worst.

*Cæs.* Whilst I reform'd the Calender by fits,  
That long disordred th'order of the yeare;  
I waded through the depths of all their wits,  
That of the starres the mysteries make cleare.

Those pregnant sprites that walke betwixt the poles,  
And lodge at all the zodiackes seuerall signes,  
Do read strange wonders wrapt in th'azure scroules,  
Of which our deedes are wordes, our liues are lines.

of *Iulius Caesar*.

By speculation of superior powres,  
Some Natures secrets curious are to know,  
As how celestiaall bodies rule ouer ours,  
And what their influence effects below.

Yea they sometime may strange coniectures make,  
Of those whose parts they by their birth doe proue,  
Since naturally all inclination take,  
From Planets then predominant aboue.

And yet no certaintie can so be had,  
Some vertuously against their starres haue striu'd,  
As *Socrates* that grew, (though borne but bad,)  
The most accomplisht man that euer liu'd.

But of the houre ordain'd to close our lights,  
No earth-clogd soule can to the knowledge come;  
For O the destinies farre from our sights,  
In clouds of darknes haue inuolu'd our doome.

And some but onely guesse at great mens falles,  
By bearded comets, and prodigious starres,  
Whose sight-distracting shapes the world appalles,  
As still denouncing terrour, death, or warres.

The time vncertaine is of certaine death,  
And that fantastike man farre past his bounds,  
He is too bold that with ambiguous breath,  
Not speaks of things to come, whose deeps none sounds

*Cal.* But this all day did my repose extort,  
And from my breast of cares a tribute clam'd,  
Now vilipend not that which Ile report,  
Though but a dreame, and by a woman dreamd.

I thought (alas) the thought yet wounds my breast,  
Then whilst we both as those whom *Morpheus* weds,  
Lay softly buried with a pleasant rest,  
I in thy bosome, thou within the beds.

Then from my soule strange terrours did withdrawe  
Th'exspected peace by apprehended harmes;



*The Tragedie*

For I imagin'd, no, no doubt I saw,  
And did imbrace thee bloodie in mine armes.

Thus whilst my soule by sorrowes was surchargde,  
Of which huge weight it yet some burden beares;  
I big with grieve two elements enlargde,  
Th'aire with my sighes, the water with my teares.

*Cesar.* That which I heard, with thy report accords,  
Whilst thou all seemd dissolu'd in grieve at once,  
A heauy murmuring made with mangled words,  
Was interrupted oft by tragicke grones.

The memory, but not the iudgement makes  
Th'impresion thus of passions in the braine,  
For what the soule most suffers when it wakes,  
With it asleepe it doth turmoyld remaine.

From superstitious feares this care proceedes,  
Which stil would watch o're that which thou dost loue,  
And in thy minde melancholy thus breedcs,  
Which doth those strange imaginations moue.

*Cal.* Ah, in so light account leaue off to hold  
Those fatall warnings that the heauens haue made,  
Which by all meanes most manifest vnfold,  
What dangers huge do hing about thy head.

He with the sacred garlands that diuines,  
By th'entrailes of the consecrated beast,  
Sees in the sacrifice sinistrous signes,  
And I intreate thee do not hence make haste.

*Ces.* When I in *Spaine* against yong *Pompey* went,  
Thus the diuiner threatned me before,  
Yet did I prosecute my first intent,  
Which with new laurells did my browes decore.

*Cal.* And yet you hardly there as whiles I heare,  
From dangers (farre engagde) redeemd your life,  
But now more monstrous tokens do appeare,  
And I suspect farre worse than open strife.

*Ces.*



of *Julius Caesar*.

*Ces.* Lest I too much seeme wedded to my will,  
As one that others counsels scornes t'alow,  
With iealous eyes Ile search about me still,  
And euen mistrust my selfe to trust thee now.

Yet if I stay the Senators deceiu'd,  
May my beginning straight begin to hate,  
So might I perish seeking to be sau'd,  
By flying, many fall vpon their fate.

But heere one comes that can resolute me much,  
With whom I vse t'advice affaires of weight:  
Whence comst thou *Decius*, that thy haste is such?  
Is ought occur'd that craues our knowledge straight?

*Decius.* I come to tell you how the Senate staies,  
Till your expected presence blesse their fight,  
And the conclusion yet of all delays,  
Till that your approbation make it right.

T'accomplish your contentment they intend,  
And all their thoughts seeme at one object bent;  
Saue that they doe amongst themselves contend,  
Who you to please shall strangest wayes inuent.

*Ces.* Than that no treasure to my soule more deere,  
Which straight t'enioy from hence I long to part,  
But yet I know not what arrests me heere,  
And makes my feet rebellious to my heart.

From thee (deare friend) I neuer do conceale  
The waightiest secrets that concerne me most:  
And at this time I likewise will reueale,  
How heauens by signes me with destruction boist:

To superstition though not being inclinde,  
My wife by dreames doth now presage my fall:  
It a Sooth-sayer likewise hath diuin'd,  
The sacrifice prodigious seemes t'vs all;

So that till this disastrous day be gone,  
All companie I purpose to disuse.

*The Tragedie*

And to the Senators Ile send some one  
To paint my absence with a faire excuse.

*D. Brut.* Do not repose on superstitious signes,  
You to suspect the people thus to bring,  
Whilst soueraigne-like you limit their designs,  
Seeme not a tyrant seeking to be king.

How can we satisfie the worlds conceit,  
Whose tongues still in all eares your praise proclames?  
O! shal we bid them leaue to deale in state,  
Till that *Calphurnia* first haue better dreames?

If that this day you priuate would remayne,  
The Senate to dissolue your selfe must goe,  
And then incontinent come backe againe,  
When you haue showne towards it some reuerence so.

*Ces.* With thy aduise (as powrefull) I agree,  
The Senators shall haue no cause to grudge:  
A little space, all part apart from mee,  
And ile be shortly ready to dislodge.

*Cesar alone.*

**V**Hence come this huge and admirable change,  
That in my brest hath vncouth thoughts infus'd?  
Doth th'earth then erst yield terrors now more strange,  
Or but my minde lesse courage then it vsde?

What spitefull fate against my state contends,  
That I must now t'vnlook'd for plagues giue place,  
By foes not mou'd, yet fear'd amongst my friends,  
By warre secure, endanger'd but by peace?

T'encounter me when strongest troupes did come,  
Then did my heart the highest hopes conceiue:  
I warr'd with many, many to ouercome,  
The greatest battels, greatest glory gaue.

As th'enemies number still my courage grew,  
Oft haue I through the depths of dangers past,

Yet

*of Iulius Caesar.*

Yet neuer did those boundlesse labors rue,  
To haue none greater first, none equall last.

When as the *Gaules* fear'd by their neighbours falles,  
Had from the fields, no, from my furie fled,  
And hid themselues with armes, their armes with walles,  
Whilst I my troupes t'inclose *Alexia* led: (about,

Then though there swarm'd foorth from the bounds  
Huge hostes to compasse me, enflam'd with wrath,  
That the besieger being besieg'd about  
Seem'd drawne with danger in the nets of death.

Yet I that could not with the pride comport,  
That those *Barbarians* by vaine boasts bewrayd,  
Did reassault th'assaulters in such sort,

That words by wounds, wounds were by death repayd,

Of those within the towne t'assuage their toyles,  
Till being ore-com'd their comming was not knowne:  
Who straight vpbrayded by the barbarous spoiles,  
Did yeeld themselues with th'others as ore-throwne,

Then whilst with liquid legions tumid boasts,  
The trident-bearer striu'd my spoyles to beare:  
Though threatned thrise amidst his humid hostes,  
I alwayes scorn'd t'acquaint my selfe with feare.

I vsde those Pirats that had me surpriz'd,  
Still as my seruants thundring threatnings forth,  
And gaue them money more than they deuilde,  
Greeu'd to be rated at too little worth.

Yet gathering ships, I sign'd not long the shore,  
But trac'd their printles steps through th'vn-pau'd way:  
And taking them, as I had vow'd before,  
By nought but death their ransome would defray.

Then when without th'aduise of others minds,  
I ventred through the hoarie waues by night,  
Whilst in a little barke against great winds,  
That euen the Pilote look'd not for the



*The Tragedie*

The roaring waues themfelues seem'd to diuide,  
That in their grauell I might chuse a graue.  
And in a christall arch aboue me bide,  
That I of me a tombe might worthy haue.

Whilst dangers seem'd to merite *Cæsars* death,  
As *Neptune* raisde his head, I raisde my heart;  
And shewing what I was with constant breath,  
T' amaze *Amiclas* courage did in part,

Was I not once amidst large *Nilus* flot,  
Whilst me to wound a wood of darts did flie,  
Yet swim'd so carelesse of my enemies shot,  
That in my hand I held some papers drie?

With open dangers thus in euery place,  
I whilst being compass'd both by sea and land,  
Did vndismaid looke horror in the face,  
As borne for nought but onely to commaund.

But since a world of victories haue fill'd,  
With Trophees Temples, Theaters with my praise,  
That bath'd with balme from th' oyle of glory still'd,  
With friends in peace I look'd to spend my daies.

The chambers musicke now affrights me more,  
Then once the trumpets sound amidst the field,  
And gownes (though signes of peace) worse, then before  
The pompous splendour of a flaming shield.

Those thoughts of late that had disdain'd to doubt,  
Though I alone had march'd amongst my foes,  
Lo, whilst amongst my friends I'm back'd about,  
Doe greater dangers now then th'eies disclose.

If ought t' assemble any number brings,  
I insurrections feare from common wrath;  
Yea, if two talke apart of priuate things,  
Straight I suspect that they conspire my death.

When suddaine rumors rise from vulgar smoake,  
Whilst th' inconstant motions roule my restless eies;

*of Iulius Caesar.*

I at each corner for ambushments looke,  
And start astonish'd least some tumult rise.

When rising *Titans* beames renew th'earths toiles,  
I still dispaire to re-enioy the night,  
And when mine eyes th'all-couering darknesse spoiles,  
I neuer looke t'enrich them with the light.

For when that light with darknesse makes a change,  
To flatter mortals with a dreame of rest,  
What ougly *Gorgons*, what *Chimeraes* strange,  
Do bost the little world within my breast?

Th'appointed time t'appease impetuous cares  
Doth double mine, that view most when being blind:  
I apprehen'd huge horrors and dispaire,  
Whilst th'outward obiects not distract my minde.

What comfort of my conquests now remaines?  
Where is the peace pursude by many a strife?  
Haue I but taken paine t'abound in paines,  
And sought by dangers for a dangerous life?

Is this the period of aspiring powers,  
In promise calmes to be most plagu'd by stormes?  
Lurke poisonous serpents vnder fairest flowers,  
And hellish furies vnder heavenly formes?

It will not greeue my gost below to goe,  
If circumuented in the warres I end,  
As bold *Marcellus* by *Romes* greatest foe,  
That gaue his ashes honor as a friend.

Or like *Epaminondas* presprou death,  
O would to God I had amidst th'alarmes  
Being chargde with recent spoyles, bin spoil'd of breath,  
Whilst I toward *Pluto* might haue march'd in armes.

Yet t'end this life that nought but toyles affords,  
He pay to death the tribute that he owes,  
Straight with my blood let some come die their swords,  
My body shall be bar'd t'embrace their blowes.

*The Tragedie*

But ah, how haue the furies seiz'd my breast,  
And poison'd thus my spirit with delp'rate rage:  
That with their horrid serpents barr'd from rest,  
Nought can imagin'd be my toiles t'asswage.

No, *Atropos*, yet spare my threed a space,  
That ere I to the *Stigian* streames go downe,  
I may of honor haue the highest place,  
And if I fall, yet fall beneath a crowne.

Whilst I would bend my eares t'applauding shoutes,  
My thoughts diuided are within my breast,  
And my tosside soule doth flote between two doubts,  
Yet knowes not on what ground to build her rest.

The Senators they haue this day designde,  
To shew the world how they esteeme my worth;  
Yet do portentuous signes perturb my minde,  
By which the heauens would point my danger forth;

The gods from me with indignation gone,  
Haue charactred in euery thing my death,  
And must both heauen and earth conspire in one,  
To quench a little sparke of still-tosside breath?

My fastie would that I should stay within,  
Till this disastrous day giue darknesse place:  
But honor hunts me forward to begin,  
To reape the glory of my painfull race:

And Ile aduance in spight of threatned broyles,  
For though the fates effect that which we dreame,  
When death retires from forcing those fraile spoyles,  
Though breathlesse, ile be breath'd ouer all by fame.

*Exit.*

*Chorus.*

**W**Hat furie is this that fillles the breast,  
With a prodigious rash desire,  
Which banishing their soules from rest

*Doth*



*of Iulius Caesar.*

*Doth make those liue that high aspire,  
Whilst it within their bosome boyles  
As Salamanders in the fire,  
Or like to serpents changing spoiles  
Their witherd beauties to renew:  
Like Vipers with unnaturall toiles,  
Of such the thoughts themselves pursue,  
That for all lynes themselves do square,  
Whilst like Camelions changing hue,  
They only feed but on the aire.  
To passe ambition monstrous matters brings,  
And (saue contentment) can attaine all things.  
This actiue passion doth disdain  
To match with any vulgar minde,  
As in base breasts where terrors raigne,  
To great a guest to be confinde;  
It doth but loftie thoughts frequent,  
Where it a spacious field may finde,  
It selfe with honor to content,  
Where reuerenc'd fame doth lowdest sound:  
Those at great things that aime are bent,  
(Farre lifted from this lumpish round)  
Would in the spheare of glory moue,  
Whilst loftie thoughts which nought can bind,  
All rinalls liue in vertues loue:  
On abiect preyes as th' Eagle neuer lights,  
Ambition poisons but the greatest sprights.  
And of this restles vultures brood,  
If't grow not to too great a flame,  
A little sparke may whyles do good,  
Which makes great minds affecting fame,  
To suffer still all kinde of paine:  
There fortune at the bloody game,  
Who hazard would for hope of gaine.*

### *The Tragedie*

*Were not burn'd by a thrift of praise:  
The learned loe, t' a higher straine,  
Their wits by emulation raise,  
As those that hold applauses deare:  
And what great mind at which men gaze,  
It selfe can of ambition cleare,  
Which is being rated at the highest price,  
A generous error, a heroicke vice.  
But when this frensie flaming bright  
Doth so the soules of some surprise,  
That they can taste of no delight  
But what from soueraigntie doth rise;  
Then huge affliction it affords,  
Such must themselves so to disguise,  
Prooue prodigall of courteous words,  
Giue much to some, and promise all,  
Then seruile seeme, to be made Lords,  
Yea first being made to many thrall,  
Must pittie impart if not support,  
T' all those that crush'd by fortune fall,  
And griue themselves to please each sort:  
Are not those wretch'd that ouer a dangerous snare  
Hing but by hopes, being ballanc'd in the aier?  
Then when they haue the port attainde,  
That was through Seas of dangers sought,  
They (lo) at last but losse haue gainde,  
And by great trouble, trouble bought.  
There minds are married still with feares,  
T' engender many a iealous thought,  
With searching eyes and watching eares,  
To learne that which they griue to know.  
The breast that such a burden beares,  
What huge afflictions toyle t' orethrow:  
Thus princes are as all perceiue,*

*of Iulius Caesar.*

*No more exalted than brought low,  
Of many a Lord, to many a slaue.  
That idoll greatnesse which th'earth doth adore,  
Is conquerd with great paine, and kept with more;  
He that to this imagin'd good,  
Did through his countries entrailes tend,  
Neglecting friendship, duety, blood,  
And all on which trust can depend,  
Or by which loue could be conceiu'd,  
Doth finde of what he did attend,  
His exspectations farre deceiu'd;  
For since suspecting secret snares,  
His soule hath still of rest bin reau'd.  
Whilst squadrons of tumultuous cares,  
Forth from his breast extort depth grones:  
Thus Cæsar now of life despaires,  
Whose hap his hope exceeded once,  
And who can long well keepe an euill wonne state?  
Those perish must by some whome all men hate.*

**ACT. V. SCENE. I.**

*Marcus Brutus, Chorus, Antonius, Caius Cassius,  
Marcus Tullius Cicero.*

**A**Re generous Romans so degenerd now,  
That they from honor haue estrangde their hands?  
And vsde with burdens do not blush to bow,  
Yea (though being broken) shake not off their bands.

This glorious worke was worthy of your paine,  
Whose best ye may by others dangers haue,  
But what enchaunts you thus that ye abstaine,  
That (which ye should haue taken) to receiue?



*The Tragedie*

Where be those inundations of delight,  
That should burst out through thoughts ore-flow'd with  
Whilst emulous vertue may your mindes incite, (ioy,  
That which we conquerd haue, at least t'enioy?

Or quite conformd vnto your former state,  
Do still your mindes of seruitude allow,  
As broken by aduersitie of late,  
Not capable of better fortune now?

Loe, we that by the tyrants fauour stooode,  
And grieu'd but at the yoke that you outrag'd,  
Haue our aduancement, riches, rest, and blood,  
All liberally for libertie engag'd.

*Chor.* Thou like thy great progenitour in this,  
Hast glorie to thy selfe, t'vs freedome brought,  
Than libertie what greater treasure is?  
Small with it much, without it much seemes nought.

But pardon vs (heroicke man) though we  
T'a high perfection hardly can aspire,  
Though euery man cannot a *Brutus* be,  
That which we cannot imitate, w'admire.

At this strange course with too much light made blind  
We our opinions must suspend a space,  
When any sodaine chance dismayes the minde,  
The iudgement to the passion first giues place. (deed,

*Ant.* What wonder now though this most barbarous  
Haue with amazement closde your iudgement in,  
Which O I feare shall great confusion breed,  
When *Cesars* toiles did end, *Romes* did begin.

The most suspicious mindes had not beletu'd,  
That *Romans* reuerenc'd for their worth by vs,  
Would haue presumde to kill, yea, or t'haue greeu'd,  
A inuiolable hallowd bodie thus.

Who would but once haue dreamd of such despight?  
What strange hostilitie in time of peace,

*of Iulius Caesar.*

To slay, though not accusde, against all right,  
A sacred man, and in a sacred place?

*C Cass.* If *Caesar* as a Cittizen had liu'de,  
And had by lawe decided euery strife,  
Then I would grant those treason had contriu'd,  
That went without a lawe to take his life.

But to peruert the lawes, subuert the state,  
If all his trauels did directly tend,  
Then I must say, we did no wrong of late,  
Why should not tyrants make a tragicke end?

*Chor.* Since destinies did *Caesars* soule enlarge,  
What course can we for his recouerie take?  
Ah, th'vnrelenting *Charons* restlessse barge  
Stands to transport all ouer, but brings none backe.

Of lifes fraile glasse when broken, with vaine grones  
What earthly powre the ruines can repaire?  
Or who can gather vp when scatterd once,  
Ones blood from th'earth, or yet his breath from th'aire?

Let vs of those that passe Obliuions flood,  
B'obliuious still since hope of help is gone,  
And spend our cares where cares may doe most good,  
Lest *Rome* waile many, where she wailes but one.

*Ant.* Still concord for the common-weale were best,  
To reconcile diuided thoughts againe,  
Then discord to great townes no greater pest,  
Whose violence no reuerence can restraine.

Yet oftentimes those warie wits haue err'd,  
That would buy wealth and ease at any cost,  
Let honesty to profit be preferr'd,  
And t'a vile peace, warre when it wounds vs most.

But seeking peace what suretie can we finde?  
Can faithlesse men giue faith iust feares to stay?  
No sacred band impietie can binde,  
That sweares for trust, seekes trust but to betray.

What

*The Tragedie*

What help'd it *Cæsar* that we all had sworne,  
His body still from dangers to redeeme,  
Those that are once periur'd hold othes in scorne,  
All are most franke of what they least esteeme.

*M.Br.* None needs in states that are from tirants free,  
Loat'ide execrations to confirme his will,  
Where willingly men would with good agree,  
And without danger might despise all ill.

All odious othes by those are onely crau'd,  
Whose sute from reason doth a warrant want,  
Whilst all deceiuers feard to be deceau'd,  
Seek of men thrall'd what none being free would grant.

When *Cæsar* had preuailde in *Libia* and *Spaine*,  
His fortune building on his countries wracke,  
Of libertie a shadow to retaine,  
We gaue him all that he was bent to take.

The Senate had referu'd nought but a show,  
Whose course to it by *Cæsar* was imposde,  
That lifted vp by bringing others lowe,  
Of offices and prouinces disposde.

Then that our witherd hopes might neuer spring,  
When bent t'abide the *Parthians* wooden showre,  
He for five yeares disposde of euery thing,  
Euen in his absence leauing vs no powre.

O how some aggrauate our decde with hate,  
That durst by violence his body straine,  
Though consecrated by constraint of late,  
Yea but reputed holie, yet prophane,

And doe forget how he (a wondrous case)  
Did violate the tribuneship t'our scorne,  
Which our forefathers (free) in time of peace,  
Aduis'dly had inuiolable sworne.

Did he not once appropriate (swolne with wrath)  
The publike treasure to his priuate vse,

And



*of Iulius Caesar.*

And to the sacred Tribune threatned death,  
That did resist, grieu'd at so great a'abuse?

Tweene Romans and a tyrant what auailles  
A couenant whilst right rests troad on thus?  
Who can build further when the ground first failes?  
Could we saue him that sought to ruine vs?

*Cic.* So absolutely good no man remaines,  
Whose naturall weakenesse neuer him beguiles,  
Euen vertues die from vice may take some staines,  
And worthy mindes foule imperfections whiles.

As in fine fruits or weeds fat earth abounds,  
Euen as the laborers spend or spare their paine,  
The greatest sprites disdaining vulgar bounds,  
Of what they seeke the highest height must gaine.

They, that the crowne of glory may b'enioyd,  
As onely borne to be in action still,  
Had rather be (than idle) euill employd,  
Great sprites must doe great good, or then great ill.

The glorious Sunne that golden raies doe arme,  
The treasure of the world that doth most good,  
Whilst on a time misgouernd did much harme,  
Till th'ouerbold Coach-man fell amidst a flood.

Then whilst he by the rules of reason liu'd,  
When lawfully elected by the State,  
What glorious deedes by *Caesar* were atchiu'd,  
Which all the world as wonders must relate.

But when of right he buried all respects,  
As blind ambition had bewicht his minde,  
What harme ensude by pittifull effects.  
We at the first, he at the last did finde.

Whilst like *Narcissus* with himselte in loue,  
He with our bondage banqueted his sight,  
And for a while vncertaine ioyes to proue,  
Would sawce with all our sorrowes his delight,

*The Tragedie*

How could such gallant vertuous men as those,  
That of their countries weale are iealous still,  
But slowly to all stormes their states expose,  
So th'authour of their infamy to kill?

But since our freedome flowes from *Cæsars* blood,  
Let vs imbrace that which too long we lacke,  
Peace giues to Iustice powre, and it t'all good,  
Where war breeds wrong, and wrong al kind of wracke.

This cittie hath experienc'd with great paine,  
Th'all-burdaing troubles of intestine strife,  
Which by her ruines registred remaine,  
Since first the *Gracchi* gaue contention life.

When *Silla* once and *Marinus* (mad through pride)  
Seemd but to striue who most tyrannicke prou'd,  
What memorable miseries were tride  
From *Romans* mindes can neuer be remou'd.

Then last by *Cæsar* and his sonne in lawe,  
What thousands ghosts to *Pluto* were dispatchd?  
Ah that the world those hosts diuided sawe,  
Which ioynd in one no world of worlds had matchd.

Yet with this wit that we haue dearely bought,  
Let vs abhorre th'apparance of such broiles,  
Lest when we haue our selues to ruine brought,  
In end *Barbarians* beare away our spoyles.

*Chor.* *Rome* to those great men hardly can afford,  
A recompence according to their worth,  
That by a tyrants ore-throw haue restord,  
The light of libertie that was put forth.

Yet by due praises with their merites euen,  
Let vs illustrate their illustrious mindes,  
And to their charge let prouinces be giuen;  
Still vertue growes when it preferment findes.

*Anton.* Those barbarous realmes by whose respectiue  
Of *Cæsars* conquests monuments are showne, (wil,  
As

*of Iulius Caesar.*

As if they held them highly honord still,  
That ward with *Caesar* though they were orethrowne.

Can this disgrace by their prowde minds be borne,  
Whilst we dishonor whom they honor thus,  
And shall we not (whilst as a tyrant torne,)  
Giue him a tombe that gaue the world to vs?

Must his decrees be all reducke againe,  
And those degraded whom he graced of late,  
As worthy men vnworthily did gaine  
Their roomes of reputation in the state?

If as a tyrant we him damne so soone,  
And for his murd'ers do rewards deuise,  
Then what he did, must likewise be vndone,  
For which I feare a fowle confusion rise.

*Chor.* Ah (great *Antonius*) sow not seeds of warre,  
And if thou alwayes dost delight in armes,  
The haughty *Parthians* yet vndaunted are,  
Which may giue thee great praise, and vs no harmes.

Detest in time th'abominable broiles,  
For which no conquerour to triumph hath com'd,  
Whilst this wretch'd towne (which stil som party spoils)  
Must loathe the victor, and lament th'orecomd,

And shall we still contend against all good,  
To make the yoke where we should bound abide?  
Must still the commons sacrifice their blood,  
As onely borne to serue the great mens pride.

*Ant.* Whilst I the depths of my affection sound,  
And reade but th'obligations which I owe,  
I finde my selfe by othes, and duetie bound,  
All *Cesars* foes, or then my selfe t'orethrow.

But when I weigh what to the state belongs,  
The which to plague no passion shall get place,  
Then I with grieve digesting priuate wrongs,  
Warre with my selfe to giue my country peace.



*The Tragedie*

Yet whilst my thoughts of this last purpose muse,  
I altogether dis-assent from this,  
That we should *Cæsars* fame, or bodie abuse,  
By torturing tyrants as the custome is.

Lest guiltie of ingratitude we seeme,  
(If guerdoning our benefactors thus)  
Great *Cæsars* body from disgrace redeeme,  
And let his acts be ratified by vs.

Then for the publicke weale of which we pause,  
Towards those that haue him killd t'extend regard,  
Let them be pardond for their kinsmens cause,  
Remission giuen for euill is a reward.

*C. Caß.* We stand not dasht like malefactors heere,  
With a deiected and remorsefull minde,  
So in your presence supplicants t'appare,  
As who themselues of death doe guiltie finde;  
But looking boldely with a loftie brow,  
Through a delight of our designe conceiu'd,  
We come to challenge gratefulnesse of you,  
That haue of vs so great a good receiu'd.

But if ye will suspend your thoughts a space,  
Though not the giuers, entertaine the gift,  
Do vs reiect, yet libertie imbrace,  
To haue you free, loe, that was all our drift.

So *Rome* her antient liberties enioy,  
Let *Brutus*, and let *Caßius* banisht liue,  
Thus banishment would breede vs greater ioy,  
Than what at home a tyrants wealth could giue.

Though some misconster may this course of ours,  
By ignorance or then by hate deceiu'd,  
Yet truth depends not on opinions powres,  
But is it selfe how euer misconceiu'd.

Though none themselues t'acknowledge vs woulde  
Our merite of it selfe is a rewarde,

(daigne,

of *Julius Caesar*.

Of doing good none should repent their paine,  
Though neither getting guerdon nor regard.

Ile venture yet my fortune in the fielde,  
With euery one that *Rome* to bondage drawes:  
And as for me, how euer others yield,  
Ile nought obey but reason and the Lawes.

*Cicer*. What fooles are those that further trauell take,  
For that which else they past recovery know?  
Who can reuiue the dead, or bring time backe?  
At least no mortall that remaines below.

Great *Pompey* (now) for whom the world still weepes,  
Lies low, neglected on a barbarous shore;  
Selfe-slaughtred *Scipio* flotes amidst the depthes,  
Whom it may be sea-monsters do deuoure.

Of *Libian* wolues wise *Cato* feasts the wombes,  
Whose death of worth the world defrauded leaues:  
Thus some that merited *Mausolean* tombes,  
Not haue a title grau'd vpon their graues.

And yet may *Caesar* that procur'd their death,  
By braue men slaine be buried with his race:  
All ciuill warre being banish'd with his breath,  
Let him now dead, and vs aliue haue peace.

We should desist our thoughts on things to set,  
That may harme some, and can giue help to none,  
Learne to forget that which we can not get,  
And let our cares be gone, of all that's gone.

Those that would striue all crosses to ore-come,  
Must to the present time conforme their course:  
And doing the best for that which is to come,  
Not medle with things past but by discourse.

Seeke not the thing which doth not good being found,  
Since *Caesar* now is dead, how euer dead;  
Let all our grieve goe with him to the ground,  
For sorrow best becomes a lightlesse shade.

*The Tragedie*

It's best that reconioynde with mutuall loue,  
We phisicke for this wounded state prepare:  
Neglecting those that from the world remoue,  
All men on earth for earthly things must care.

*Cho.* O how those great men friendship can pretend,  
By soothing others thus with painted windes,  
And seeme to trust, where treason they attend,  
Whilst loue their mouth, and malice filles their mindes.

Those but to them poore simple soules appeare,  
Whose countnance doth discouer what they thinke,  
That make their words as is their meaning cleare,  
And from themselves can neuer seeme to shrink.

Lo how *Anthonyus* faines to quench all iarres,  
And kindly the conspirators t'imbrace,  
Yet as he further'd first the former warres,  
It's fear'd he now be enemy to peace.

Now where *Calphurnia* stayes our steps adresse,  
By this last sodaine chance her losse was chiefe:  
All visite should their neighbours in distresse,  
To giue some comfort, or to get some grieve.

*Exeunt.*

A C T. V. S C E N E II.

*Calphurnia, Nuntius, Chorus.*

**W**Hen darknesse last imprisond had mine eies,  
Such monstrous visions did my soule affright,  
That my dejected sprite still stupid dyes,  
Through terrors then contracted in the night.

A melancholious cloud so dimmes my breast,  
That it my mind fit for misfortune makes,  
A lodging well disposde for such a guest,  
Where nought of sorrow but th'impression lacks.

And



*of Iulius Caesar.*

And I imagine euery man I see  
(My senses so corrupted are by feares)  
A Herauld to denounce mishaps to me,  
That should infuse confusion in mine cares.

O there he comes to violate my peace,  
In whom the object of my thoughts I see:  
Thy message is charecter'd in thy face,  
Which by thy looks directed is to me:

Thy troubled eyes rest rouling for releife,  
As lately frightened by some ougly sight,  
Thy breath doth pant as if being big with grieve,  
And fear'd to bring some monstrous birth to light.

*Nun.* The man of whom the world in doubt remain'd,  
If that his minde, or fortune was more great,  
Whose valour conquer'd, clemencie retain'd  
All nations subiect to the *Romane* state; (foes,  
Him fraude harm'd more then force, friends more then  
Ah, must this sad discourse by mee be made?

*Calph.* Stay; ere thou further goe defray my woes,  
How doth my loue? wher is my life? *Nū.* Dead. *Cal.* dead.

*Cho.* Though apprehending horrors in her minde,  
Now since she hath a certaintie receiu'd,  
She by experience greater grieve doth finde,  
Till borne, the passions cannot be conceiu'd.

When as a high disaster force affords,  
O how that tyrant whom affliction beares,  
Barres th eares from comfort, & the mouth from words.  
And being obdur'd cannot dissolue in teares.

*Calph.* Ah, since the lights of that great light are set,  
Why doth not darknesse spread it selfe ouer all?  
At least what further comfort can I get.  
Whose pleasures had no period but his fall.

O would the gods I alwayes might confine  
*Ætna* in my breast, and th'*Ocean* in mine eyes,

That

*The Tragedie*

That t'entertaine so great a griefe as mine,  
Thence might sufficient furniture arise.

Yet I disdaine though by distresse ore-throwne,  
By such externall meanes to seeke reliefe:  
The greatest sorrowes are by silence showne,  
Whilst all the senses are shut vp with griefe:

But miserie doth so tyrannicke grow,  
That it of sighes and teares a tribute claimes:  
Ah, when the cup is full it must ore-flow,  
And fires that burne must offer vp some flames.

Yet though that thy last words my last might be,  
Which are deepe sunke within a melted heart,  
Of my liues death report each point to me,  
That I for euery circumstance may smart.

*Nun.* What fatall warnings did fore-go his end,  
Which by his stay to frustrate some did try?  
But he that scorn'd excuses to pretend,  
Was by the Destinies drawne forth to die.

Whilst by the way he chanc'd t'encounter one  
That had his deaths-day nam'd, he to him said;  
Now th'Ides of *March* be com'd, but yet not gone,  
Straight th'other answerd, and still constant staide.

Another brought a letter with great speed,  
Which the conspiracie at length did touch,  
And gaue it *Cesar* in his hand to reade,  
Protesting that it did import him much.

Yet did he lay it vp where still it rests,  
As do the great whom happy th'earth reputes,  
That grieu'd to be importun'd by requests,  
Of simple supplicants neglect the sutes:

Or he of it the reading did deferre,  
Still troubled by attendants at the gate,  
Whilst some to shew their credite did conferre  
To flatter some, for something some t'entreat.

of *Iulius Caesar*.

Not only did the gods by diuers signes  
Giue *Caesar* warning of his threatned harmes,  
But did disturbe all th'aduersaries designes,  
And to their troubled thoughts gaue strange alarmes.

A Senator that by some words we finde,  
To the conspiratours (though none of theirs)  
Had showne himsef familiar with their minde,  
Then chanc'd to deale with *Caesar* in affaires.

That sight their soules did with confusion fill,  
For thinking that he told their purposde decds;  
They straight themselues, or *Caesar* thought to kill  
A guiltie conscience no accuser needs.

But marking that he vsde (when taking leaue)  
The gesture of a suter that gaue thanks,  
They of their course did greater hopes conceiue,  
And rang'd themselues according to their rankes.

Then *Caesar* march'd forth to the fatall place,  
Neere *Pompyes* theater where the Senate was,  
Where when he had remain'd a little space,  
All the confederates flock'd about. *Calph.* Alas.

*Nun.* First for the forme *Metellus Cimber* crau'd,  
To haue his brother from exile restor'd;  
Yet with the rest a rude repulse receiu'd,  
Whilst it they all too crnestly implor'd.

Then *Cimber* that in strife with him did stand,  
Did draw the gowne ouer *Caesars* sacred head:  
But the first blow was giuen by *Cascaes* hand,  
Which on his necke a little wound but made.

Then *Caesar* starting whilst the stroke he spi'd,  
By strength from further striking *Casca* stayde:  
Whilst both the two burst out at once and cry'd,  
Th'one traitor *Casca*, th'other brother ayde.

Then all the rest against him did arise  
Like desperate men, whose furie force affords,

D d

That



*The Tragedie*

That *Cæsar* on no side could set his eyes,  
But euery looke r'encountred with some swordes.

Yet as a Lyon when by nets surprisde,  
Stands struggling still so long as he hath strength;  
So *Cæsar*, as he had their powre dispisde,  
Did with great rage resist; till at the length

He thus cry'd out (when spying *Brutus* come)  
And thou my sonne? then griefe did backe rebound,  
Nought but vnkindnesse *Cæsar* could ore-come,  
That of all things doth giue the deepest wound.

*Cho.* Ah, when vnkindnes is where loue was thought,  
A tender passion breakes the strongest heart,  
For of all those that giue offence in ought,  
Men others hate, but for th'vnkinde they smart.

*Nun.* Ah, taking then no more delight in light,  
As which would then his life haue bitter fram'd:  
Or then from *Brutus* blow t'absent his sight,  
As of so great ingratitude asham'd.

He with his gowne being couer'd first ouer all,  
As one that neither fought, nor wisht reliefe;  
Not wronging maiestie in state did fall,  
No sigh consenting to betray his griefe.

Yet (if by chaunce or force I cannot tell,)  
Euen at the place whereas his statue stood,  
As crauing *Pompey* pardon *Cæsar* fell,  
That in reuenge it might exhaust his blood.

But when his corps abandond quite by breath  
Did Fortunes frailties monument remaine,  
That all might haue like interest in his death;  
And guilty alike, looke for like praise or paine.

Then *Cassius*, *Brutus*, and the rest began  
With that great Emperours blood t'imbrue their hands:  
What beast in th'earth more cruell is than man,  
When ouer his reason passion once commands?

Whilst

of *Julius Caesar*.

*Calph.* Whilst brutish *Brutus*, and prowde *Cassius* thus  
*Romes* greatest Captaine vnder trust deceiu'd,  
Where was *Antonius* (since a friend to vs,)   
That he not lost himselfe, or *Caesar* sau'd?

*Nun.* The whole conspirators remainde in doubt,  
Had he and *Caesar* ioyn'd, to be vndone;  
And so causde one him t'entertaine without,  
Who fain'd a conference till the fact was done.

Then knowing well in such tumultuous broyles,  
That the first danger alwayes is the worst,  
He fled in haste, disguisde with vnknowne spoiles,  
For rage and for disdaine being like to burst.

*Calph.* The Senators that were assembled there,  
When they beheld that great man brought t'an end,  
What was their part? to what inclin'd their care?  
I feare affliction could not find a friend.

*Nun.* Of those that in the Senate-house did sit,  
As greeu'd so sad an obiect to behold:  
Or feard what further murders might commit,  
Each towards his house a seuerall way did hold.

This act with horror did confound their sight,  
And vnawares their iudgement did surprise,  
When any hastie harmes vnlook'd for light,  
The resolution hath not time to rise.

That man on whome the world did once rely,  
By all being reuerenc'd, and ador'd by some,  
Had none t'attend him left, but two and I.

*Cho.* To what an ebbe may fortunes full whiles come?

Why should men following on the smoake of pride,  
Leaue certaine ease to seeke a dream'd delight,  
Which when they haue by many dangers tride,  
They neither can with safetie keepe, nor quite?

The people that by force subdude remaine,  
May pittie those by whome oppress'd they rest.

*The Tragedie*

They but one tyrant haue, where as there raigne,  
A thousand Tyrants in one tyrants breast.

What though that *Cæsar* once commanded kings,  
Whose only name whole nations did appall:  
Yet now (let no man trust in worldly things)  
A little earth holdes him that held it all.

*Calph.* Ah, had he but beleeu'd my faithfull cares,  
That t'haue his state establish'd alwayes striu'd:  
Then scaping this conspiracie of theirs,  
He honorde still, and I had happie liu'd.

Did I not spend of supplications store,  
That he within his house this day would waste,  
As I by dreames aduertis'd was before,  
Which shew'd that was to come, which now is past:

Whilst the sooth-sayers sacrific'd did finde,  
A beast without a heart their altars staine:  
By that presage my soule might haue diuin'd  
That I without my heart would soone remaine.

But all those terrors could not terrors giue,  
To that great mind whose thoughts could not be tam'd;  
But by his fortune confident did liue,  
As him t'obey the heauens had all things fram'd.

Yet though he ended haue his fatall race,  
T'insult for this let not his murderers striue,  
For, O I hope to see within short space,  
Him dead ador'd, and them abhor'd aliue.

Though now his name the multitude respects,  
Since murdering one that had held him so deare,  
Whilst th'inward thoughts ech outward thing reflects,  
Some monstrous shape to *Brutus* must appeare.

Iust *Nemesis* must plague prowde *Cassius* soone,  
And make him kill himselfe from hopes estrang'd;  
Once all the wrongs by foes to *Cæsar* done,  
May by themselues be on themselues reueng'd.



of *Julius Caesar*.

*Chor.* Some for th'earths soueraigne Fortune striue to  
As heauens their course confusdly did aduance, (proue  
Nought comes to men below, but from aboue,  
By prouidence, not by a staggering chance.

Though to the cause that last foregoes the end,  
Some attribute th'euent of euery thing,  
That cause on other causes doth depend,  
From heauen to earth that chaine together hing.

Of those decrees that heauens for vs appoint,  
Who-euer them approues, or yet disprooues,  
No mortall man can dissappoint a point,  
But as they pleale heere mooues, or hence remooues.

We when once com'd the worlds vaine pomp to trie,  
Led by the fates, t'our iournies end must haste,  
For when first borne, we straight begin to die,  
Lifes first day is a steppe vnto the last.

And is there ought more swift than daies and yeares,  
Which weare away this breath of ours so soone?  
Whilst *Lachesis* to no request giues eares,  
But spinnes the threedes of life till they be done.

Yet foolish worldelings following that which flies,  
As if they had assurance still to breathe,  
To fraile preferment fondly striue to rise,  
Which but a burden weighes them downe to death.

*Nun.* Ther's none of vs but must remember still,  
How that the gods by many a wondrous signe,  
Did shew as t'were how that against their will,  
The destinies would *Cæsars* dayes confine.

A monstrous starre amidst the heauen hath beene,  
Stil since they first against him did conspire,  
The solitary birds at nogne were seene,  
And men to walke enuiron'd all with fire.

What woonder though the heauens at such a time,  
Vpbraide the earth with apparitions strange,

*The Tragedie*

Then whilst intending such a monstrous crime,  
Vnnaturall men make natures course to change.

*Cho.* Thogh all such things seem wonderful to some,  
They may by reason comprehended be,  
Yet if ought more than common custome come,  
It th'ignorant with wondring eies must see.

Those bastard starres not heritours of th'aire,  
Are first conceiu'd below, then borne aboue,  
And when fore-knowing things sprites take most care,  
And by illusions superstition moue.

Yet this no doubt a great regard should breed,  
When Nature hath brought forth a monstrous birth,  
Where men in secret characters may reade,  
The wrath of heauen, and wickednesse of earth.

The Naturalists, and th'Astrologians skill,  
May whiles r'encountring manifest like care,  
Since th'one lookes backe, and th'other forward still,  
Th'one may tell what, and th'other why things are.

*Nu.* Shall sorrow through the waues of woes to faile  
Haue still your teares for seas, your sighs for windes,  
T'affliction what do base complaints auaille?  
A higher course becomes heroicke mindes.

None are orecom'd saue onely those that yeelde,  
Though they from froward fortune blowes haue borne.  
Let Vertue be r'Aduersitie a shield,  
No greater grieve to grieve than th'enemies scorne.

This makes your foes but laugh to see you weepe;  
At least these teares but for your selfe bestow,  
And not for that great sprite, whose spoils heauens keep,  
For he no doubt rests deified ere now.

*Calp.* I onely waile my life, and not his death,  
That now amongst th'immortalls doth repose,  
And shall so long as I haue blood or breath,  
To furnish forth those elements of woes.

*of Iulius Caesar.*

I care not who reioyce, so I lament,  
That do to darkenes dedicate my daies,  
And since the light of my delight is spent,  
Shall haue in horror all *Apolloes* raies.

I will retire my selfe to waile alone,  
As do the trustie Turtles for their mates,  
And my misfortune alwayes bent to mone,  
Will spurne at pleasures, as empoisond baites.

No second guest shall presse great *Caesars* bed,  
Warmd by the flames to which he first gaue life,  
I thinke there may be greater honour had,  
Being *Caesars* widow, than anothers wife.

This had afforded comfort for my harmes,  
If I (ere chancde abandond thus to be,)  
Had had a little *Caesar* in mine armes,  
That represented had his fire to me.

Yet doth that idoll which my thoughts adore,  
With me of late most strictly matcht remaine,  
For where my armes but held him whiles before,  
Now in my heart I shall him still retaine.

That (though I haue no pretious things t'impart)  
Thy deity may by me b'acknowledgde oft,  
Still offering vp my thoughts vpon my hart,  
My sacred flame shall alwayes mount aloft.

*Exeunt*

*Chorus.*

**W**Hat fooles are those that do repose their trust,  
On what this masse of miserie affords?  
And bragging but of th'excrements of dust,  
Of lifelesse treasures labour to be lords:  
Which like the Syrens songs, or Circes charmes,  
With shadows of delight hide certaine harmes.

*Al*



## The Tragedie

Ah whilst they sport on pleasures icie ground,  
Oft poisond by prosperitie with pride,  
A sodaine fall doth floating ioyes confound,  
Of those that stumble after th'eielesse guide,  
That so inconstantly her selfe doth beare,  
To hope th'unhappy, happy haue cause to feare.  
The fortunate that bathe in fouds of ioyes,  
To perish whiles amidst their pleasures chaunce,  
And mirthlesse wretches wallowing in annoyes,  
Oft by aduersitie themselues aduance:

Whilst fortune bent to mocke vain worldlings cares  
Doth change dispaire in hopes, hopes in dispaire.  
That gallant Gracian, whose great wit so soone  
Th'innumerable army did orecome,  
Were not he was vndone, had bin vndone,  
And if not banisht had not had a home:

To him feare corage gaue (what wondrous change,)  
And many doubts a resolution strange.  
He that tolde one that then was fortunes childe,  
As if with horror to congeale his blood,  
That Caius Marius being from Rome exilde:  
Wretch'd on the ruines of great Carthage stood:  
Thogh both being plag'd by grieve, and by disgrace  
The consulship regain'd, and di'd in peace.

And that great Pompey (all the worlds delight,)  
Whom of his theater then th'applauses pleas'd,  
Whilst praise-transported eies endeerd his sight,  
That by youths toiles should haue his age then casde:  
He by one blow of fortune lost farre more,  
Then many a battell conquerd had before.  
Such sodaine changes so disturbe the soule,  
That still the iudgement ballancde is by doubt,  
But on a round, what wonder though things roule,  
And since within a circle turne about?

Whilst

of Iulius Caesar.

Whilst heauen on earth strange alterations brings,  
To scorne our confidence in worldly things.  
And chanced there euer accidents more strange,  
Than in this stormie bounds where we remaine?  
A shepheardes Staffe did here t<sup>a</sup> Scepter change,  
The nurceling of a wolfe ouer men to raigne:  
A little village grew a mightie towne,  
Which whilst it had no king, held many a crowne.  
Then by how many sundry sortes of men,  
Hath this great state bin rulde? though now by none,  
Which first obeyd but one, then two, then ten,  
Then by degrees returnd to two, and t<sup>o</sup> one,  
Of which three states their ruine did abide,  
Two by twoes lusts, and one by two mens pride.  
What reuolutions huge haue hapned thus,  
All by a secret violence being led,  
Though seeming but by accident to vs,  
Yet in the depths of heavenly breasts first bred;  
As arguments demonstratiue to proue,  
That weaknesse dwells below, and powre aboue.  
Lo Cæsar, though being burdend in short space,  
Both with strange nations, and his countries spoiles,  
Euen when he seemd by warre t<sup>o</sup> haue purchasde peace,  
And roses of sweete rest from thornes of toiles:  
Then whilst his minde and fortune raise most hie,  
Hath bin constraind the last distresse to trie.  
What warnings large were in a time so short,  
Of that darke course which by his death now shines?  
It speechlesse wonders plainly did report,  
It men reueald by words, and gods by signes:  
Yet by the chaines of destinies being bound,  
He saw the sword, but could not scape the wound.  
O what a curtine ouer our knowledge hings!  
Whiles close, whiles op<sup>n</sup>ed by th<sup>e</sup> atheriall hoste,

*The Tragedie*

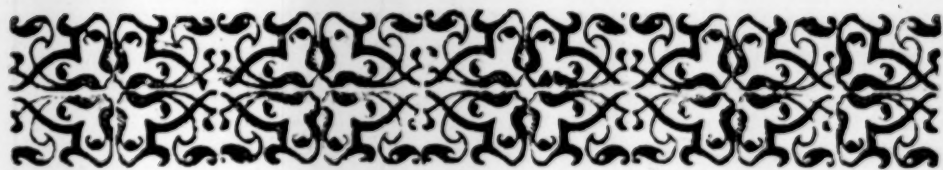
*Which makes vs sometime sharpe to see small things,  
And yet quite blinde when as we should see most:  
That curious braines may rest amazde at it,  
Whose ignorance makes them presume of it.  
Then let vs linc, since all things change below,  
When raise most high as those that once may fall,  
And hold when by disasters brought more lowe,  
The minde still free what euer else be thrall:*

*Those Lordes of Fortune sweeten euery state,  
That can command theselues, thogh not, their fate.*

FINIS.







*Some verses written to his Maiestie by the Authour at the  
time of his Maiesties first entrie into England.*

**S**tay tragick muse with those vntimely verses,  
With raging accents and with dreadfull sounds,  
To draw dead Monarkes out of ruin'd herfes,  
T'affright th'applauding world with bloudie wounds:  
Raze all the monuments of horrors past,  
T'aduanee the publike mirth our treasures wast.

And pardon (olde *Heroes*) for O I finde,  
I had no reason to admire your fates:  
And with rare guiftes of body and of minde,  
Th'vnbounded greatnesse of euill-conquerd states.  
More glorious actes then were atchieu'd by you,  
Do make your wonders thought no wonders now.

For yee the Potentates of former times,  
Making your will a right, your force a law:  
Staining your conquest with a thousand crimes,  
Still raignd like tyrants but obey'd for awe:  
And whilst your yoake none willingly would beare,  
Dyed oft the sacrifice of wrath and feare.

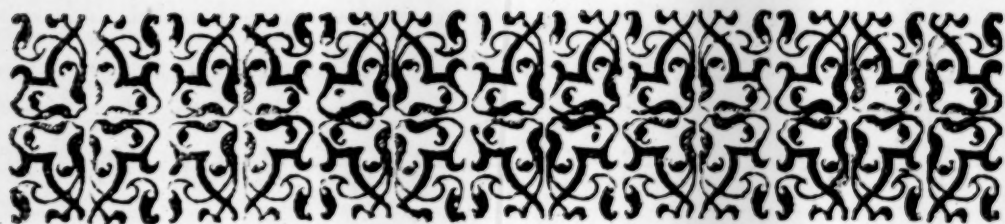
But this age great with glorie hath brought forth  
A matchlesse Monarke whom peace highlie raises,  
Who as th'vn'tainted Ocean of all worth  
As due to him hath swallow'd all your praises.  
Whose cleere excellencies long knowne for such,  
All men must praise, and none can praise too much.

For that which others hardly could acquire,  
With losse of thousands liues and endlesse paine,  
Is heapt on him euen by their owne desire,  
That thirst t'enioy the fruites of his blest raigne:  
And neuer conquerour gain'd so great a thing,  
As those wise subiects gaining such a King.

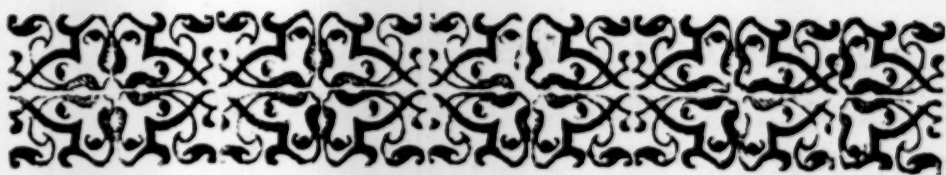
But what a mightie state is this I see?  
A little world that all true worth inherites,  
Strong without art, entrench'd within the sea,  
Abounding in braue men full of great spirits:  
It seemes this Ile would boast, and so she may,  
To be the foueraigne of the world some day.

O generous I A M B s the glorie of thir parts,  
In large dominions equall with the best:  
But the most mightie Monarke of mens harts,  
That euer yet a Diadem posselt:  
Long maist thou liue, well lou'd & free frō dangers,  
The comfort of thine owne, the terrour of strangers.

*Some*



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Some verses written shortly thereafter by reason of an  
Inundation of Douen, a water neere vnto the Au-  
thors house, whereupon his Maiestie was sometimes  
wont to Hawke.

What wonder though my melancholious muse,  
Whose generous course some lucklesse starre con-  
Her bold attempts to prosecute refuse, (troules:  
And would faine burie my abortiue scroules.

To what perfection can my lines be rais'd,  
Whilst many a crosse would quench my kindling fires:  
Lo for *Parnassus* by the Poets prais'd,  
Some sauage mountaines shadow my retires.

No *Helicon* her treasure here vnlockes,  
Of all the sacred band the chiefe refuge:  
But dangerous *Douen* rumbling through the rockes,  
Would scorne the raine-bowe with a new deluge.

As *Tiber* mindefull of his olde renowne,  
Augments his floodes to waile the faire chang'd place:  
And greeu'd to glide through that degener'd towne,  
Toyles with his depthes to couer their disgrace.

So doth my *Douen* rage greeu'd in like sort,  
While as his wonted honour comes to minde:  
To that great Prince whilst he afforded sport,  
To whom his *Trident Neptune* hath resign'd.



And as the want of waters and of swaines,  
Had but begotten to his bankes neglect:  
He strives t'encroch vpon the bordering plaines,  
Againe by greatnesse to procure respect.

Thus all the creatures of this orphand boundes,  
In their own kindes moou'd with the common crosse:  
With many a monstrous forme all forme confoundes,  
To make vs mourne more feelingly our losse.

We must our breastes to baser thoughts inure,  
Since we want all that did aduance our name:  
For in a corner of the world obscure,  
We rest vngrac'd without the boundes of fame.

And since our Sunne shines in another part,  
Liue like th' Antipodes depriu'd of light:  
Whilst those to whom his beames he doth impart,  
Begin their day whilst we begin our night.

This hath discourag'd my high-bended minde,  
And still in doale my drouping Muse arrayes:  
Which if my *Phæbus* once vpon me shin'd,  
Might raise her flight to build amidst his rayes.

*FINIS.*

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